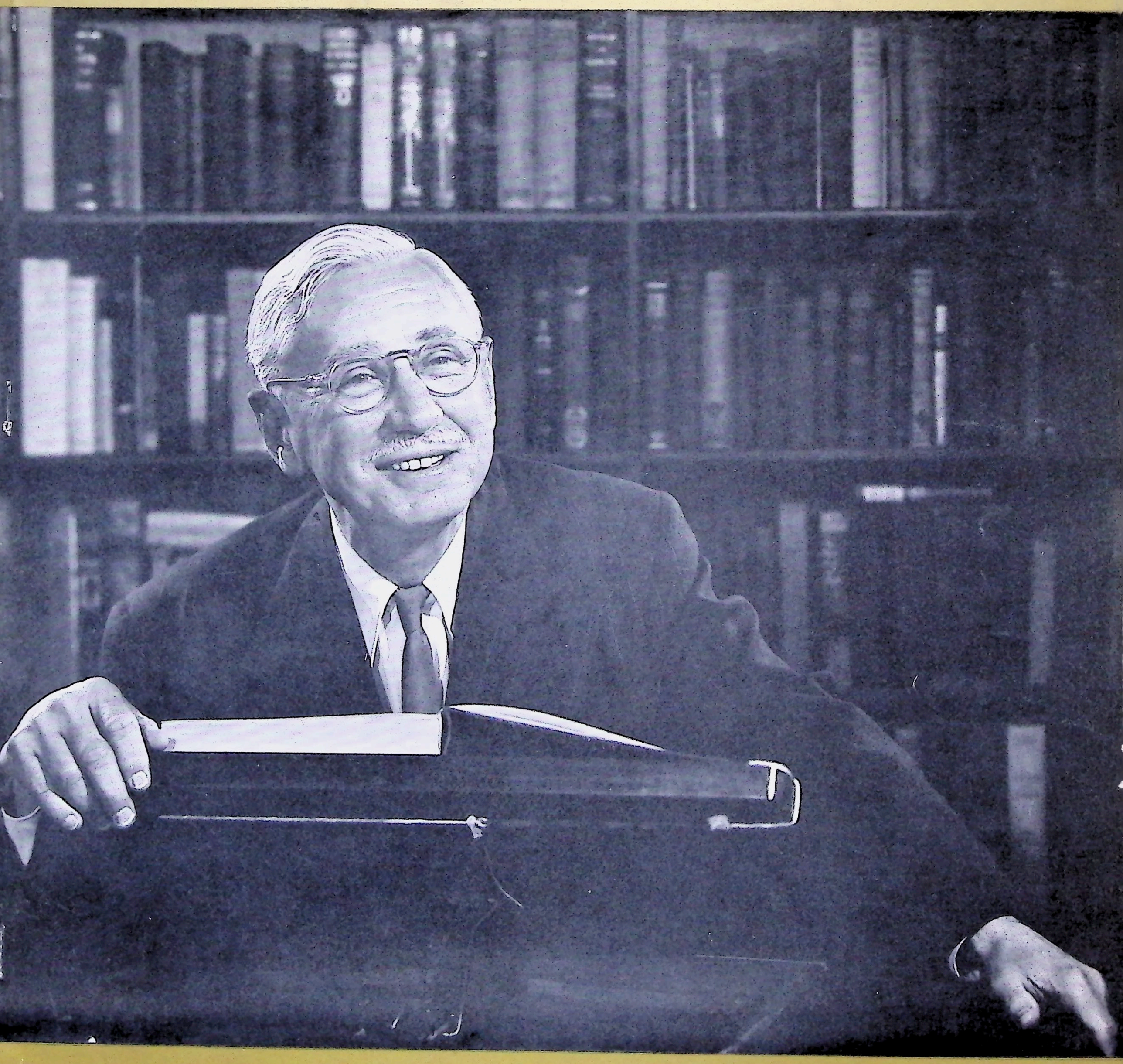
WISDOM

THE MAGAZINE OF KNOWLEDGE FOR ALL AMERICA



PHILOSOPHER WILL DURANT

portrait by Karsh of Ottawa

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And other timeless articles magnificently illustrated

TWENTIETH ISSUE

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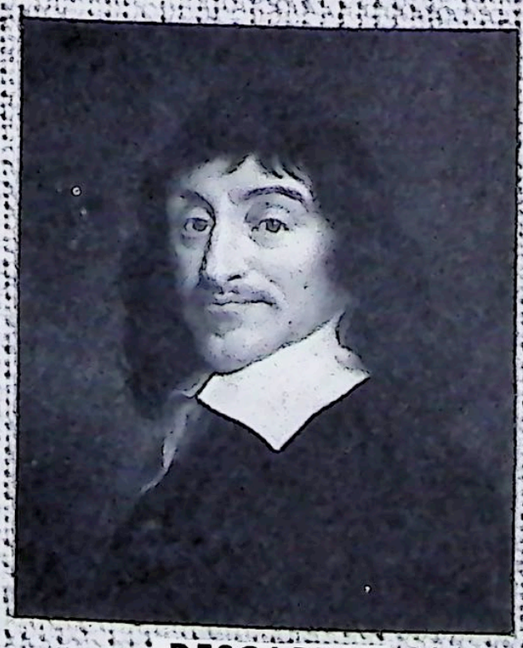

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WISDOM

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TWENTIETH ISSUE

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES—8800 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

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ACKNOWLEDGING THE MEN AND WOMEN OF WISDOM

FREDERICK CLAYTON, author of "Eleanor Roosevelt – Her Story" in the 19th issue of WISDOM, returns in print this month with "Concerts on Film." In addition to his duties as a senior editor on the WISDOM staff, Mr. Clayton is a lecturer in graduate journalism at UCLA. He brings a wealth of experience in the fields of journalism and education to his work, having served as an editor with such magazines as *McCall's, Argosy, Liberty;* and as a teacher of college journalism and English. During World War II he served overseas as an accredited news correspondent and director of public relations for the American Red Cross in North Africa, France and Italy for almost three years. He was schooled at the University of Minnesota and at Columbia University.

DAVID SEABURY, psychologist, author and lecturer appears in WISDOM's pages for the first time in this issue with "The Gift of Imagination," taken from his book *Why We Love and Hate,* published in 1939 by McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. and © by the author. Dr. Seabury has been a consulting psychologist for many years, is founder of the Centralist School of Psychology and has been active in adult education circles. He has studied extensively abroad and in this country, and he is the author of over 10 published books in the field of psychology. Among Dr. Seabury's other books are: *Unmasking Our Minds,* 1924; *Growing Into Life,* 1928; *What Makes Us Seem So Queer,* 1934; *Keep Your Wits,* 1935; *How To Worry Successfully,* 1936; *Help Yourself to Happiness,* 1937; and *Build Your Own Future,* 1938.

SIDNEY A. FOX is a practicing ophthalmologist in New York City and is a graduate of Brown University and the St. Louis University School of Medicine. An accredited member of the American Medical Association and the American Board of Ophthalmology, Dr. Fox is also assistant clinical professor of ophthalmology at the New York University College of Medicine. "The Story of Eyeglasses," taken from his book *Your Eyes,* published in 1944 by Alfred Knopf and © by the author, is Dr. Fox's first contribution to the pages of WISDOM. In addition to contributions to various professional journals, he is known for another book, *Ophthalmic Plastic Surgery,* 1952.

JOHN J. B. MORGAN's work has appeared in WISDOM previously in the September, 1956, the January, 1957, and the May, 1957, issues. He returns to this issue with "The Psychology of Overcoming Emotional Depression" which forms a part of his book *Keeping a Sound Mind,* published and © by The MacMillan Company in 1934 and used here with their permission. In the current selection, Dr. Morgan, formerly a professor on the faculty of Northwestern University, has examined some of the causes and effects of mentally depressed states.

The editors of WISDOM are pleased to acknowledge that the section of a modern orchestra appearing on pages 32 and 33 of the Nineteenth issue is the MGM Studio Symphony Orchestra, Johnny Green, conductor, as it appeared in the MGM "Concert Hall" series.

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS is noted for the uniquely individual and thoroughly English idiom of his compositions. A pupil of Max Bruch and of Ravel, Vaughan Williams also studied at the Royal College of Music and Trinity College, Cambridge. The selection "What is Music" represents a portion of his book *The Making of Music,* © 1955 and published by the Cornell University Press. In addition to 6 symphonies and other shorter musical works, Vaughan Williams has composed works for the stage, among which the best known are: the ballet *Job,* 1930; the ballad operas *Hugh the Drover,* 1924; and *Sir John in Love,* 1924.

THADDEUS B. CLARK is pastor of the First Unitarian Church of St. Louis, Missouri and has served as president of the Unitarian Ministerial Union and as director of the American Unitarian Association. "What Makes People Dishonest" is from Dr. Clark's *What is Honesty,* © and published in 1952 by Science Research Associates, Inc. Dr. Clark obtained the A.B. and S.T.L. degrees from the College of Wooster and the Ph.D. degree from Harvard University. In addition, he has studied at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

Since the inception of WISDOM Magazine, the portraits by KARSH OF OTTAWA, one of the world's truly great photographic artists, have graced the front and back covers of the magazine. An unfailing ability to capture photographically the spirit and personality of his subject characterizes the magnificent work of Mr. Karsh.

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LEON GUTTERMAN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"He who does not increase his knowledge decreases it."
ETHICS OF THE FATHERS 1:13

FIND WISDOM, and each day is richer and happier. To feel its presence gives courage. To feel its power gives strength. To feel its guidance gives confidence. Wisdom indicates that the essential goal of life is to live and to live worthily. If we would only allow wisdom to reign in our hearts and lives, directing our thoughts and actions, what a transformation there would be in this perplexed and troubled world!

From its very beginning WISDOM Magazine has been dedicated to the advancement of knowledge, learning and education and the preservation of truth, beauty, goodness, and the great ideas of the human mind found in the panorama of man's intellectual history. This has been the ideal, and you who receive WISDOM Magazine into your homes regularly have seen results of this ideal in action. Your warm support and continued encouragement through your subscriptions and your letters have contributed materially and spiritually to our progress. Many thousands of unsolicited letters from WISDOM readers crowd our editorial files expressing warm praise and gratitude for the stimulation and inspiration they have received from reading WISDOM. So gratifying has been the response to our magazine that word of its publication has spread throughout the world and WISDOM is now being widely read in every corner of the globe.

However, WISDOM Magazine's success, like success in any great endeavor, now calls forth an even greater effort to maintain that which has been accomplished, to enlarge and improve still further that which has been so auspiciously begun. Your faith and assistance now become doubly important. Now you can help us even more to make WISDOM grow and you can share directly in its future.

Everyone who believes in WISDOM Magazine has had a part in what has been achieved to date and a stake in its future growth and progress. You—our subscribers—are best able to appreciate the permanent character and immense benefits of WISDOM, and you are the ones who are best able to acquaint your friends with the timeless quality and enduring beauty of this unique and distinctive magazine.

It is with these thoughts in mind, and with gratitude for your past and present support, that we ask you to consider very carefully and take advantage of the special offer made on the last pages of this issue. There you will find the means whereby you can help us to acquaint new readers with the inspiration and knowledge of WISDOM.

By giving gift subscriptions you can share WISDOM's benefits with a wide circle of friends, relatives and business associates and enjoy a greater part in the publication of this highly acclaimed magazine. The cost of a year's subscription to WISDOM is small. But the pleasure you give and get—is great.

Share with us the realization of a noble purpose and help us to spread the blessings of wisdom, for the lamp of wisdom is always waiting to illumine the lives of those who seek it. Open wide all windows to the sunshine of wisdom, and its rays will pour in, bringing joy—making the world a wonderland of beauty and life happy and worthwhile.

Leon Gutterman

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

WILL DURANT

He wrote one book for 30 years

THIRTY YEARS OF WRITING A BOOK may seem like a long period of authorship, but there is a lengthy work that has taken a full three decades to write. The book is *The Story of Civilization*, and the man is Will Durant. He was once called William James Durant. His pious French-Canadian mother, however, chose the middle name in memory of an apostle, not out of knowledge of any psychologist-philosopher. Durant compromised by becoming an apostle for philosophy.

First, however, he was apparently destined for holy orders. Born in North Adams, Massachusetts, in 1885, he studied in Catholic parochial schools there and in Kearny, New Jersey. His teachers were nuns, and he practiced his religion so fervently that no one doubted that he would become a priest. In 1900 he entered St. Peter's Academy and College in Jersey City, where his teachers were Jesuits, and one of these, Father McLaughlin, urged him to enter the Jesuit Order following his graduation in 1907. But in 1903 he discovered the works of some alluring infidels – in the Jersey City Public Library – Darwin, Huxley, Spencer and Haeckel. Biology, with its Nature "red in tooth and claw," did some harm to his faith, and suddenly, in his 18th year, it dawned upon him that he could not honestly dedicate himself to the priesthood. How should he break the news to his mother, who had pinned her hopes, for both this world and the next, on offering her son to God?

The outcome was extraordinary, for, while Durant was losing one faith, he was taking on another in compensation. In 1905 he transferred his devotion to socialism. An earthly paradise, he felt, would compensate for the heaven lost in the glare of biology.

Another youth in the same college was suffering a similar and simultaneous infection, for he, too, had been headed for the clergy. To both boys occurred the fascinating idea of pleasing proud parents by entering the priesthood. Once in, they would work from within to convert the American Catholic Church to socialism. For a time, some inkling of the size of the enterprise deterred the conspirators, but they failed to heed the warning.

Graduating in 1907, Durant persuaded Arthur Brisbane to give him a job as a cub reporter ($10 a week) on the New York *Evening Journal*. This was a heady change from the young man's youthful piety, for the evening papers of New York in that summer were featuring rape cases. The young man, dizzy with socialism but still mindful of his morals, found himself pursuing sex criminals, day after day. Presently, his stomach turned, and a kindly editor advised him to keep an eye out for some less strenuous occupation. In the fall of 1907, he subsided into teaching Latin, French, English and geometry in Seton Hall College, South Orange, New Jersey. And at last, in 1909, he and his secret associate entered the seminary that was attached to the college and set themselves to the task of impregnating Thomas Aquinas with Karl Marx.

The College had an excellent library, and Durant was made librarian. It was there, as he moved affectionately among the books, that he learned of the man who, beyond any other thinker, has molded his life. Spinoza's *Ethics Geometrically Demonstrated* was a revelation to him in its heretical content and its mathematical method, above all, in the personality it revealed of a philosopher *living* his philosophy, merging practice and precept, and dedicating himself, in poverty, simplicity and sincerity, to an attempt to understand the world. Almost memorizing that book, Durant then came to see very clearly the absurdity of his conspiracy, and he shuddered at the lifelong insincerity it would have imposed upon him. In 1911 he left the Seminary, his only possessions four books and $40, and migrated to New York. He does not like to recall the suffering that this move caused his mother. A separation between them ensued, and it was years before his mother forgave him.

From a peaceful and orderly seminary existence, Durant passed to the most radical circles in the "bedlam" of Manhattan. He tried and failed to convert Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman from anarchism to socialism. In 1911, he became the teacher and (as he puts it) chief pupil of the Ferrer Modern School, an experiment in libertarian education. A sponsor of the school, Alden Freeman, took a fancy to the shy instructor and treated him to a summer tour of Europe to "broaden his borders." Returning to the States, Durant fell in love with one of his pupils, whose sprightly vivacity led him to call her Puck and, in his writings, Ariel, the names by which she is known even today to a host of friends in New York and Los Angeles.

In order to marry her, in 1913 he resigned his post as teacher and supported himself and her by lecturing for five- and 10-dollar fees, while Alden Freeman paid his tuition in the graduate schools of Columbia University. There Durant took biology under Morgan and McGregor, psychology under Woodworth and Poffenberger and philosophy under Woodbridge and Dewey.

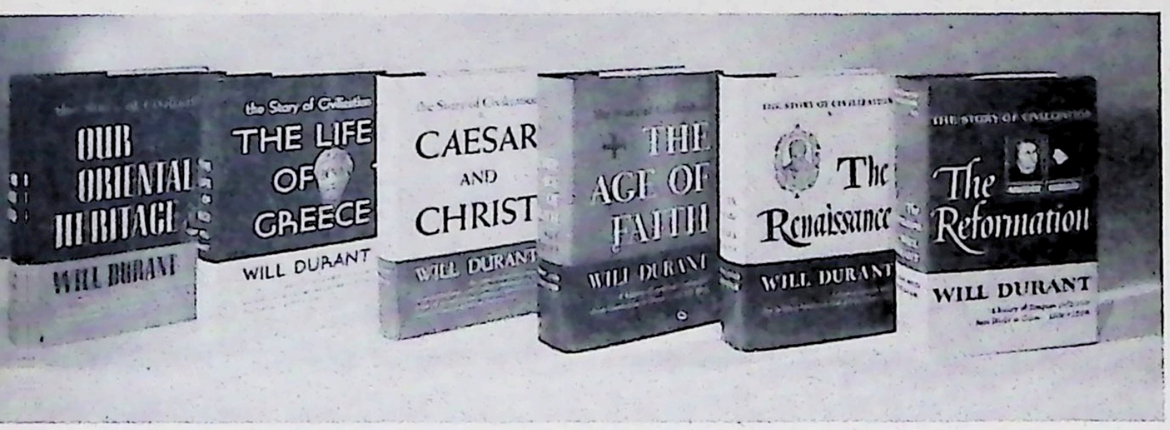
The arrival of his daughter, Ethel, slowly changed Durant's philosophy. Faced with the daily miracle of living growth, he shed his youthful atheism and returned to a more vital conception of the world. In his "mental" – but not literal – autobiography, *Transition* (1927), he expressed the change with youthful sentiment:

"Even before Ethel's coming I had begun to rebel against that mechanical conception of mind and history which is the illegitimate offspring of our industrial age: I had suspected that the old agricultural view of the world in terms of seed and growth did far more justice to the complexity and irrepressible expansiveness of things. But when Ethel came, I saw how some mysterious impulse, far outreaching the categories of physics, lifted her up, inch by inch and effort by effort, on the ladder of life. I felt more keenly than before the need of a philosophy that would do justice to the infinite vitality of nature. In the inexhaustible activity of the atom, in the endless resourcefulness of plants, in the teeming fertility of animals, in the hunger and movement of infants, in the laughter and play of children, in the love and devotion of youth, in the restless ambition of fathers and the lifelong sacrifice of mothers, in the undiscourageable researches of scientists and the suffer-

> ings of genius, in the crucifixion of prophets and the martyrdom of saints -- in all things I saw the passion of life for growth and greatness, the drama of everlasting creation. I came to think of myself, not as a dance and chaos of molecules, but as a brief and minute portion of that majestic process... I became almost reconciled to mortality, knowing that my spirit would survive me enshrined in a fairer mold... and that my little worth would somehow be preserved in the heritage of men. In a measure the Great Sadness was lifted from me, and, where I had seen omnipresent death, I saw now everywhere the pageant and triumph of life."

The birth of his daughter had the further effect of ending the long separation between Durant and his mother. Mother Durant came to see the infant – what grandmother can resist a grandchild? – and in a glow of contentment she exclaimed, "It's a Durant!"

In those years of plain living and eager study he paid little attention to history, which seemed so discouraging a record of slaughter and politics. But Brisbane had led him to read Buckle's *Introduction to the History of Civilization*, as a guide to a more philosophical understanding of man's past. Durant was deeply moved when he learned that Buckle had died in Damascus, after writing merely the introduction to what had been planned as a history of civilization, from its origins to the 19th century. Durant resolved to undertake the same task, but he was 41 before he was free to begin. Meanwhile, almost every day, he gathered material.



THE BOOK

Anybody can make history. Only a great man can write it.
OSCAR WILDE

In 1917, as a requirement for the doctorate in philosophy, Will Durant wrote his first book, *Philosophy and the Social Problem*, which argued that philosophy was languishing because it avoided the actual problems of society. The exuberant young author proposed to view these problems from the perspective of philosophy and suggested that specific training in administration should be made a qualification for public office. He received his degree in 1917 and began to teach the "dear delight" as an instructor in Columbia University. But World War I disrupted his classes, and he was politely dismissed from his post.

Meanwhile, in a former Presbyterian Church now called Labor Temple, at 14th Street and 2nd Avenue, New York, he had begun those lectures on the history of philosophy, literature, science, music and art which prepared him to write *The Story of Philosophy* and *The Story of Civilization*. For his audiences there were mostly men and women who demanded both clarity of exposition and some contemporary significance in all historical studies. In 1921 he organized Labor Temple School, which devoted itself to adult education.

One Sunday afternoon of that year, E. Haldeman-Julius, publisher of the famous Little Blue Books, happened to pass Labor Temple and noted from the announcement board that at 5 p.m. Durant would talk on Plato. The publisher entered, liked the lecture and later, from Girard, Kansas, wrote and asked Durant to turn that lecture into one of his little five-cent Blue Book publications. Durant refused, on the ground that his other work was taking up all his time. Here, at the outset, his literary career might have come to an end. But Julius wrote again and enclosed advance payment. Durant yielded and then again absorbed himself in teaching, but Julius asked for a booklet on Aristotle, sending payment in advance. This, too, was written, and again Durant thought the relationship was ended. But the enterprising publisher persisted until 11 booklets were delivered to him. And against his will, Durant had written a best seller, for the 11 booklets became *The Story of Philosophy*.

The amazing success of this book is an old story in publishing circles. Dick Simon and Max Schuster, of the new publishing firm Simon and Schuster, took over the booklets and made them into a handsome volume. Durant expected a sale of some 1100 copies, and the optimistic publishers predicted 1500. It was assumed that the subject and price, $5, in 1926, would frighten readers away. But a favorable review by Henry Forman in the New York *Times* sent the book off to a good start. In a few years it sold 2,000,000 copies. It is still capturing new readers in America and has found many abroad, in its translations into Chinese, Czech, Danish, Dutch, Finnish, German, French, Hebrew, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Norwegian, Polish, Portuguese, Serbo-Croatian, Spanish and Swedish.

It was this windfall that enabled Durant to realize at last the ambition that had stirred within him when he read of Buckle's abortive dream. He retired from teaching and began work on his own history of civilization, though, for a time, he confesses, he allowed himself to be distracted by writing magazine articles for tempting fees. Many of these essays were collected into *The Mansions of Philosophy* (1929), recently reprinted as *The Pleasures of Philosophy*. But in 1929 he turned his back on Mammon and resolved that he would devote the remainder of his life to *The Story of Civilization*. He used the word "story" to suggest his belief that the narrative would be intelligible to any high school graduate, but the word has misled many into thinking of this monumental production as popularization. Those who wade into the volumes are surprised to find them marked by painstaking scholarship, by profuse detail and by the philosophical perspective that recalls Spengler's wish that only philosophers would write history.

Originally, Durant planned to divide the work into five volumes, to appear at five-year intervals. For the first volume, *Our Oriental Heritage* (1935), he circled the globe twice and wrote and rewrote its 1049 pages in longhand, through six years, giving the history of Asiatic civilization from the beginnings to Gandhi and Chiang Kai-shek. In the preface he explained his purpose and method:

> "I have tried in this book to accomplish the first part of a pleasant assignment which I rashly laid upon myself some 20 years ago, to write a history of civilization. I wish to tell as much as I can, in as little space as I can, of the contributions that genius and labor have made to the cultural heritage of mankind – to chronicle and contemplate, in their causes, character and effects, the advances of invention, the varieties of economic organization, the experiments in government, the aspirations of religion, the mutations of morals and manners, the masterpieces of literature, the development of science, the wisdom of philosophy and the achievements of art. I do not need to be told how absurd this enterprise is, or how immodest is its very conception, for many years of effort have brought it to but a fifth of its completion and have made it clear that no one mind, and no single lifetime, can adequately compass this task. Nevertheless I have dreamed that, despite the many errors inevitable in this undertaking, it may be of some use to those upon whom the passion for philosophy has laid the com-

pulsion to try to see things whole, to pursue perspective, unity and understanding through history in time, as well as to seek them through science in space.

I have long felt that our usual method of writing history in separate longitudinal sections – economic history, political history, religious history, the history of philosophy, the history of literature, the history of science, the history of music, the history of art – does injustice to the unity of human life; that history should be written collaterally as well as lineally, synthetically as well as analytically; and that the ideal historiography would seek to portray in each period the total complex of a nation's culture, institutions, adventures and ways. But the accumulation of knowledge has divided history, like science, into a thousand isolated specialties, and prudent scholars have refrained from attempting any view of the whole – whether of the material or of the living past of our race. For the probability of error increases with the scope of the undertaking, and any man who sells his soul to synthesis will be a tragic target for a myriad merry darts of specialist critique. 'Consider,' said Ptah-hotep 5000 years ago, 'how thou mayest be opposed by an expert in council. It is foolish to speak on every kind of work.' A history of civilization shares the presumptuousness of every philosophical enterprise: It offers the ridiculous spectacle of a fragment expounding the whole. Like philosophy, such a venture has no rational excuse and is at best but a brave stupidity, but let us hope that, like philosophy, it will always lure some rash spirits into its fatal depths."

That same preface contained some prophetic lines, written in 1934: "At this historic moment – when the ascendancy of Europe is so rapidly coming to an end, when Asia is swelling with resurrected life, and the theme of the 20th century seems destined to be an all-embracing conflict between the East and the West – the provincialism of our traditional histories, which began with Greece and summed up Asia in a line, has become no merely academic error, but a possibly fatal failure of perspective and intelligence. The future faces into the Pacific, and understanding must follow it there."

Volume II, *The Life of Greece* (1939), applied the "integral method" to Hellenic culture from its oldest antecedents in Crete and Asia to its envelopment by Rome. In the preface he proposed an all-embracing plan:

"I wish to see and feel this complex culture not only in the subtle and impersonal rhythm of its rise and fall, but in the rich variety of its vital elements: its ways of drawing a living from the land and of organizing industry and trade; its experiments with monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, dictatorship and revolution; its manners and morals; its religious practices and beliefs; its education of children and its regulation of the sexes and the family; its poems and temples, markets and theaters and athletic fields; its poetry and drama; its painting, sculpture, architecture and music; its sciences and inventions; its superstitions and philosophy. I wish to see and feel these elements, not in their theoretical and scholastic isolation, but in their living interplay as the simultaneous movement of one great cultural organism, with a hundred organs and a hundred million cells, but with one body and one soul."

Volume III, *Caesar and Christ* (1944), told the story of Rome from Romulus to Constantine. In construction, this volume is the best of Durant's books, moving as it does with dramatic interest from Etruscan caves to Christian catacombs. Maurice Maeterlinck sent from France an enthusiastic tribute:

"This book is a magnificent success, worthy of the greatest histories of mankind. It is as complete as an encyclopedia, but instead of being the moth-eaten labor of an obscure compiler, it is the product of a great writer and a great artist, and each of the pages is a page from an anthology. The work has a continuous flow. It is luminous and without blemish. It has none of the defects of the "best sellers" composed of endless twaddle, paddings and platitudes. Dr. Durant's pen seems to clarify, to light up, to simplify everything it touches. At times one would believe he was listening to Montesquieu."

Volume IV, *The Age of Faith* (1950), was another Leviathan, running to 1196 pages, but it covered three civilizations – Christian, Moslem and Judaic – through a thousand years, from Constantine to Dante, A. D. 325 to 1321. It included some 200 pages on Mohammedan culture in its great days at Baghdad, Cairo and Cordova. Never before has a Christian scholar, in one volume on the Middle Ages, given such ample recognition to the achievements of Islam in government, literature, medicine, science and philosophy. And the three chapters on medieval Jewish life show a surprisingly sympathetic understanding of what might have seemed an alien culture. Professor Allan Nevins, of Columbia University, wrote of this book: "I was specially pleased to have Will Durant's *The Age of Faith*, which seems to me a very remarkable feat of synthesis and interpretation. I regard it as the best general account of medieval civilization in print. Mr. Durant's great series of books should in time become recognized – if it is not already – as one of the outstanding works in American historiography."

Volume V, *The Renaissance* (1953), exemplifies Durant's integral method by covering every phase of that exuberant epoch in Italy. It began with Petrarch and Boccaccio in the 14th century, went on to Florence with the Medici and the artists and humanists and poets who made Florence a very Athens; told the tragic tale of Savonarola; passed on to Milan with Leonardo da Vinci; to Umbria with Piero della Francesca and Perugino; to Mantua with Mantegna and Isabella d'Este; to Ferrara with Ariosto; to Venice with Giorgione, the Bellini and Aldus Manutius; to Parma with Correggio; to Urbino with Castiglione; to Naples with Alfonso the Magnanimous; to Rome with the great Renaissance popes and their patronage of Raphael and Michelangelo; to Venice again with Titian, Aretino, Tintoretto and Veronese; and back to Florence with Cellini.

The preface to Volume VI, *The Reformation*, describes the book and reveals the man:

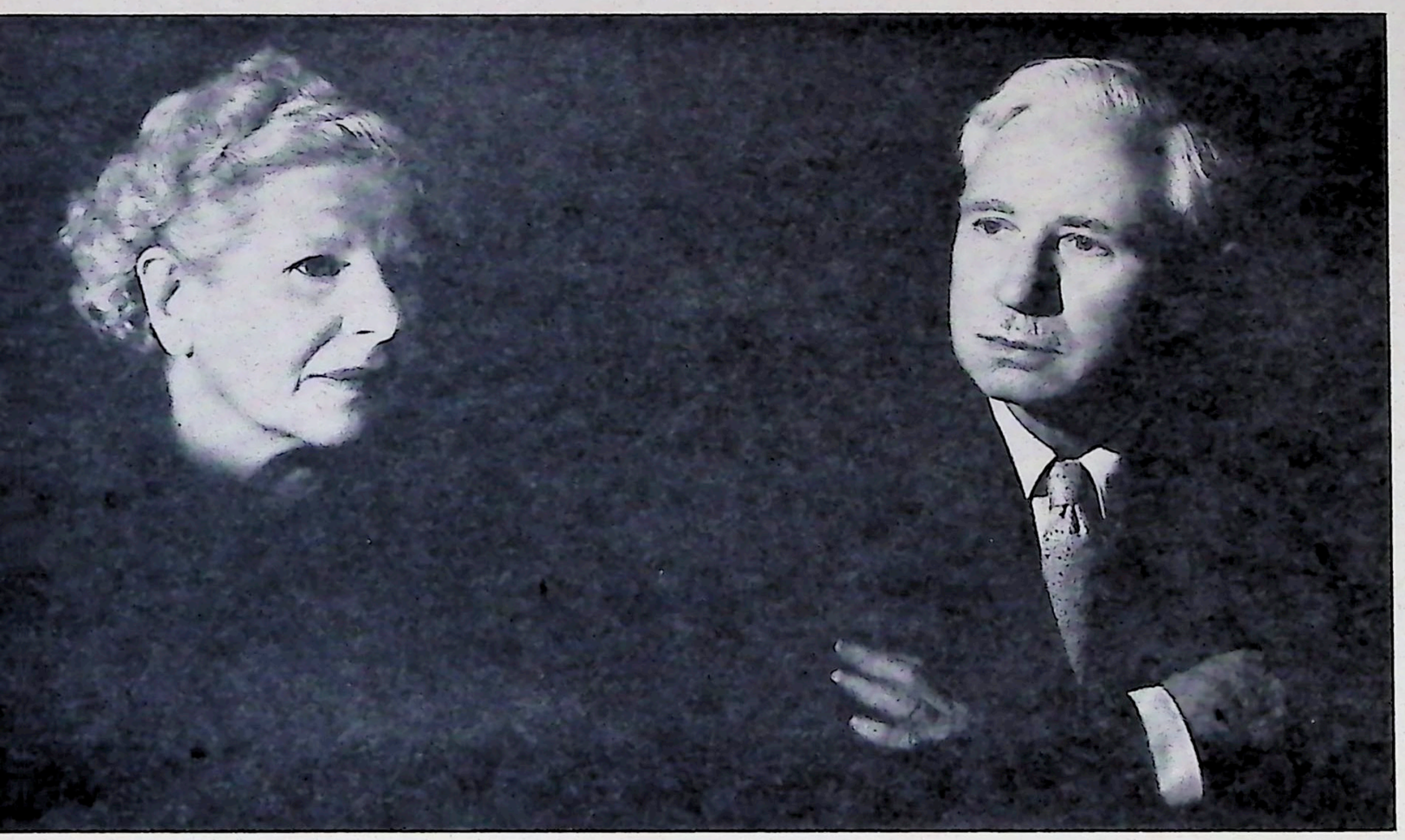
"We begin by considering religion in general, its functions in the soul and the group and the conditions and problems of the Roman Catholic Church in the two centuries before Luther. We shall watch England and Wyclif in 1376-82, Germany and Louis of Bavaria in 1320-47, Bohemia and Huss in 1402-85, rehearsing the ideas and conflicts of the Lutheran Reformation. And, as we proceed, we shall note how social revolution, with communistic aspirations, marched hand-in-hand with religious revolt. We shall weakly echo Gibbon's chapter on the fall of Constantinople and shall perceive how the advance of the Turks to the gates of Vienna made it possible for one man to defy at once an emperor and a pope. We shall consider sympathetically the efforts of Erasmus for the peaceful self-return of the Church. We shall study Germany on the eve of Luther and may thereby come to understand how inevitable he was when he came. In Book II the Reformation proper will hold the stage, with Luther and Melanchthon in Germany, Zwingli and Calvin in Switzerland, Henry VIII in England, Knox in Scotland and Gustavus Vasa in Sweden, with a side glance at the long duel between Francis I and Charles V. And other aspects of European life in that turbulent half-century (1517-64) will be postponed in order to let the religious drama unfold itself without confusing delays. Book III will look at "the strangers

in the gate"; Russia and the Ivans and the Orthodox Church; Islam and its challenging creed, culture and power; and the struggle of the Jews to find Christians in Christendom. Book IV will go "behind the scenes" to study the law and economy, morals and manners, art and music, literature and science and philosophy of Europe in the age of Luther. In Book V we shall be forced to admire the calm audacity with which she weathered the encompassing storm. In a brief Epilogue we shall try to see the Renaissance and the Reformation, Catholicism and the Enlightenment, in the large perspective of modern history and thought."

Can so controversial a subject be treated impartially? Durant professes to have tried but, as yet, his success is difficult to assess. His preface concludes disarmingly:

"It is a fascinating but difficult subject, for almost every word that one may write about it can be disputed or give offense. I have tried to be impartial, though I know that a man's past always colors his views, and that nothing else is so irritating as impartiality. The reader should be warned that I was brought up a fervent Catholic, and that I retain grateful memories of the devoted secular priests, and learned Jesuits, and kindly nuns, who bore so patiently with my brash youth. But he should note, too, that I derived much of my education from lecturing for 13 years in a Presbyterian Church under the tolerant auspices of sterling Protestants like Jonathan C. Day, William Adams Brown, Henry Sloane Coffin and Edmund Chaffee, and that many of my most faithful auditors in that Presbyterian Church were Jews, whose search for education and understanding gave me a new insight into their people. Less than any other man have I excuse for prejudice, and I feel for all faiths the warm sympathy of one who has come to learn that even the trust in reason is a precarious faith, and that we are all fragments of darkness groping for the sun. I know no more about the ultimates than the simplest urchin in the streets."

What is he like, this patient Sisyphus of history, who every five years rolls a heavy volume up the high hills of scholarship and to the pinnacle of print, only to begin at the bottom again? He is of moderate stature and average weight, with a ruddy complexion and a head of abundant hair. His hair began to turn white 30 years ago, when his favorite brother was accidentally and fatally shot by a hunter. He lives high in the hills overlooking Hollywood, and nearly all the second floor of his home is his workshop. He rises at 7, has a breakfast of fruit, whole-wheat bread and skimmed milk, gets to work at 8, eats again at 12, naps at 1, works in the garden for an hour or two, bathes, resumes work at 4. Each evening at home is spent with his wife, in her colorful study. There they continue their reading and research till 10, and, as he and Mrs. Durant are always reading the same books, there is a lively interchange of views and plans. Durant feels that he owes a great deal to these stimulating



"... Durant fell in love with one of his pupils whose sprightly vivacity led him to call her Puck, and in his writings, Ariel, names by which Mrs. Durant is known to her friends in New York and Los Angeles."

conversations. Note the dedication of *The Renaissance:* "To My Wife, who has shared in a hundred ways in writing this book." They seldom look at television, but they usually turn on some radio music that allows them to continue their reading.

Their daughter Ethel lives on a ranch in San Jacinto, California, and an adopted son, Louis, lives in Old Greenwich, Connecticut, and works as a civil engineer. Three grandchildren, Jim, 15; Eric, 10; and Monica, 5, are the delight of "Popsy" and serve to keep him younger than his years.

Durant will be 72 on November 5, 1957. The preface to *The Reformation* promises that "if the Reaper will stay his hand, there will be a seventh volume, *The Age of Reason*, which should appear some five years hence and should carry the story of civilization to Napoleon. There we shall make our bow and retire, deeply grateful to all who have borne the weight of these tomes on their hands and have forgiven numberless errors in our attempt to unravel the present into its constitutent past. For the present is the past rolled up for action, and the past is the present unrolled for our understanding."

After these labors, Durant proposes that, if he can still walk, he will take his wife on one final safari, leaving pen and paper behind, and contemplate the fascinating panorama of human life. ♦

"... Such a parliament of wisdom had never been painted, perhaps never been conceived, before. Half a hundred figures summing up rich centuries of Greek thought. In the center, Plato of the Jovelike brow, Aristotle walking quietly beside him; Socrates to the left counting off his arguments on his fingers; Pythagoras trying to imprison the music of the spheres, while on the right Archimedes is drawing geometries on a slate and Diogenes is carelessly lying on the steps."

PHILOSOPHY or THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS • Fresco by Raphael • The Vatican

WHAT IS *Philosophy*

by Will Durant

HUMAN CONDUCT AND BELIEF are now undergoing transformations profounder and more disturbing than any since the appearance of wealth and philosophy put an end to the traditional religion of the Greeks. It is the age of Socrates again: our moral life is threatened, and our intellectual life is quickened and enlarged by the disintegration of ancient customs and beliefs. Everything is new and experimental in our ideas and our actions; nothing is established or certain any more. The rate, complexity, and variety of change in our time are without precedent, even in Periclean days; all forms about us are altered, from the tools that complicate our toil, and the wheels that whirl us restlessly about the earth, to the innovations in our sexual relationships and the hard disillusionment of our souls. The passage from agriculture to industry, from the village to the town, and from the town to the city has elevated science, debased art, liberated thought, ended monarchy and aristocracy, generated democracy and socialism, emancipated woman, disrupted marriage, broken down the old moral code, destroyed asceticism with luxuries, replaced Puritanism with Epicureanism, exalted excitement above content, made war less frequent and more terrible, taken from us many of our most cherished religious beliefs and given us a mechanical and fatalistic philosophy of life. All things flow, and we seek some mooring and stability in the flux.

In every developing civilization a period comes when old instincts and habits prove inadequate to altered stimuli, and ancient institutions and moralities crack like hampering shells under the obstinate growth of life. In one sphere after another, now that we have left the farm and the home for the factory, the office and the world, spontaneous and "natural" modes of order and response break down, and intellect chaotically experiments to replace with conscious guidance the ancestral readiness and simplicity of impulse and wonted ways. Everything must be thought out, from the artificial "formula" with which we feed our children, and the "calories" and "vitamins" of our muddled dietitians, to the bewildered efforts of a revolutionary government to direct and coordinate all the haphazard processes of trade. We are like a man who cannot walk without thinking of his legs, or like a player who must analyze every move and stroke as he plays. The happy unity of instinct is gone from us, and we flounder in a sea of doubt; amidst unprecedented knowledge and power we are uncertain of our purposes, values and goals.

From this confusion the one escape worthy of a mature mind is to rise out of the moment and the part and contemplate the whole. What we have lost above all is total perspective. Life seems too intricate and mobile for us to grasp its unity and significance; we cease to be citizens and become only individuals; we have no purposes that look beyond our death; we are fragments of men, and nothing more. No one (except Spengler) dares today to survey life in its entirety; analysis leaps and synthesis lags; we fear the experts in every field and keep ourselves, for safety's sake, lashed to our narrow specialties. Everyone knows his part, but is ignorant of its meaning in the play. Life itself grows meaningless and becomes empty just when it seemed most full.

Let us put aside our fear of inevitable error, and survey all the problems of our state, trying to see each part and puzzle in the light of the whole. We shall define philosophy as total perspective, as mind overspreading life and forging chaos into unity.

Perhaps philosophy will give us, if we are faithful to it, a healing unity of soul. We are so slovenly and self-contradictory in our thinking; it may be that we shall clarify ourselves and pull ourselves together into consistency and be ashamed to harbor contradictory desires or beliefs. And through this unity of mind may come that unity of purpose and character which makes a personality and lends some order and dignity to our existence. Philosophy is harmonized knowledge making a harmonious life; it is the self-discipline which lifts us to security and freedom. Knowledge is power, but only wisdom is liberty.

Our culture is superficial today, and our knowledge dangerous, because we are rich in mechanisms and poor in purposes. The balance of mind which once came of a warm religious faith is gone; science has taken from us the supernatural bases of our morality, and all the world seems consumed in a disorderly individualism that reflects the chaotic fragmentation of our character.

We move about the earth with unprecedented speed, but we do not know, and have not thought, where we are going, or whether we shall find any happiness there for our harassed souls. We are being destroyed by our knowledge, which has made us drunk with our power. And we shall not be saved without wisdom. ♦

THE PLEASURES OF PHILOSOPHY

by Will Durant

THERE IS A PLEASURE IN PHILOSOPHY, and a lure even in the mirages of metaphysics, which every student feels until the coarse necessities of physical existence drag him from the heights of thought into the mart of economic strife and gain. Most of us have known some golden days in the June of life when philosophy was in fact what Plato calls it, "that dear delight"; when the love of a modestly elusive truth seemed more glorious, incomparably, than the lust for the ways of the flesh and the dross of the world. And there is always some wistful remnant in us of that early wooing of wisdom. "Life has meaning," we feel with Browning. "To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

So much of our lives is meaningless, a self-canceling vacillation and futility. We strive with the chaos about and within, but we should believe all the while that there is something vital and significant in us, could we but decipher our own souls. We want to understand. "Life means for us constantly to transform into light and flame all that we are or meet with." We are like Mitya in *The Brothers Karamazov*—"one of those who don't want millions, but an answer to their questions." We want to seize the value and perspective of passing things and so to pull ourselves up out of the maelstrom of daily circumstance.

We want to know that the little things are little, and the big things big, before it is too late. We want to see things now as they will seem forever—"in the light of eternity." We want to learn to laugh in the face of the inevitable, to smile even at the looming of death. We want to be whole, to coordinate our energies by harmonizing our desires, for coordinated energy is the last word in ethics and politics—and perhaps in logic and metaphysics, too.

"To be a philosopher," said Thoreau, "is not merely to have subtle thoughts, or even to found a school, but so to love wisdom as to live, according to its dictates, a life of simplicity, independence, magnanimity and trust." We may be sure that if we can but find wisdom, all things else will be added unto us. "Seek ye first the good things of the mind," Bacon admonishes us, "and the rest will either be supplied, or its loss will not be felt." Truth will not make us rich, but it will make us free.

Some ungentle reader will check us here by informing us that philosophy is as useless as chess, as obscure as ignorance and as stagnant as content. "There is nothing so absurd," said Cicero, "but that it may be found in the books of the philosophers." Doubtless some philosophers have had all sorts of wisdom except common sense, and many a philosophic flight has been due to the elevating power of thin air. Let us resolve, on this voyage of ours, to put in only at the ports of light, to keep out of the muddy streams of metaphysics and the "many-sounding seas" of theological dispute.

But is philosophy stagnant? Science seems always to advance, while philosophy seems always to lose ground. Yet this is only because philosophy accepts the hard and hazardous task of dealing with problems not yet open to the methods of science—problems like good and evil, beauty and ugliness, order and freedom, life and death. As soon as a field of inquiry yields knowledge susceptible of exact formulation, it is called science.

Every science begins as philosophy and ends as art: It arises in hypothesis and flows into achievement. Philosophy is a hypothetical interpretation of the unknown (as in metaphysics), or of the inexactly known (as in ethics or political philosophy). It is the front trench in the siege of truth. Science is the captured territory, and behind it are those secure regions in which knowledge and art build our imperfect and marvelous world. Philosophy seems to stand still, perplexed, but only because she leaves the fruits of victory to her daughters the sciences, and herself passes on, divinely discontent, to the uncertain and unexplored.

Shall we be more technical? Science is analytical description; philosophy is synthetic interpretation. Science wishes to resolve the whole into parts, the organism into organs, the obscure into the known. It does not inquire into the values and ideal possibilities of things or into their total and final significance. It is content to show their present actuality and operation. It narrows its gaze resolutely to the nature and process of things as they are.

The scientist is as impartial as Nature in Turgenev's poem: He is as interested in the leg of a flea as in the creative throes of a genius. But the philosopher is not content to describe the fact. He wishes to ascertain its relation to experience in general and thereby to get at its meaning and its worth. He combines things in interpretive synthesis. He tries to put together, better than before, that great universe-watch which the inquisitive scientist has analytically taken apart.

Science tell us how to heal and how to kill. It reduces the death rate in retail and then kills us wholesale in war. But only wisdom — desire coordinated in the light of all experience — can tell us when to heal and when to kill. To observe processes and to construct means is science. To criticize and coordinate ends is philosophy. And because in these days our means and instruments have multiplied beyond our interpretation and synthesis of ideals and ends, our life is "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." For a fact is nothing except in relation to desire. It is not complete except in relation to a purpose and a whole. Science without philosophy, facts without perspective and valuation, cannot save us from despair.

Specifically, philosophy means and includes five fields of study and discourse: logic, aesthetics, ethics, politics and metaphysics.

Logic is the study of ideal method in thought and research: observation and introspection, deduction and induction, hypothesis and experiment, analysis and synthesis — such are the forms of human activity which logic tries to understand and guide. It is a dull study for most of us, and yet the great events in the history of thought are the improvements men have made in their methods of thinking and research.

Aesthetics is the study of ideal form, or beauty. It is the philosophy of art.

Ethics is the study of ideal conduct. The highest knowledge, said Socrates, is the knowledge of good and evil, the knowledge of the wisdom of life.

Politics is the study of ideal social organization (it is not, as one might suppose, the art and science of capturing and keeping office). Monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, socialism, anarchism, feminism — these are the dramatis personae of political philosophy.

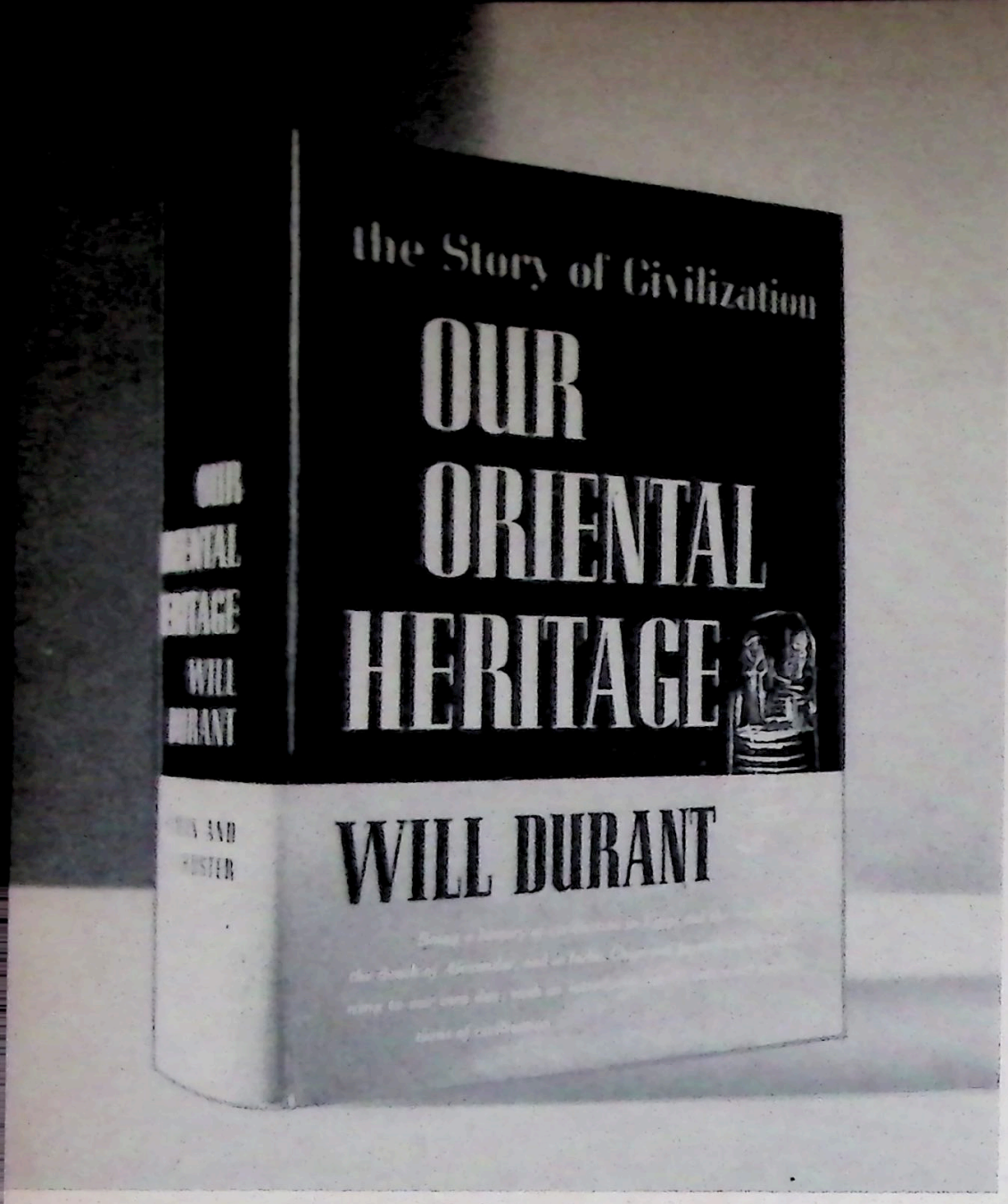
And finally, *metaphysics* (which gets into so much trouble because it is not, like the other forms of philosophy, an attempt to coordinate the real in the light of the ideal) is the study of the "ultimate reality" of all things: of the real and final nature of "matter" (ontology), of "mind" (philosophical psychology) and of the interrelation of "mind" and "matter" in the processes of perception and knowledge (epistemology).

These are the parts of philosophy, but so dismembered it loses its beauty and its joy. We should seek it not in its shriveled abstractness and formality — but clothed in the living form of genius. We should study not merely philosophies — but also philosophers. We should spend our time with the saints and martyrs of thought, letting their radiant spirits play about us until perhaps we too, in some measure, shall partake of what da Vinci called "the noblest pleasure, the joy of understanding."

Each of the philosophers has some lesson for us — if we approach him properly. "Do you know," asks Emerson, "the secret of the true scholar? In every man there is something... I may learn of him, and in that I am his pupil." Well, surely we may take this attitude to the master minds of history without hurt to our pride! And we may flatter ourselves with that other thought of Emerson's, that when genius speaks to us we feel a ghostly reminiscence of having ourselves, in our distant youth, had vaguely this selfsame thought which genius now speaks, but which we had not art or courage to clothe with form and utterance.

And indeed, great men speak to us only so far as we have ears and souls to hear them — only so far as we have in us the roots, at least, of that which flowers out in them. We, too, have had the experiences they had, but we did not suck those experiences dry of their secret and subtle meanings: We were not sensitive to the overtones of the reality that hummed about us. Genius hears the overtones — and the music of the spheres. Genius knows what Pythagoras meant when he said that philosophy is the highest music.

So let us listen to these men, ready to forgive them their passing errors, eager to learn the lessons which they are so eager to teach. "Do you then be reasonable," said old Socrates to Crito, "and do not mind whether the teachers of philosophy are good or bad but think only of Philosophy herself. Try to examine her well and truly, and if she be evil, seek to turn away all men from her, but if she be what I believe she is, then follow her and serve her and be of good cheer." ♦



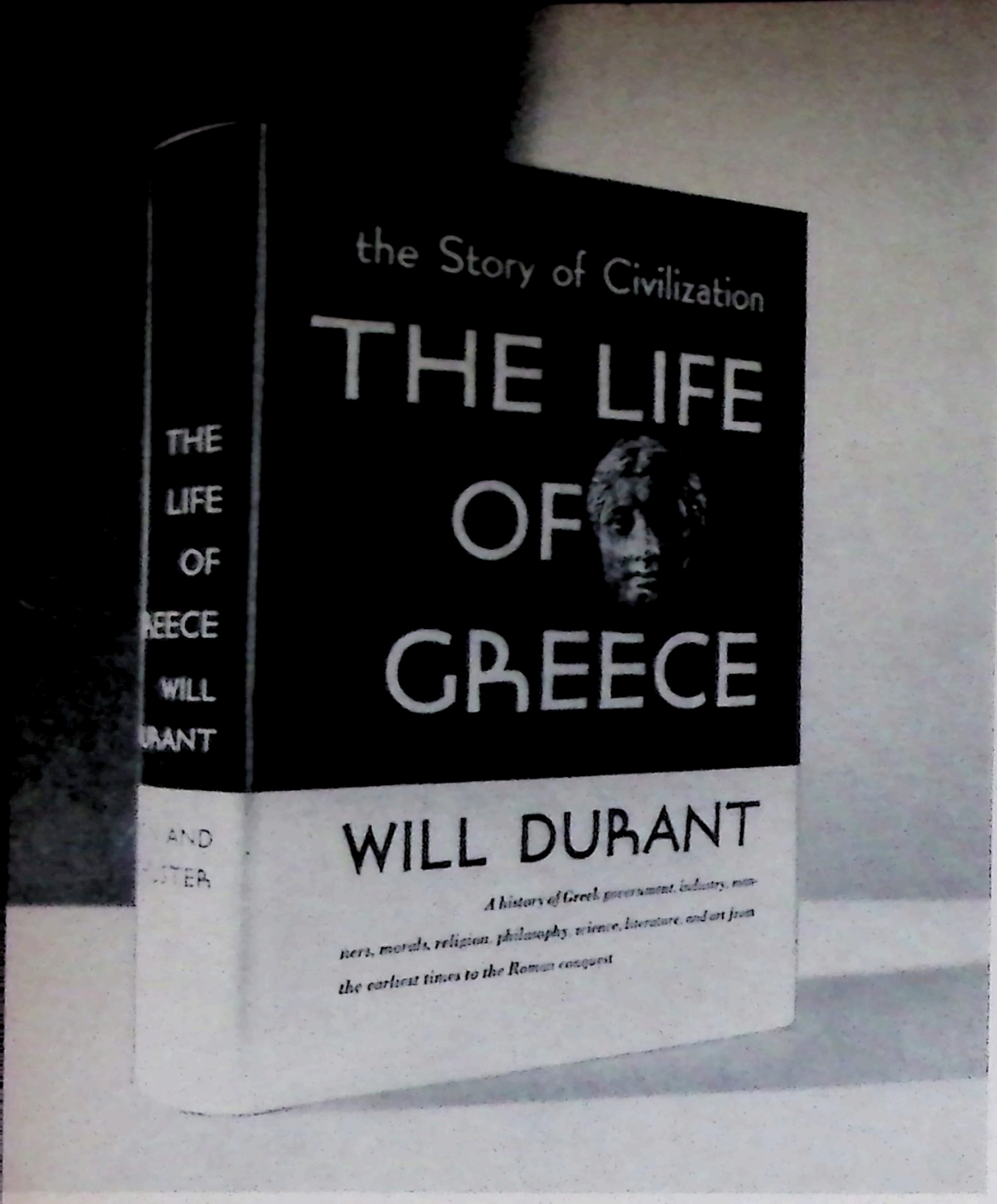
CIVILIZATION IS SOCIAL ORDER promoting cultural creation. Four elements constitute it: economic provision, political organization, moral traditions, and the pursuit of knowledge and the arts. It begins where chaos and insecurity end. For when fear is overcome, curiosity and constructiveness are free, and man passes by natural impulse towards the understanding and embellishment of life.

Physical and biological conditions are only prerequisites to civilization; they do not constitute or generate it. Subtle psychological factors must enter into play. There must be political order, even if it be so near to chaos as in Renaissance Florence or Rome; men must feel, by and large, that they need not look for death or taxes at every turn. There must be some unity of language to serve as medium of mental exchange. Through church, or family, or school, or otherwise, there must be a unifying moral code, some rules of the game of life acknowledged even by those who violate them, and giving to conduct some order and regularity, some direction and stimulus. Perhaps there must also be some unity of basic belief, some faith, supernatural or utopian, that lifts morality from calculation to devotion, and gives life nobility and significance despite our mortal brevity. And finally there must be education—some technique, however primitive, for the transmission of culture. Whether through imitation, initiation or instruction, whether through father or mother, teacher or priest, the lore and heritage of the tribe—its language and knowledge, its morals and manners, its technology and arts—must be handed down to the young, as the very instrument through which they are turned from animals into men.

The disappearance of these conditions—sometimes of even one of them—may destroy a civilization. A geological cataclysm or a profound climatic change; an uncontrolled epidemic like that which wiped out half the population of the Roman Empire under the Antonines, or the Black Death that helped to end the Feudal Age; the exhaustion of the land or the ruin of agriculture through the exploitation of the country by the town, resulting in a precarious dependence upon foreign food supplies; the failure of natural resources, either of fuels or of raw materials; a change in trade routes, leaving a nation off the main line of the world's commerce; mental or moral decay from the strains, stimuli and contacts of urban life, from the breakdown of traditional sources of social discipline and the inability to replace them; the weakening of the stock by a disorderly sexual life, or by an epicurean, pessimist, or quietist philosophy; the decay of leadership through the infertility of the able, and the relative smallness of the families that might bequeath most fully the cultural inheritance of the race; a pathological concentration of wealth, leading to class wars, disruptive revolutions, and financial exhaustion: these are some of the ways in which a civilization may die. For civilization is not something inborn or imperishable; it must be acquired anew by every generation, and any serious interruption in its financing or its transmission may bring it to an end. Man differs from the beast only by education, which may be defined as the technique of transmitting civilization.

Civilizations are the generations of the racial soul. As family-rearing, and then writing, bound the generations together, handing down the lore of the dying to the young, so print and commerce and a thousand ways of communication may bind the civilizations together, and preserve for future cultures all that is of value for them in our own. Let us, before we die, gather up our heritage, and offer it to our children. ♦

"... Suddenly the Pyramids confront us, bare and solitary in the sand, gigantic and morose. We stand where Caesar and Napoleon stood, and remember that 50 centuries look down upon us. What power and skill these old Egyptians must have had to bring these vast stones 600 miles, to raise some of them weighing many tons to a height of half a thousand feet, and to pay or even to feed the slaves who toiled—100,000 at a time, each party during three months—for twenty years, on these tombs in which the dead sought eternal life."


the Story of Civilization
THE LIFE OF GREECE
WILL DURANT
A history of Greek government, industry, manners, morals, religion, philosophy, science, literature, and art from the earliest times to the Roman conquest
THE LIFE OF REECE WILL URANT
AND STER

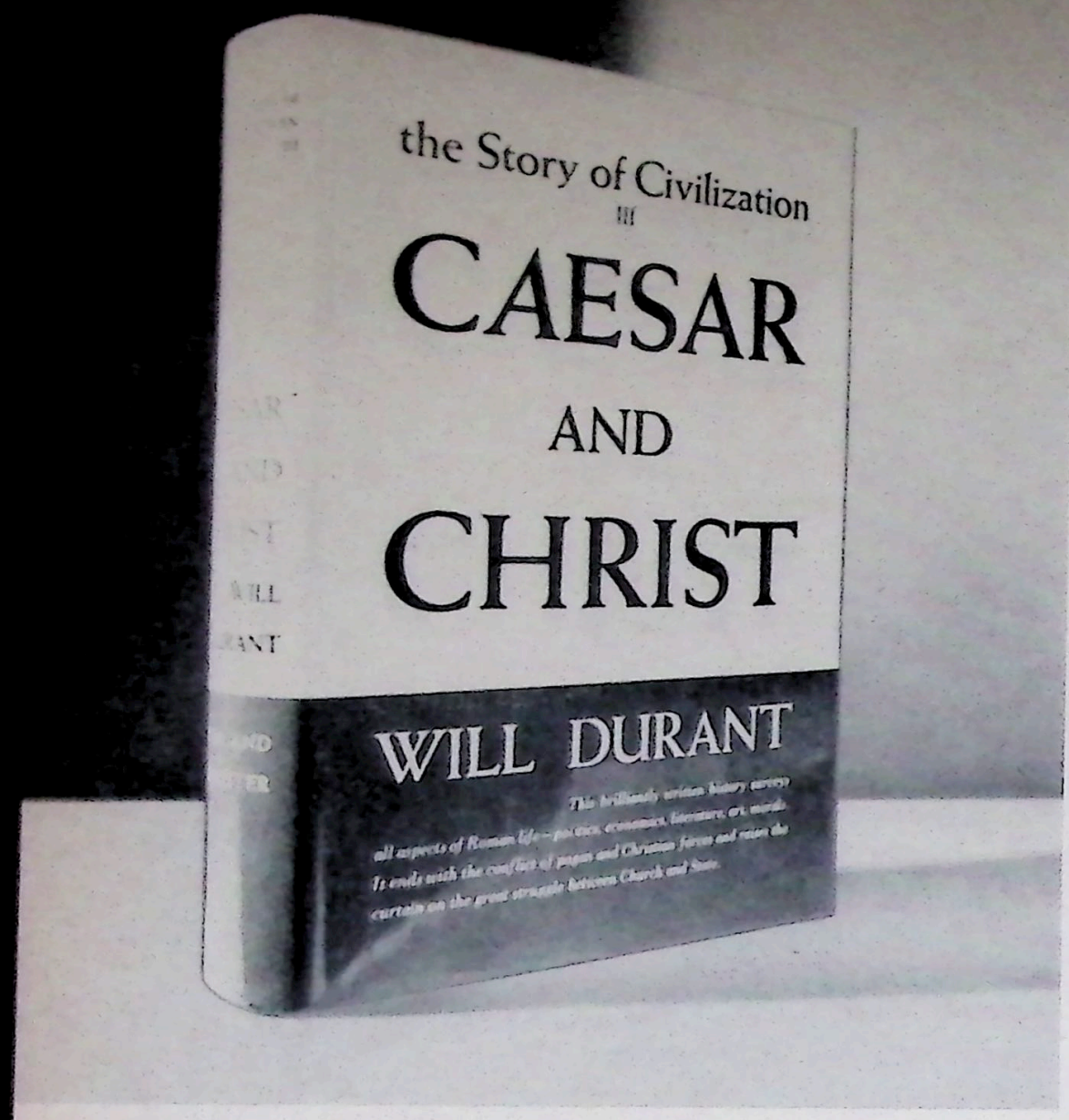
If Greek civilization seems more akin and "modern" to us now than that of any century before Voltaire, it is because the Hellene loved reason as much as form and boldly sought to explain all nature in nature's terms. The liberation of science from theology and the independent development of scientific research were parts of the heady adventure of the Greek mind. Greek mathematicians laid the foundations of trigonometry and calculus; they began and completed the study of conic sections, and they brought three-dimensional geometry to such relative perfection that it remained as they left it until Descartes and Pascal. Democritus illuminated the whole area of physics and chemistry with his atomic theory. In a mere aside and holiday from abstract studies Archimedes produced enough new mechanisms to place his name with the highest in the records of invention. Aristarchus anticipated and perhaps inspired Copernicus; and Hipparchus, through Claudius Ptolemy, constructed a system of astronomy which is one of the landmarks in cultural history. Eratosthenes measured the earth and mapped it. Anaxagoras and Empedocles drew the outlines of a theory of evolution. Aristotle and Theophrastus classified the animal and plant kingdoms and almost created the sciences of meteorology, zoology, embryology and botany. Hippocrates freed medicine from mysticism and philosophical theory, and enobled it with an ethical code; Herophilus and Erasistratus raised anatomy and physiology to a point which, except in Galen, Europe would not reach again till the Renaissance. In the work of these men we breathe the quiet air of reason, always uncertain and unsafe, but cleansed of passion and myth. Perhaps, if we had its masterpieces entire, we should rate Greek science as the most signal intellectual achievement of mankind.

But the lover of philosophy will only reluctantly yield to science and art the supreme places in our Grecian heritage. Greek science itself was a child of Greek philosophy – of that reckless challenge to legend, that youthful love of inquiry, which for centuries united science and philosophy in one adventurous quest. Never had men examined nature so critically and yet so affectionately; the Greeks did no dishonor to the world in thinking that it was a cosmos of order and therefore amenable to understanding. They invented logic for the same reason that they made perfect statuary; harmony, unity, proportion, form, in their view, provided both the art of logic and the logic of art. Curious of every fact and every theory, they not only established philosophy as a distinct enterprise of the European mind, but they conceived nearly every system and every hypothesis and left little to be said on any major problem of life. Realism and nominalism, idealism and materialism, monotheism, pantheism, and atheism, feminism and communism, the Kantian critique and the Schopenhaurian despair, the primitivism of Rousseau and the immoralism of Nietzsche, the synthesis of Spencer and the psychoanalysis of Freud – all the dreams and wisdom of philosophy are here in the age and land of its birth. And in Greece men not only talked of philosophy, they lived it; the sage, rather than the warrior or the saint, was the pinnacle and ideal of Greek life. Through all the centuries from Thales that exhilarating philosophical bequest has come down to us, inspiring Roman emperors, Christian Fathers, Scholastic theologians, Renaissance heretics, Cambridge Platonists, the rebels of the Enlightenment and the devotees of philosophy today. At this moment thousands of eager spirits are reading Plato, perhaps in every country on the earth.

Civilization does not die, it migrates; it changes its habitat and its dress, but it lives on. The decay of one civilization, as of one individual, makes room for the growth of another; life sheds the old skin and surprises death with fresh youth. Greek civilization is alive; it moves in every breath of mind that we breathe; so much of it remains that none of us in one lifetime could absorb it all. We know its defects – its insane and pitiless wars, its stagnant slavery, its subjection of woman, its lack of moral restraint, its corrupt individualism, its tragic failure to unite liberty with order and peace. But those who cherish freedom, reason and beauty will not linger over these blemishes. They will hear behind the turmoil of political history the voices of Solon and Socrates, of Plato and Euripides, of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Epicurus and Archimedes; they will be grateful for the existence of such men and will seek their company across alien centuries. They will think of Greece as the bright morning of that Western civilization which, with all its kindred faults, is our nourishment and our life. ♦

"... The Venus de Milo is apparently an original Greek work of the 2nd century B.C., perhaps carved by Agesander of Antioch. The figure is a poem of that health whose natural flower is beauty." Found in 1820 on the Island of Milo, it was given to Louis XVIII by the Marquis de Riviere, and is now at the Louvre in Paris.

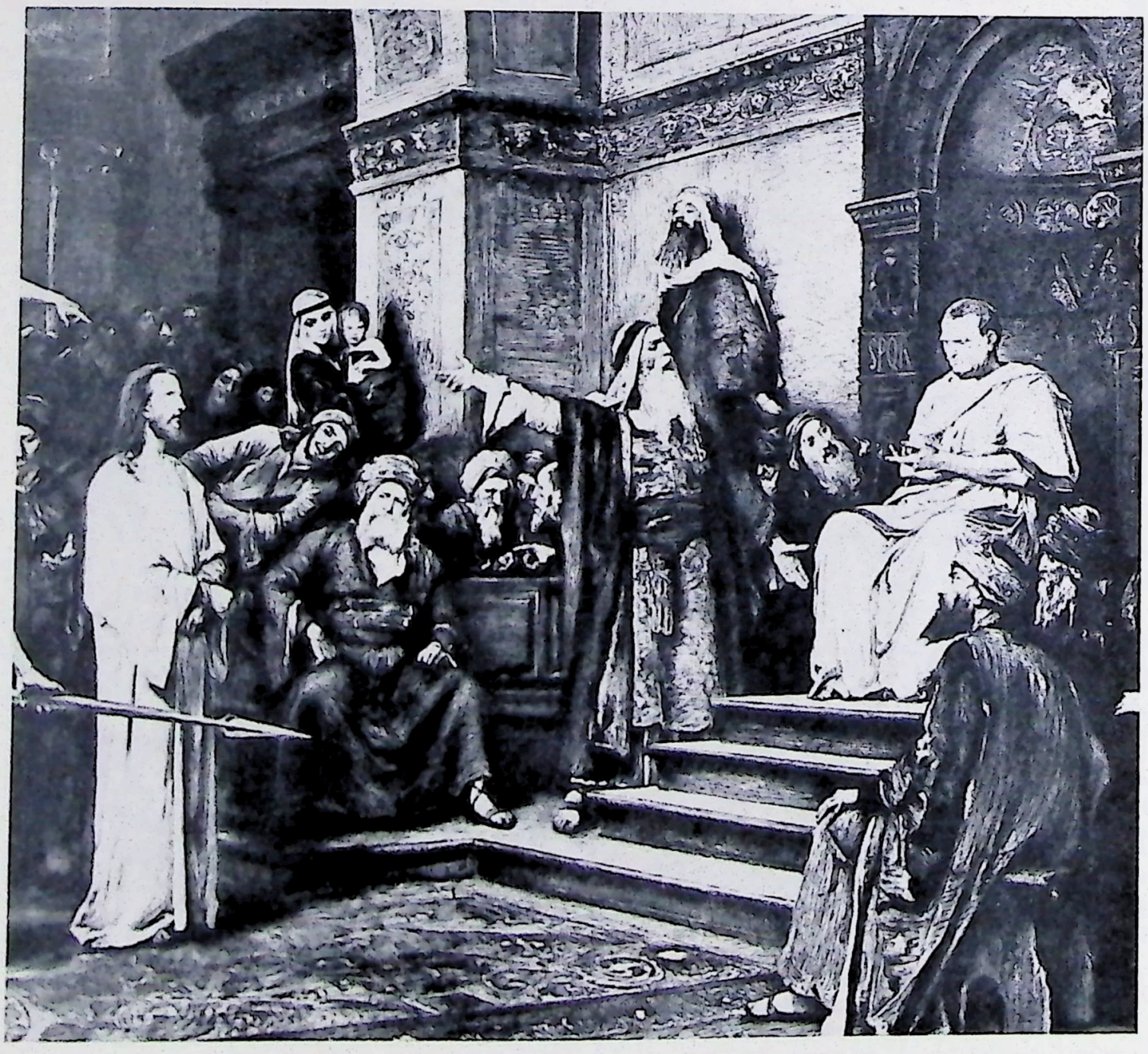
"... In the Parthenon, as in current physics, every straight line was a curve, and, as in a painting, every part was drawn toward the center in subtle composition. The result was a certain flexibility and grace that seemed to give life and freedom to the stones. Built of marble as a temple of worship to the goddess Minerva, the Parthenon was the dominating building of the Acropolis in Athens, the city known as the 'cradle of the classics'."

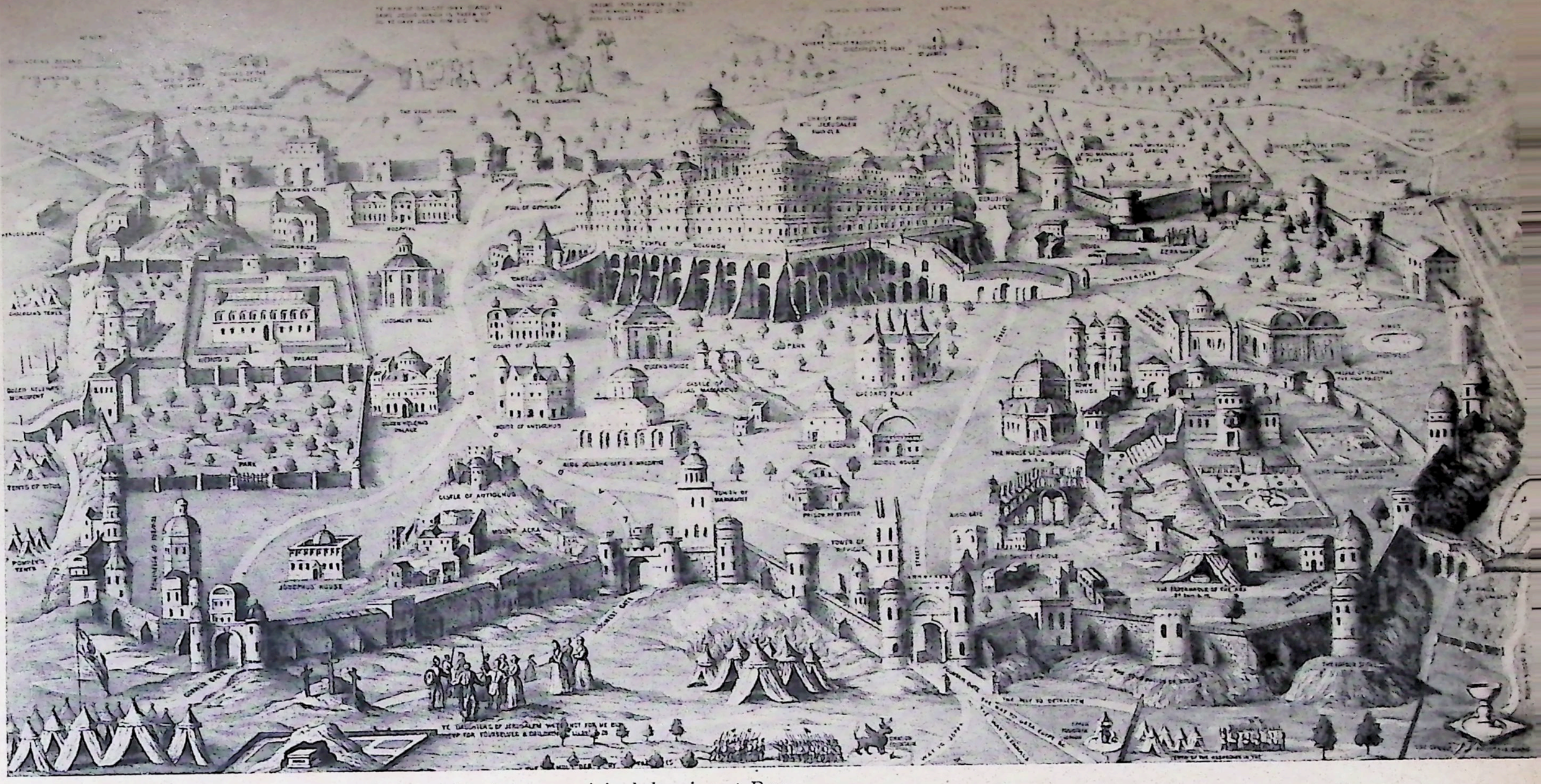


THE STUDY OF ANTIQUITY is properly accounted worthless except as it may be made living drama or illuminate our contemporary life. The rise of Rome from a crossroads town to world mastery, its achievement of two centuries of security and peace from the Crimea to Gibraltar and from the Euphrates to Hadrian's Wall, its spread of classic civilization over the Mediterranean and western European world, its struggle to preserve its ordered realm from a surrounding sea of barbarism, its long, slow crumbling and final catastrophic collapse into darkness and chaos—this is surely the greatest drama ever played by man; unless it be that other drama which began when Caesar and Christ stood face to face in Pilate's court and continued until a handful of hunted Christians had grown by time and patience, and through persecution and terror, to be first the allies, then the masters, and at last the heirs, of the greatest empire in history.

But that multiple panorama has greater meaning for us than through its scope and majesty. It resembles significantly, and sometimes with menacing illumination, the civilization and problems of our day. This is the advantage of studying a civilization in its total scope and life—that one may compare each stage or aspect of its career with a corresponding moment or element of our own cultural trajectory, and be warned or encouraged by the ancient aftermath of a modern phase. There, in the struggle of Roman civilization against barbarism within and without, is our own struggle; through Rome's problems of biological and moral decadence signposts rise on our road today; the class war of the Gracchi against the Senate, of Marius against Sulla, of Caesar against Pompey, of Anthony against Octavian, is the war that consumes our interludes of peace; and the desperate effort of the Mediterranean soul to maintain some freedom against a despotic state is an augury of our coming task. *De nobis fabula narratur:* of ourselves this Roman story is told. ♦

"Pilate reluctantly issued the sentence of death."

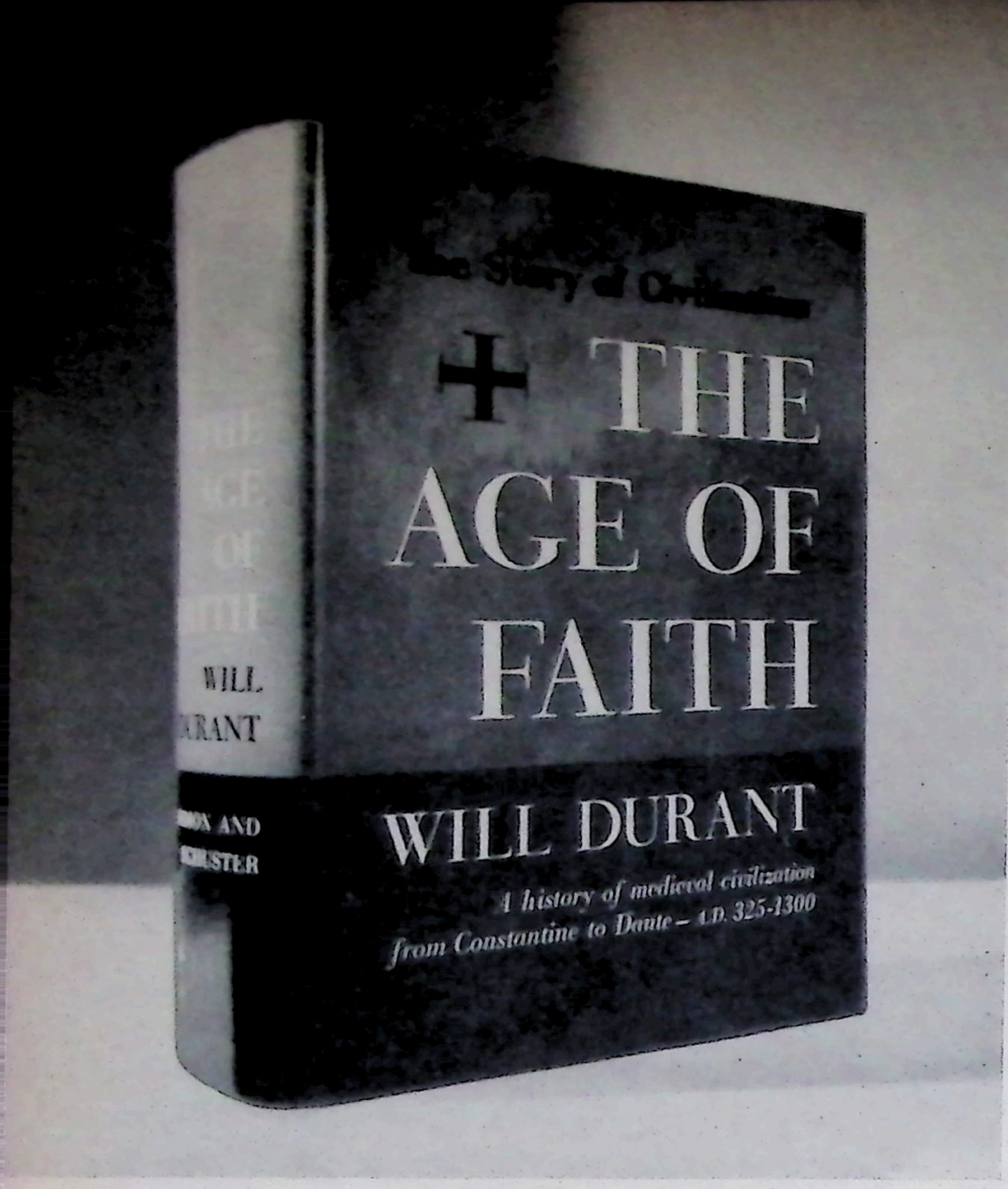




This view of the ancient city of Jerusalem was taken from an original drawing at Rome and shows Solomon's temple, the Beautiful Gate and the Pool of Bethesda. Herod's palace is to the left, and in the distance the road to Bethany.

THE COLOSSEUM, MOST RENOWNED OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN BUILDINGS

"...The arena was an immense wooden floor strewn with sand; part of this floor could be lowered and then quickly raised with a change of scene; at brief notice, the whole floor could be covered with water. Large chambers beneath held animals, machines and men for the program of the day."



FROM MYSTIC EXALTATION, Messianic disillusionment, periodic persecution, and the hard routine of economic life, the medieval Jews found refuge in the obscurity of their congregations and the consolations of their ritual and creed. They celebrated with piety the festivals that recalled their history, their tribulations, and their ancient glory, and patiently adjusted to their urban existence the ceremonies that once had divided the agricultural year. The vanishing Qaraites kept the Sabbath in darkness and cold, lest they violate the Law by kindling fires or lighting lamps; but most Jews, while the rabbis winked, brought in Christian friends or servitors to keep the fires burning and tend the lights. Every chance for a banquet was seized with generosity and pomp; the family gave a feast on the circumcision or confirmation of a son, the betrothal or marriage of a son or daughter, the visit of a noted scholar or relative, the occurrence of some religious festival. Sumptuary regulations of the rabbis forbade the providers of such banquets to invite more than twenty men, ten women, five girls, and all relatives up to the third generation. A wedding feast sometimes lasted a week, and not even the Sabbath was allowed to interrupt it. The bridal pair were crowned with roses, myrtle, and olive branches; their path was strewn with nuts and wheat; barley grains were thrown over them as a hint to fertility; songs and quips accompanied every stage of the event; and in later medieval days a professional jester was engaged to ensure full merriment. Sometimes his jests were mercilessly truthful; but almost always he accepted Hillel's genial decree, that "every bride is beautiful."

So the passing generation celebrated its own replacement, rejoiced in its children's children, and subsided into a harassed but kindly old age. We see the faces of such old Jews in Rembrandt's portraits, features bearing the history of the people and the individual, beards breathing wisdom, eyes haunted with sad memories but softened with indulgent love. Nothing in Moslem or Christian morals could surpass the mutual affection of young and old in Judaism, the love that overlooks all faults, the quiet guidance of immaturity by experience and the dignity with which the life fully lived accepts the naturalness of death.

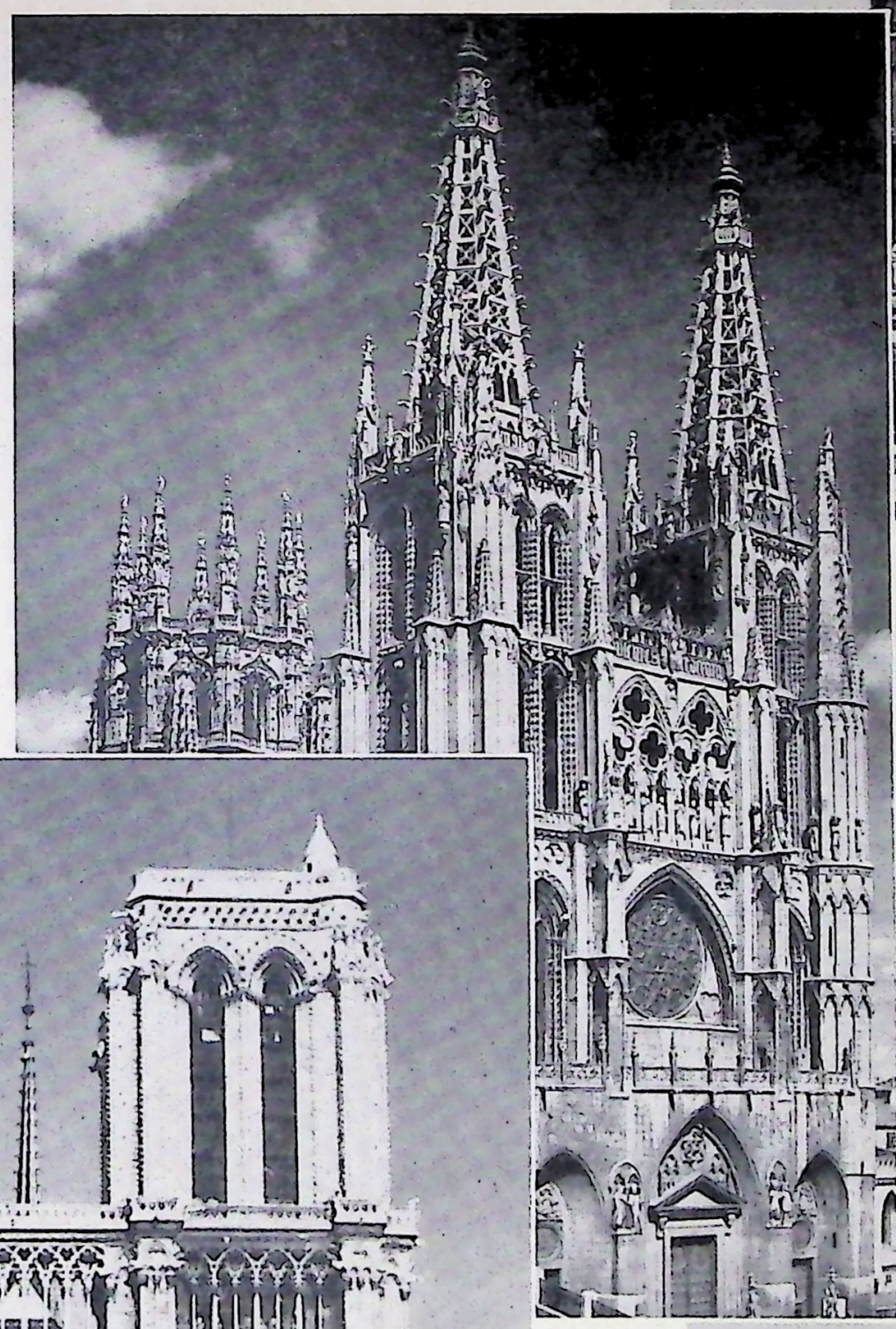
When he made his will the Jew left not only worldly goods to his offspring, but spiritual counsel. "Be one of the first in synagogue," reads the will of Eleazar of Mainz (c. 1337); "do not speak during prayers; repeat the responses; and after the service do acts of kindness." And then the final instruction:

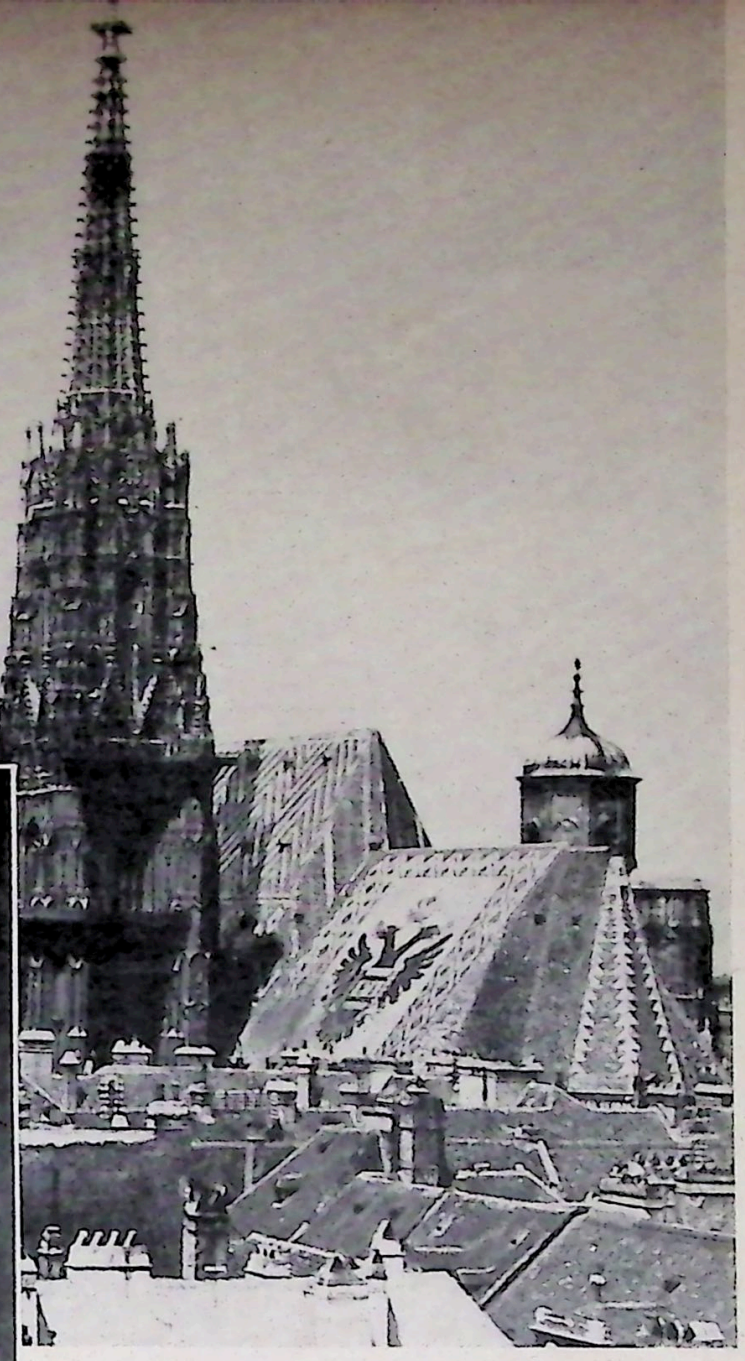
> Wash me clean, comb my hair, trim my nails, as I was wont to do in my lifetime, so that I may go clean to my eternal resting place, just as I used to go on every Sabbath to the synagogue. Put me in the ground at the right hand of my father; if the space be a little narrow, I am sure that he loves me well enough to make room for me by his side.

When the last breath was drawn, the eyes and mouth of the dead were closed by the eldest son or the most distinguished son or relative; the body was bathed and anointed with aromatic unguents and wrapped in spotless linen. Almost everyone belonged to a burial society, which now took the corpse, watched over it, gave it the last religious rites and accompanied it to the grave. In the funeral the pallbearers walked with bare feet; the women preceded the bier, chanted a dirge and beat a drum. Any stranger who encountered the procession was expected to fall in with it and accompany it to the grave. Usually the coffin was placed near those of dead relatives; to be buried was for a man "to lie with his fathers," "to be gathered unto his people." The mourners did not despair. They knew that though the individual might die, Israel would carry on. ♦

"... The union of sculpture, painting, poetry and music with architecture in the life of a Gothic Cathedral gives to Chartres, Amiens, Reims and Notre Dame a scope and depth of sensuous and spiritual harmony, a wealth and diversity of content and ornament, that never lets our interest sleep and more fully fills the soul."

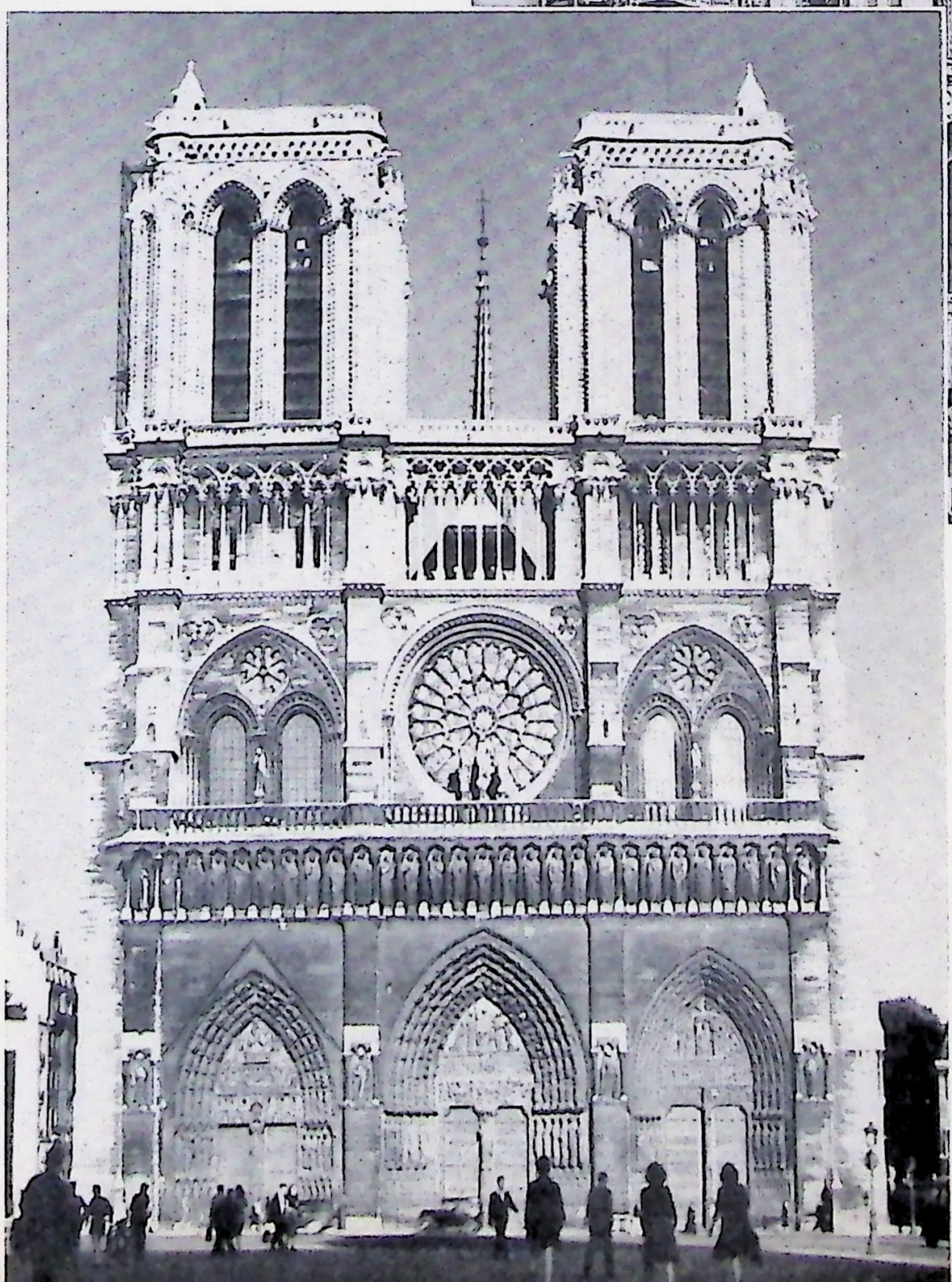
THE BURGOS CATHEDRAL, SPAIN

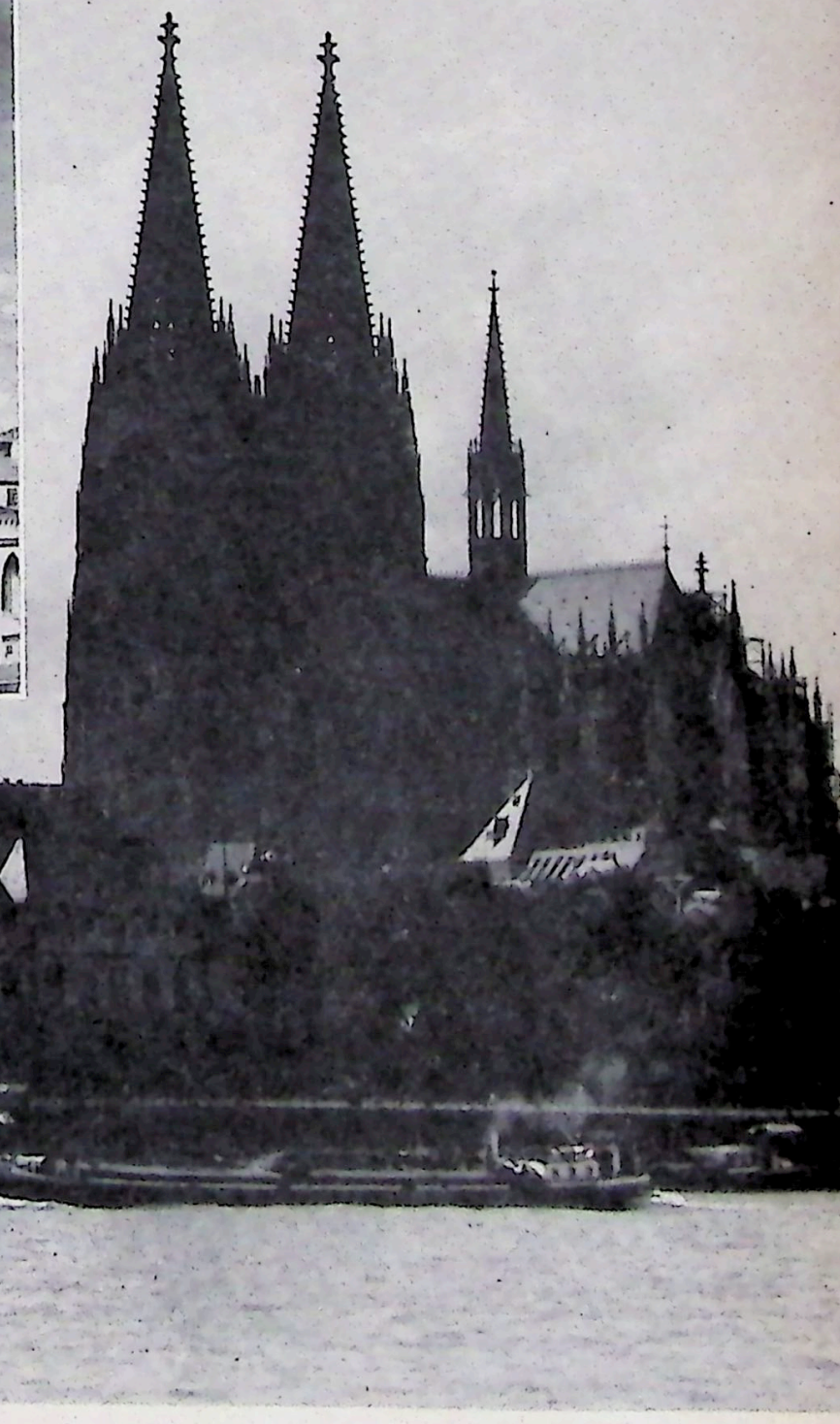




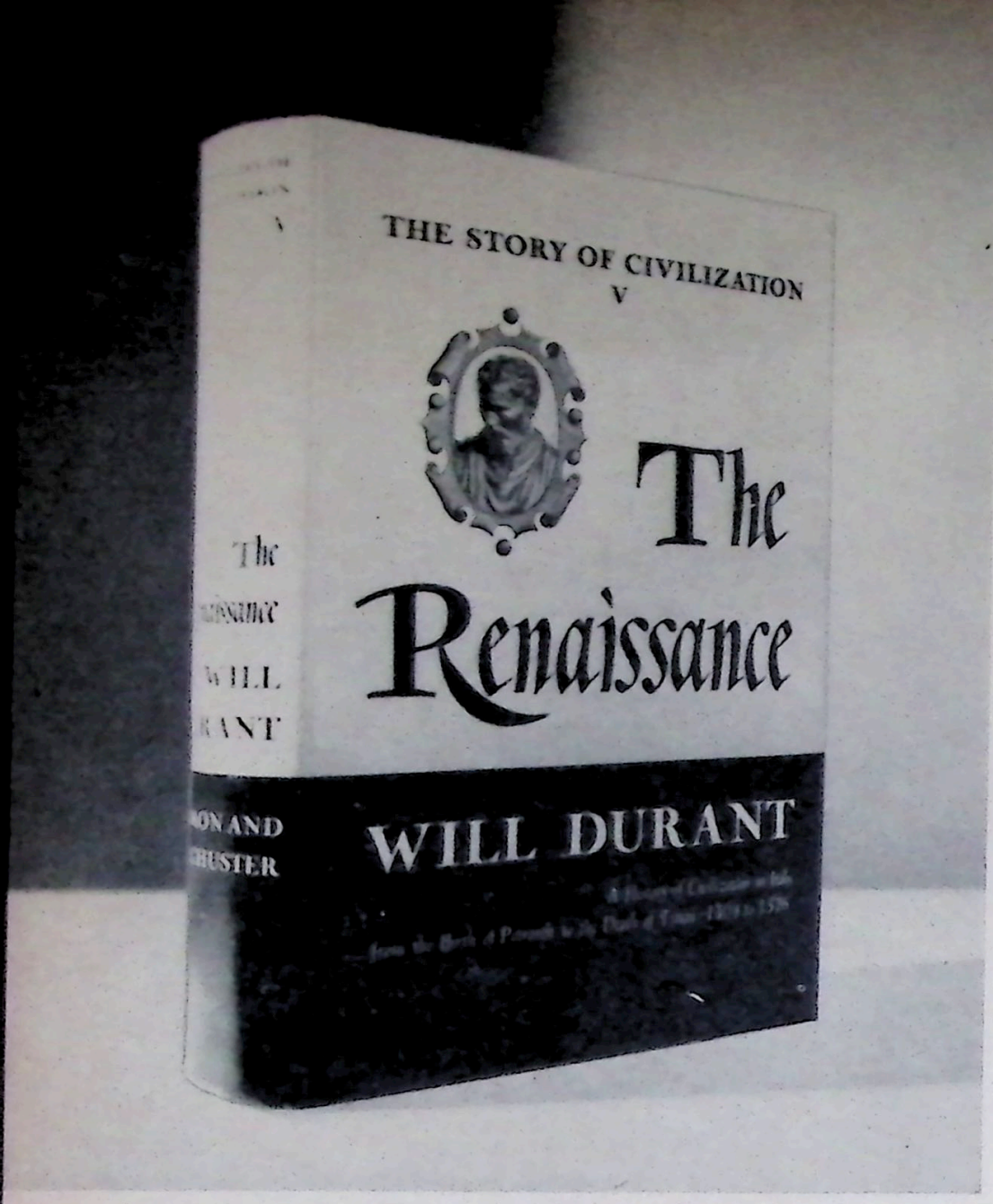
SAINT STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, VIENNA, AUSTRIA

NOTRE DAME, PARIS, FRANCE





THE CATHEDRAL IN COLOGNE, GERMANY

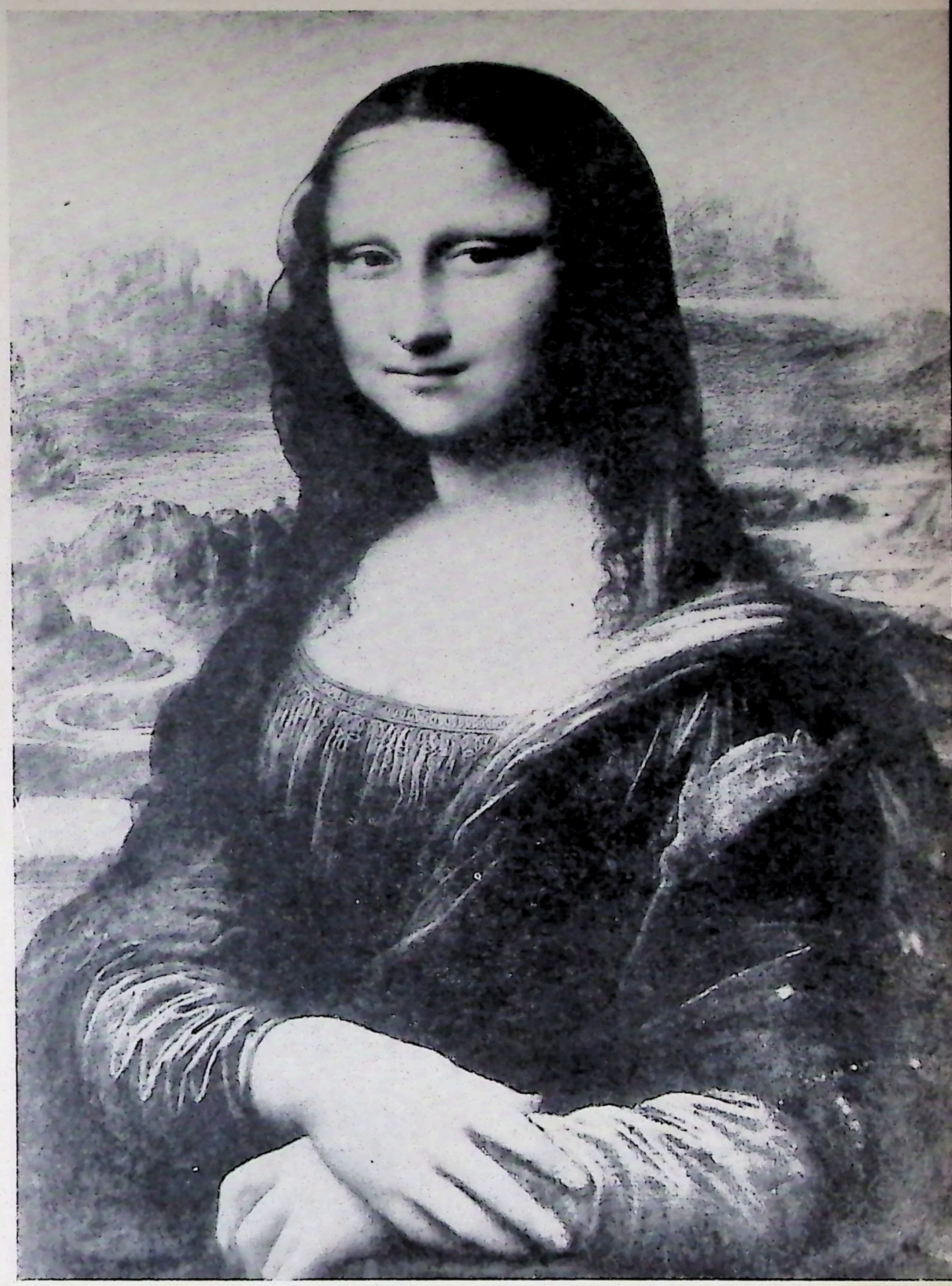


ON AND OFF, during the years 1503-6, Leonardo Da Vinci painted the portrait of Mona Lisa – i.e., Madonna Elisabetta, third wife of Francesco del Giocondo, who in 1512 was to be a member of the Signory. Presumably a child of Francesco, buried in 1499, was one of Elisabetta's children, and this loss may have helped to mold the serious features behind La Gioconda's smile. That Leonardo should call her back to his studio so many times during those three years; that he should spend upon her portrait all the secrets and nuances of his art – modeling her softly with light and shade, framing her in a fanciful vista of trees and waters, mountains and sky – clothing her in raiment of velvet and satin woven into folds whose every wrinkle is a masterpiece – studying with passionate care the subtle muscles that form and move the mouth – bringing musicians to play for her and to evoke upon her features the disillusioned tenderness of a mother remembering a departed child: these are inklings of the spirit in which he came to this engaging merger of painting and philosophy. A thousand interruptions, a hundred distracting interests, the simultaneous struggle with the Anghiari design, left unbroken the unity of his conception, the unwonted pertinacity of his zeal.

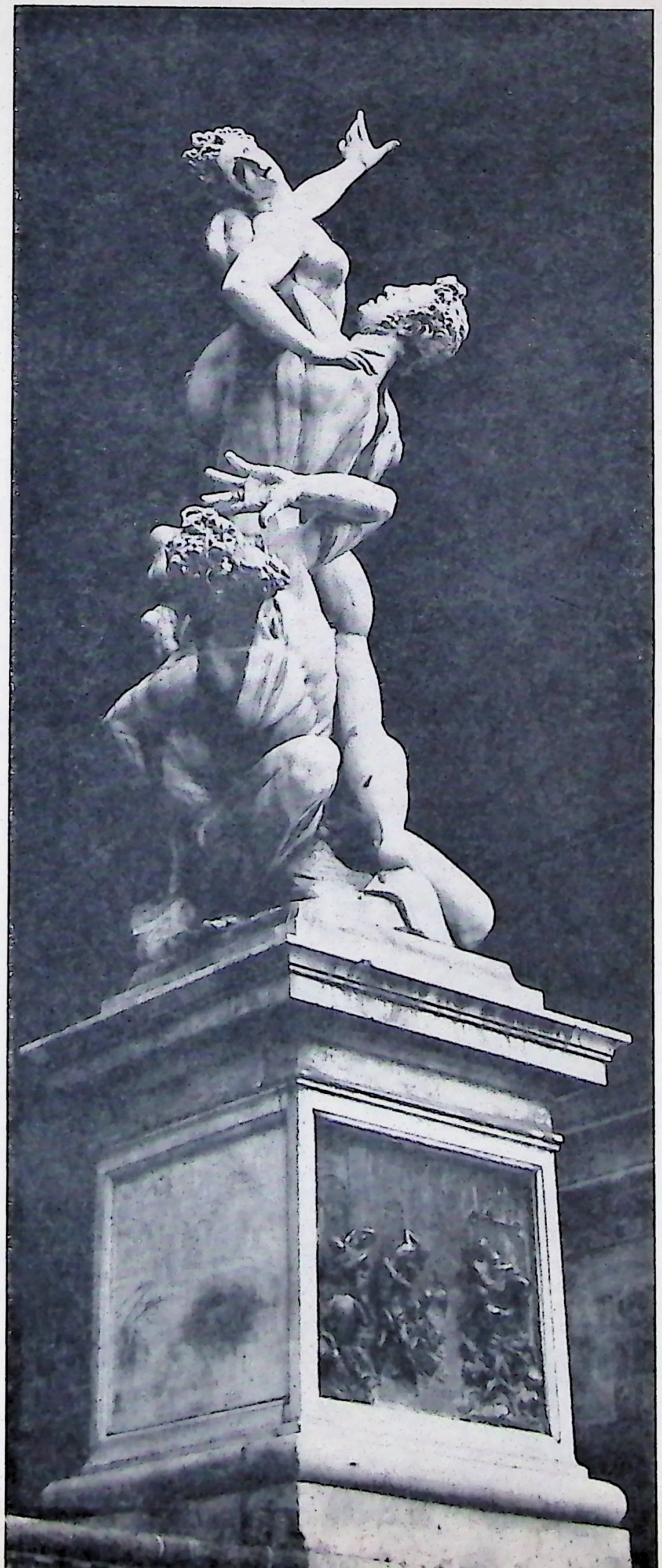
This, then, is the face that launched a thousand reams upon a sea of ink. Not an unusually lovely face; a shorter nose would have launched more reams; and many a lass in oil or marble – as in any Correggio – would by comparison make Lisa only moderately fair. It is her smile that has made her fortune through the centuries – a nascent twinkle in her eyes, an amused and checked upcurving of her lips. What is she smiling at? The efforts of the musicians to entertain her? The leisurely diligence of an artist who paints her through a thousand days and never makes an end? Or is it not just Mona Lisa smiling, but women, saying to all men: "Poor impassioned lovers! A Nature blindly commanding continuance burns your nerves with an absurd hunger for our flesh, softens your brains with a quite unreasonable idealization of our charms, lifts you to lyrics that subside with consummation – and all that you may be precipitated into parentage! Could anything be more ridiculous? But we too are snared; we women pay a heavier price than you for your infatuation. And yet, sweet fools, it is pleasant to be desired, and life is redeemed when we are loved." Or was it only the smile of Leonardo himself that Lisa wore – of the inverted spirit that could hardly recall the tender touch of a woman's hand, and could believe in no other destiny for love or genius than obscene decomposition, and a little fame flickering out in man's forgetfulness?

When at last the sittings ended, Leonardo kept the picture, claiming that this most finished of all portraits was still incomplete. Perhaps the husband did not like the prospect of having his wife curl up her lips at him and his guests, hour after hour from his walls. Many years later Francis I bought it for 4000 crowns ($50,000), and framed it in his palace at Fontainebleau. Today, after some time and restorations have blurred its subtleties, it hangs in the majestic Salon Carré of the Louvre, daily amused by a thousand worshippers, and waiting for time to efface and confirm Mona Lisa's smile.

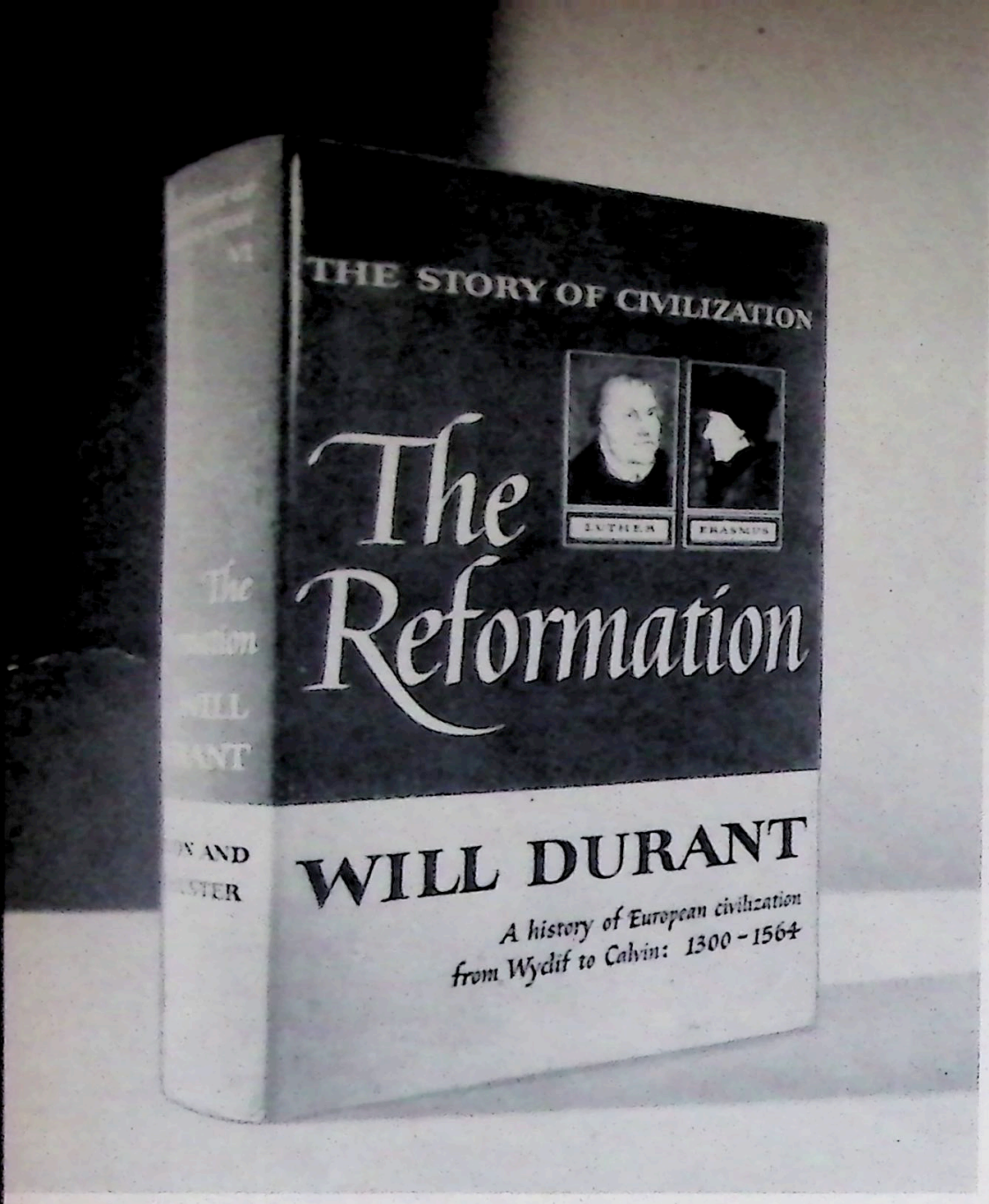
IN EVERY AGE AND NATION civilization is the product, privilege, and responsibility of a minority. The historian acquainted with the pervasive pertinacity of nonsense reconciles himself to a glorious future for superstition; he does not expect perfect states to arise out of imperfect men; he perceives that only a small proportion of any generation can be so freed from economic harassments as to have leisure and energy to think their own thoughts instead of those of their forebears or their environment; and he learns to rejoice if he can find in each period a few men and women who have lifted themselves, by the bootstraps of their brains, or by some boon of birth or circumstance, out of superstition, occultism, and credulity to an informed and friendly intelligence conscious of its infinite ignorance. ♦



MONA LISA • *Leonardo da Vinci*



RAPE OF THE SABINES • *Florence, Italy*


THE STORY OF CIVILIZATION
The Reformation
WILL DURANT
A history of European civilization from Wyclif to Calvin: 1300–1564

RELIGION is the last subject that the intellect begins to understand. In our youth we may have resented, with proud superiority, its cherished incredibilities; in our less confident years we marvel at its prosperous survival in a secular and scientific age, its patient resurrections after whatever deadly blows by Epicurus, or Lucretius, or Lucian, or Machiavelli, or Hume, or Voltaire. What are the secrets of this resilience?

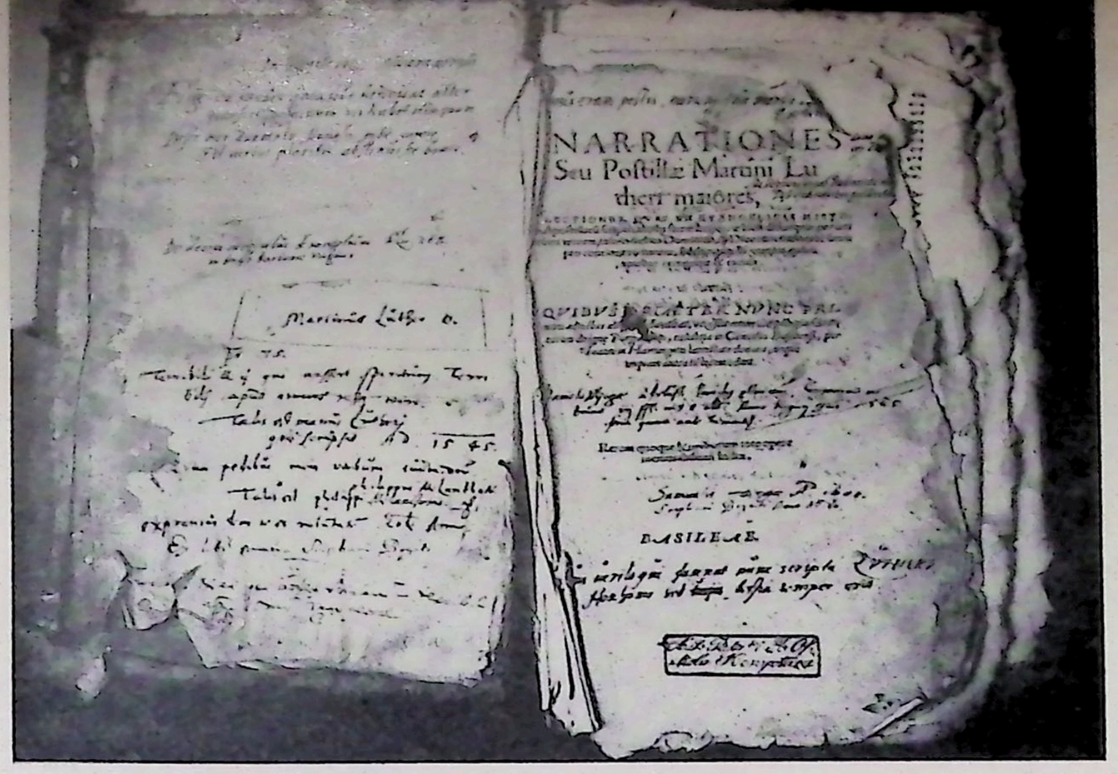
The wisest sage would need the perspective of a hundred lives to answer adequately. He might begin by recognizing that even in the heyday of science there are innumerable phenomena for which no explanation seems forthcoming in terms of natural cause, quantitative measurement, and necessary effect. The mystery of mind still eludes the formulas of psychology, and in physics the same astonishing order of nature that makes science possible may reasonably sustain the religious faith in a cosmic intelligence. Our knowledge is a receding mirage in an expanding desert of ignorance. Now life is rarely agnostic; it assumes either a natural or a supernatural source for any unexplained phenomenon, and acts on the one assumption or other; only a small minority of minds can persistently suspend judgment in the face of contradictory evidence. The great majority of mankind feel compelled to ascribe mysterious entities or events to supernatural beings raised above "natural law." Religion has been the worship of supernatural beings – their propitiation, solicitation, or adoration. Most men are harassed and buffeted by life, and crave supernatural assistance when natural forces fail them; they gratefully accept faiths that give dignity and hope to

their existence, and order and meaning to the world; they could hardly condone so patiently the careless brutalities of nature, the bloodshed and chicaneries of history, or their own tribulations and bereavements, if they could not trust that these are parts of an inscrutable but divine design. A cosmos without known cause or fate is an intellectual prison; we long to believe that the great drama has a just author and a noble end.

Moreover, we covet survival, and find it hard to conceive that nature should so laboriously produce man, mind, and devotion only to snuff them out in the maturity of their development. Science gives man ever greater powers but ever less significance; it improves his tools and neglects his purposes; it is silent on ultimate origins, values, and aims; it gives life and history no meaning or worth that is not canceled by death or omnivorous time. So men prefer the assurance of dogma to the diffidence of reason; weary of perplexed thought and uncertain judgment, they welcome the guidance of an authoritative church, the catharsis of the confessional, the stability of a long-established creed. Ashamed of failure, bereaved of those they loved, darkened with sin, and fearful of death, they feel themselves redeemed by divine aid, cleansed of guilt and terror, solaced and inspired with hope, and raised to a godlike and immortal destiny.

Meanwhile, religion brings subtle and pervasive gifts to society and the state. Traditional rituals soothe the spirit and bind the generations. The parish church becomes a collective home, weaving individuals into a community. The cathedral rises as the product and pride of the unified municipality. Life is embellished with sacred art, and religious music pours its mollifying harmony into the soul and the group. To a moral code uncongenial to our nature

"...Most impressive man-made structure in Geneva, Switzerland, THE REFORMATION MONUMENT, *which, running majestically along a park wall, raises at its center the powerful figures of Farel, Calvin, Bèze and Knox."*



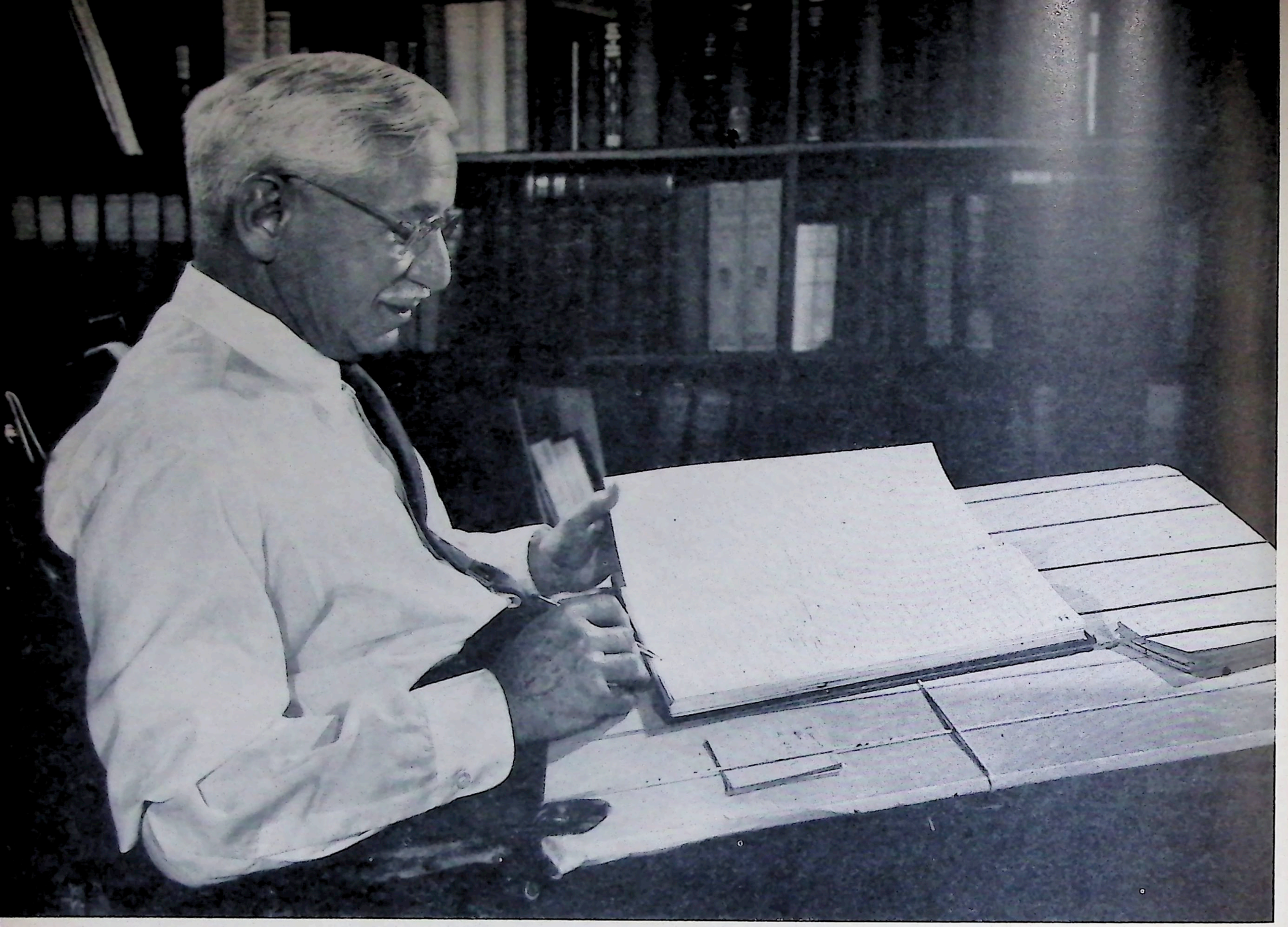
Fragmentary pages of Luther's original theological writings, containing many scribbled annotations and underlinings by the leader of the Reformation Movement

and yet indispensable to civilization, religion offers supernatural sanctions and supports: an all-seeing deity, the threat of eternal punishment, the promise of eternal bliss, and commandments of no precariously human authority but of divine origin and imperative force. Our instincts were formed during a thousand centuries of insecurity and the chase; they fit us to be violent hunters and voracious polygamists rather than peaceable citizens; their once necessary vigor exceeds present social need; they must be checked a hundred times a day, consciously or not, to make society and civilization possible. Families and states, from ages before history, have enlisted the aid of religion to moderate the barbarous impulses of men. Parents found religion helpful in taming the willful child to modesty and self-restraint; educators valued it as a precious means of disciplining and refining youth; governments long since sought its cooperation in forging social order out of the disruptive egoism and natural anarchism of men. If religion had not existed, the great legislators – Hammurabi, Moses, Lycurgus, Numa Pompilius – would have invented it. They did not have to, for it arises spontaneously and repeatedly from the needs and hopes of men.

As we look back, we can understand the anger of Luther at Roman corruption and dominance, the reluctance of German princes to see German collections fatten Italy, the resolve of Calvin and Knox to build model moral communities, the desire of Henry VIII for an heir, and for authority in his own realm. But we can understand, too, the hopes of Erasmus for a reform that would not poison Christendom with hatred; and we can feel the dismay of devout Roman prelates like Contarini at the prospective dismemberment of a Church that for centuries had been the nurse and custodian of Western civilization, and was still the strongest bulwark against immorality, chaos, and despair.

Nothing of all these efforts was lost. The individual succumbs, but he does not die if he has left something to mankind. Protestantism, in time, helped to regenerate the moral life of Europe, and the Church purified herself into an organization politically weaker but morally stronger than before. One lesson emerges above the smoke of the battle: a religion is at its best when it must live with competition; it tends to intolerance when and where it is unchallenged and supreme. The greatest gift of the Reformation was to provide Europe and America with that competition of faiths which puts each on its mettle, cautions it to tolerance, and gives to our frail minds the zest and test of freedom. ♦

"Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me. Amen."
MARTIN LUTHER



Durant, shown here at work in his study, writes his books in longhand first.

THE AGE OF REASON

DURANT expects to give the final years of his life to this concluding Volume VII of his *Story of Civilization.* A hundred fascinating characters and themes will demand space and time for their *realization:* the amazing Elizabeth I, the "constant virgin" who defeated all the kings and suitors of her age. The foolish and lovable Mary Queen of Scots; Shakespeare who put history and philosophy into poetry, Bacon who put it into prose; Charles I who "had his Cromwell," and the Puritans who had their Milton; Philip II, III, and IV scowling over Spain, El Greco, Cervantes, and Velasquez; William of Orange freeing the Netherlands for Rubens and Rembrandt; Catherine de Medici leading the Huguenots to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; *Henri Quatre* boisterously regenerating France; Descartes and Bacon calling all philosophers to rely on reason; the triumph of science under Galileo and Newton, and of philosophy under Spinoza, Locke, Hume, and Kant; Richelieu, Mazarin, Louis XIV, and the apex of monarchy; Peter the Great turning Russia westward; the Industrial Revolution lifting England to two centuries of imperial power; the manners, morals, literature, music, and art of the age of Voltaire and Rousseau; the struggle of Christianity against the skepticism of the Encyclopedists; the growth of religious toleration and political dogmatism; the splendor of Moslem Persia under Shah Abbas the Great; all culminating in the French Revolution, the Declaration of the Rights of Man, the ("rather premature") worship of the Goddess of Reason, the violence of the Terror, and the advent of Napoleon and Beethoven; with an Epilogue on "What Are the Lessons of History?"

No wonder Durant cares so little for money, so much for time. "We could do almost anything," he mourns, "if time would slow up. But it runs on, and we melt away trying to keep up with it." And yet even time never covered fifty centuries in thirty years. ♦

To the philosopher, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine.
EMERSON

WHAT IS *Wisdom*

by Will Durant

WHAT IS WISDOM? I feel like a droplet of spray which, proudly poised for a moment on the crest of a wave, undertakes to analyze the sea.

Ideally, wisdom is total perspective—seeing an object, event, or idea in all its pertinent relationships. Spinoza defined wisdom as seeing things *sub specie eternitatis*, in view of eternity; I suggest defining it as seeing things *sub specie totius*, in view of the whole.

Obviously we can only approach such total perspective; to possess it would be to be God. The first lesson of philosophy is that philosophy is the study of any part of experience in the light of our whole experience; the second lesson is that the philosopher is a very small part in a very large whole. Just as *philosopher* means not a possessor but a lover of wisdom, so we can only seek wisdom devotedly, like a lover fated, as on Keats' Grecian urn, never to possess but only to desire. Perhaps it is more blessed to desire than to possess.

Shall we have examples? Rain falls; you mourn that your tennis games must be postponed; you are not a philosopher. But you console yourself with the thought, "How grateful the parched earth will be for the rain!"—you see the event in a larger perspective, and you are beginning to approach wisdom.

You may be a young radical, or an old businessman crying out for limitless liberty, and as such you may be a useful ferment in a lethargic mass; but if you think of yourself as part of a group and recognize morality as the cooperation of the part with the whole, you are approaching perspective and wisdom. You may be a politician just elected to Congress for a term of two years; you spend half your time planning re-election; the situation encourages a myopic perspective, contracepting wisdom. Or you may be a secretary of state, or a president, seeking a policy that will protect and improve your country for generations; this is the larger perspective that distinguishes the statesmen.

Or you may be an Ashoka, a Marcus Aurelius, or a Charlemagne planning to help humanity rather than merely your own country; you will then be a philosopher-king.

I have in my home a picture of the Virgin nursing her Child with St. Bernard looking at the Child. Your first thought may be that he is looking in the wrong direction; you are not a philosopher. Or you may remember Bernard as the persecutor who hounded Abelard from trial to tribulation until only the philosopher's bones were handed to Heloise; and you vision for a moment the long struggle of the human mind for freedom; you are seeing the picture in a large perspective; you touch the skirts of wisdom.

Or, again, you see the mother and her child as a symbol of that vast Amazon of births and deaths and births that is the engulfing river of history; you see woman as the main stream of life, the male as a minor commissary tributary; you see the family as far more basic than the state, and love as wiser than wisdom; perhaps then you are wise.

In a total perspective all evil is seen as subjective, the misfortune of one self or part; we cannot say whether it is evil for the group, or for humanity, or for life. The mosquito does not think it a tragedy that you should be bitten by a mosquito.

It may be painful for a man to die for his country, but Horace, safe on his Sabine farm, thought it very *dulce et decorum*, that is, very fitting and beautiful.

Even death may be a boon to life, replacing the old and exhausted form with one young and fresh; who knows but death may be the greatest invention that life has ever made? The death of the part is the life of the whole, as in the changing cells of our flesh. We cannot sit in judgment upon the world by asking how well it conforms to the pleasure of a moment, or to the good of one individual, or one species, or one star. How small our categories of pessimism and optimism seem when placed against the perspective of the sky!

Are there any special ways of acquiring a large perspective? Yes.

First, by living perceptively; so the farmer, faced with a fateful immensity day after day, may become patient and wise.

Secondly, by studying things in space through science; partly in this way Einstein became wise.

Thirdly, by studying events in time through history.

"May my son study history," said Napoleon, "for it is the only true philosophy, the only true psychology"; thereby we learn both the nature and the possibilities of man. The past is not dead; it is the sum of the factors operating in the present. The present is the past rolled up into a moment for action; the past is the present unraveled in history for our understanding.

Therefore invite the great men of the past into your homes. Put their works or lives on your shelves as books, their architecture, sculpture, and painting on your walls as pictures; let them play their music for you. Attune your ears to Bach, Vivaldi, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Berlioz, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Rachmaninoff, Chopin, Brahms, Debussy. Make room in your rooms for Confucius, Buddha, Plato, Euripides, Lucretius, Christ, Seneca, Montaigne, Marcus Aurelius, Heloise, Shakespeare, Bacon, Spinoza, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Gibbon, Goethe, Shelley, Keats, Heine, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Spengler, Anatole France, Albert Schweitzer. Let these men be your comrades, your bedfellows; give them half an hour each day; slowly they will share in remaking you to perspective, tolerance, wisdom, and a more avid love of a deepened life.

Don't think of these men as dead; they will be alive hundreds of years after I shall be dead. They live in a magic City of God, peopled by all the geniuses – the great statesmen, poets, artists, philosophers, women, lovers, saints – whom humanity keeps alive in its memory.

Plato is there, leading his students through geometry to philosophy; Spinoza is there, polishing his lenses, inhaling dust and exhaling wisdom; Goethe is there, thirsting like Faust for knowledge and loveliness, and falling in love at seventy-three; Mendelssohn is there, teaching Goethe to savor Beethoven; Shelley is there, with peanuts in one pocket and raisins in the other and content with them as a well-balanced meal; they are all there in that amazing treasure house of our race, that veritable Fort Knox of wisdom and beauty; patiently there they wait for you.

Be bold, young lovers of wisdom, and enter with open hands and minds the City of God. ♦

from the Wisdom of

WILL DURANT

Great men are not so much creators as midwives: they help to bring forth that which is already in the womb of time . . . Great men may not be the causes of the events usually featured in history—wars, elections, migrations, etc.; but they bring forth the inventions and discoveries demanded by the age. In this sense the growth of knowledge is the essence of history.

Democracy had to pay the price of popular sovereignty in art as well as in politics. The taste of innumerable average men became the guide of the manufacturer, the dramatist, the scenario writer, the novelist, at last of the painter, the sculptor, and the architect; cost and size became norms of value, and a bizarre novelty replaced beauty and workmanship as the goals of art.

Nothing is new except arrangement.

What if it is for life's sake that we must die? In truth we are not individuals; and it is because we think ourselves such that death seems unforgivable. We are temporary organs of the race, cells in the body of life; we die and drop away that life may remain young and strong.
If we were to live forever, growth would be stifled, and youth would find no room on earth. Death, like style, is the removal of rubbish, the circumcision of the superfluous.
In the midst of death life renews itself immortally.

Never put a man in the wrong;
he will hold it against you forever.

All things must die, but love alone eludes mortality.
It overleaps the tombs and bridges the chasm of death with generation. How brief it seems in the bitterness of disillusion; and yet how perennial it is in the perspective of mankind—how in the end it saves a bit of us from decay and enshrines our life anew in the youth and vigor of the child! Our wealth is a weariness, and our wisdom is a little light that chills; but love warms the heart with unspeakable solace, even more when it is given than when it is received.

A certain tension between religion and society marks the highest stages of every civilization. Religion begins by offering magical aid to harassed and bewildered men; it culminates by giving to a people that unity of morals and belief which seems so favorable to statesmanship and art; it ends by fighting suicidally in the lost cause of the past. For as knowledge grows or alters continually, it clashes with mythology and theology, which change with geological leisureliness. Priestly control of arts and letters is then felt as a galling shackle or hateful barrier, and intellectual history takes on the character of a "conflict between science and religion." Institutions which were at first in the hands of the clergy, like law and punishment, education and morals, marriage and divorce, tend to escape from ecclesiastical control and become secular, perhaps profane. The intellectual classes abandon the ancient theology and—after some hesitation—the moral code allied with it; literature and philosophy become anticlerical. The movement of liberation rises to an exuberant worship of reason, and falls to a paralyzing disillusionment with every dogma and every idea. Conduct, deprived of its religious supports, deteriorates into epicurean chaos; and life itself, shorn of consoling faith, becomes a burden alike to conscious poverty and to weary wealth. In the end a society and its religion tend to fall together, like body and soul, in a harmonious death. Meanwhile among the oppressed another myth arises, gives new form to human hope, new courage to human effort, and after centuries of chaos builds another civilization.

Nature cares little about laws and states; her passion is for the family and the child. If she can preserve these she is indifferent to governments and dynasties and smiles at those who busy themselves with transferring constitutions.

I want to see history written as a whole; I want to see all these activities of men and women in one age woven into unity, shown in their correlations, their interdependence, their mutual influences; I want the past presented as it was—all together.

from the Wisdom of

WILL DURANT

If you wish to be loved, be modest; if you wish to be admired, be proud; if you wish both, combine external modesty with internal pride.

If you wish to learn which sex is the more intelligent, watch any man in relation with any woman, and see which of the two will twist the other around her finger.

Civilization came through two things chiefly: the home, which developed those social dispositions that form the psychological cement of society; and agriculture, which took man from his wandering life as hunter, herder, and killer, and settled him long enough in one place to let him build homes, schools, churches, colleges, universities, civilization. But it was woman who gave man agriculture and the home; she domesticated man as she had domesticated the sheep and the pig. Man is woman's last domestic animal, and perhaps he is the last creature that will be civilized by woman. The task is just begun.

Life is in its basis a mystery, a river flowing from an unseen source; and in its development an infinite subtlety too complex for thought, much more so for utterance. And yet the thirst for unity draws us on. To chart this wilderness of experience and history, to force into focus on the future the unsteady light of the past, to bring into significance and purpose the chaos of sensation and desire, to discover the direction of life's stream and thereby in some measure to control its flow: this insatiable metaphysical lust is one of the nobler aspects of our questionable race.

These church steeples, everywhere pointing upward, ignoring despair and lifting hope, these lofty city spires, or simple chapels in the hills—they rise at every step from the earth toward the sky; in every village of every nation they challenge doubt and invite weary hearts to consolation. Is it all a vain delusion?—is there nothing beyond life but death, and nothing beyond death but decay? We cannot know. But as long as man suffers, these steeples will remain.

Once a woman of forty was old, decrepit, and trustworthy; today there is nothing more dangerous.

Youth, if it were wise, would cherish love beyond all things else, keeping body and soul clear for its coming, lengthening its days with months of betrothal, sanctioning it with a marriage of solemn ritual, making all things subordinate to it resolutely. Wisdom, if it were young, would cherish love, nursing it with devotion, deepening it with sacrifice, vitalizing it with parentage. Even though love consumes us in its service and overwhelms us with tragedy, even though it breaks us down with its passing and weighs us down with separations, let it be first.

Nature inoculates us with egotism that we may consent to live. Who could bear to see himself "in the light of eternity?"

Education does not mean that we have become certified experts in business or mining or botany or journalism or epistemology; it means that through the absorption of the moral, intellectual, and esthetic inheritance of the race we have come to understand and control ourselves as well as the external world; that we have chosen the best as our associates both in spirit and the flesh; that we have learned to add courtesy to culture, wisdom to knowledge, and forgiveness to understanding.

Literary immortality is a moment in geological time.

It is an error to suppose that books have no influence; it is a slow influence, like flowing water carving out a canyon, but it tells more and more with every year; and no one can pass an hour a day in the society of sages and heroes without being lifted up a notch or two by the company he has kept.

A wise man can learn from another man's experience; a fool cannot learn even from his own.

A WISDOM *Selection of the Paintings and Drawings of...*

CÉZANNE

[1839 - 1906]

French Painter and Leader of the Post-Impressionist School

by Thomas Craven

"It has come about that a public naturally hostile, but well primed by critics and dealers, has conspired to the apotheosis of a great artist, who remains nevertheless a difficult master even for those who love him best." —MAURICE DENIS.

SELF-PORTRAIT • ABOUT 1880

SINCE HIS DEATH over half-a-century ago, Cézanne, the most despised artist of his time, has become the most famous painter of the nineteenth century. But he remains hardly less a problem than he was to his friends in Paris, to his family, and to his townsmen of Aix who, had he not been the only son of a rich banker, would have treated him as the village idiot. His friends did not know what to do with him; the painter of whom Renoir said that he could not place two colors side by side without producing remarkable effects was neurasthenically touchy—so terribly sensitive that he was nicknamed "the man without any skin." He was obtuse and childish in matters calling for the exercise of ordinary judgment and pietistically shrinking in his relations with his fellows. The public did not know what to do with him, nor did the critics; so they howled him down and drove him back to the South. And it would seem that the men of today who have adopted him as the one modern master are at a loss to know what to do with him, if we may judge by the curious uses they have made of his art.

No better proof of the total estrangement of the modern artist from the public is needed than the hostility which greeted Cézanne at every turn in his career. The public would grant him no rights and no merits which the lowest member of society was bound to respect. Of all the Impressionists, he was the arch offender. The rest were wrong-headed and ridiculous but, after all, clever painters who knew their trade. He was a "sublime ignoramus"; a "Zulu"; "a butcher whose procedure recalled the designs that schoolchildren make by squeezing the heads of flies between the folds of a sheet of paper." The press-cuttings compiled by Vollard, his biographer, to illustrate the contemporary estimate of Cézanne rival the list of calumnies edited by William Archer from the published opinions of the British critics on the first performances of Ibsen's plays. But in contradistinction from Ibsen, Cézanne was as innocent as a lamb. He had no message of regeneration, no medicine for the ills of mankind. Instead of wishing to pull down the pillars of society, he leaned heavily upon them, trusting with peasant faith in conventional authority.

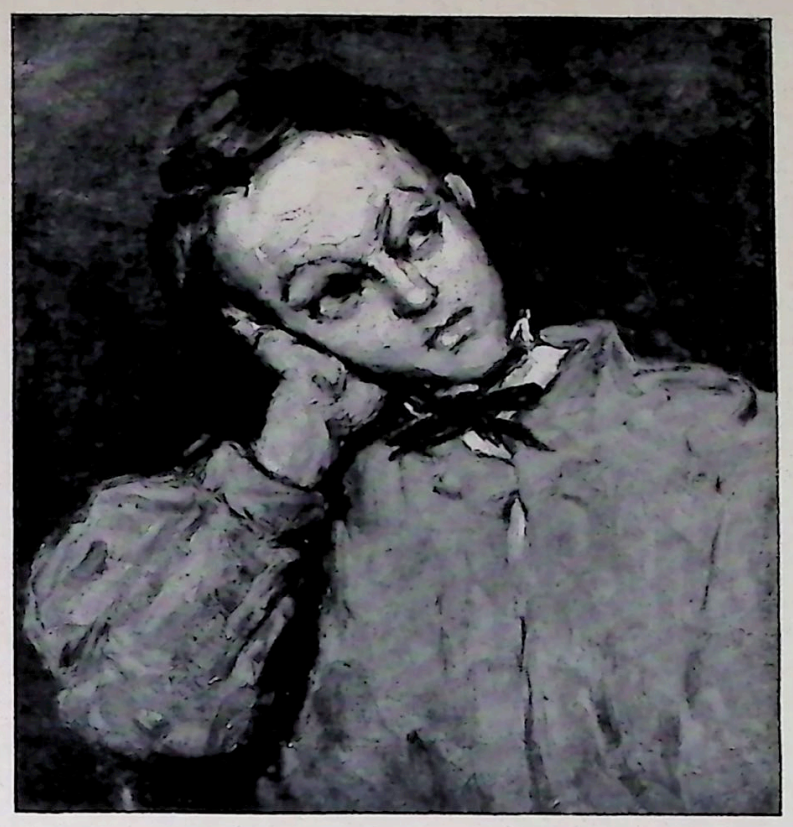
He was a painter pure and simple, and his most ardent defenders have been at pains to remind us that his work is not tainted by moral ideas or social criticisms, that it is free from literature, anecdote, historical allusions, and everything else disturbing to a purely plastic conception of art. Out of joint with the world—"I am so feeble in life," he confessed more than once—he retired to the vegetable kingdom where, one would say, a man should be safe from the strictures of critics. But it happened that his conception of nature was particularly repellent, and in addition to constitutional irritations, he was condemned, year after year, to the critical lash which, falling on his tender skin, must have been hard indeed. Without his love for painting he would have been crushed—a weak-kneed skulker with an inheritance. So great was this love, so obdurate his purpose, that he could forget the floggings and approach nature with patience and humility. We come to understand the man better if we approach him in the same spirit.

Cézanne was born in Aix-en-Provence in 1839. His father was

THE ARC VALLEY • 1885-87

CHRIST IN LIMBO • 1864-68

BOY IN BLUE BLOUSE • 1867-69



THE ARTIST'S FATHER • 1866

of Italian stock, the family coming originally from Cesena; his mother, of Creole ancestry, was a servant in the Cézanne household, and according to Tristan Klingsor, "it was not until 1844 that she was married to the painter's father." The happiest period of his life, in fact the only period of real happiness, was his early youth in Provence where, in company with Zola, another Italian, he wandered about the country filled with the hopes and dreams of a great career. The two Southerners were inseparable; they went to school together, learned some Latin and a little music and boasted of their talents. The shrewd Zola was ambitious of letters, and Cézanne, his future decided by a box of colors which his father had bought from a peddler, talked of Rubens and Veronese. He was not a dull boy, but he was surely not a prodigy. He took the second prize in drawing at the Aix Museum, overcame parental objections to his bent, and in his twenty-second year, following Zola's example, went up to Paris. Here his troubles began. He was awkward, shy, and ill-bred, with an unpleasant dialect and many inhibitions. And, as is so often the case with the excessively shy, he endeavored to disguise his fears by sudden eruptions of temper in which he cursed official juries and Salon favorites with foul-mouthed impudence and to publish his contempt for the conventional art of Paris, affecting a Bohemian swagger that did not become his rustic innocence. Naturally he was a problem to the few who slowly learned to believe in him, for he was not very personable. He was by turns, overbearing and pitiably self-effacing, and his remarks on his brethren, though unexpectedly sagacious, were not of the sort to promote good-will among artists constrained to work together.

Failing to pass the examinations for entrance to the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, Cézanne attended irregularly one of the more liberal academies and copied in the Louvre. For ten years he did not seem to get anywhere—he was attempting inventions for which he had no aptitude whatever. But there was merit in his abortive labors. He was never banal, and he had the instinct of the born colorist; but his painful gropings did not commend themselves to the juries,

and he went ahead at a snail's pace, unrecognized and harassed by his inability to match the work of cleverer men over whom he felt in his secretive lonely soul the superiority of genius. Paris depressed him and to recover his faith he returned each year to Provence to paint alone on his father's magnificent estate. In 1866 he sent two canvases to—of all things!—the *Salon de Bouguereau*, and when the pictures were promptly rejected, naïvely appealed to the hanging committee to reconsider its decision. It would be difficult to imagine anything more embarrassing to the epicene Salon exhibits than those raw early Cézannes, but the author of them, while he had only contempt for "that gang," as he called his foes, believed that he was entitled to public notice and said so with

READING ALOUD • 1869-70

brusque resentment. He was moved to outlandish glee, regarding it as a personal vindication, when Zola, now a pushing journalist, gave the show a drubbing in the press. But the official Salons never ceased to haunt him, and again and again he tried the doors only to find them locked against him. Once, in later life, through pressure brought by a friend, he was admitted by the back door; his enemies retaliated by hanging his canvas where it could not be seen.

During the Franco-Prussian war he was a deserter, dividing his time between open-air painting and the studio. It was better so—he would have made poor cannon-fodder. About this time he married a plain and rather stupid woman from Aix who seems, nevertheless, to have been an excellent wife to him. She had no notion of what he was driving at—but who did? She was docile and unquestioning, perfectly satisfied to remain at home while he was away in Paris, or on a sketching tour with Pissarro and Monticelli. It is a little surprising that he should have undergone the ordeal of matrimony, and more that he should have begotten a son. Women frightened him and as a consequence he suffered from a repressed eroticism; he was so nervous that he could not endure the touch of his own child.

Encouraged by Renoir—one of the first to appreciate him—and Pissarro, he exhibited with the Impressionists in 1864 and again in 1877. Once more the French business of excoriating good painters was practiced on him. This time the derision really hurt. Having no need to sell his pictures, and convinced by his own suspicions that he did not belong anywhere, not even among those befriending him, he began to spend more and more time in the South. Fortunately he was spared what would have been for him the greatest tragedy of all—the pains of making money. On the death of his father in 1886, he became a rich man, but made no change in his abstemious mode of living. In 1895, Vollard, now an art-dealer, taking advantage of the publicity attending the refusal of the Government to accept the Impressionist pieces—there were several Cézannes in the lot—in a bequest for the Luxembourg, hastily assembled about twenty-five canvases in a small gallery and announced an exhibition of Cézanne's work. The reaction of the public may be seen from the following:

"Another day I heard screams through the door. A young woman was struggling to break away from a man who held her with a grip of steel before a picture of *Bathers*. I caught this bit of dialogue: 'How *could* you upset me like this? And I once took a prize in drawing, too!' Then the voice of the man: 'That will teach you to be more respectful to me from now on!' The husband was compelling his wife to look at the Cézannes by way of punishment."

Soon afterwards, Cézanne retired permanently to his estate in Provence. He was probably the loneliest of modern painters. His friendship with Zola had long been discontinued; occasionally an artist came down from Paris to visit him, but the presence of painters better equipped to get along only exasperated his humility; and his townsmen shunned him. He envied men who could face the hard competitive struggles of life with courage and resolution. He was, as he said, only a painter: profound as regards art, in other departments of thought, naïve and lacking in intellectual independence. At times a curious melancholy attacked him, a black hopelessness not unlike the despondency that used to eat into Dr. Johnson, and he would fall back on the church of Rome. But at bottom he was an egoist very much aware of his own ability. The gradual dissolution of his friendship with Zola alternately angered and saddened him. There was no open quarrel but the fine companionship of the early years had ended in silence. Zola, of course, was a parvenu whose interest in art had proved to be no more than a youthful enthusiasm; and in the flood of his great popularity, he forgot the struggles of the painter. Inclined to judge art by fashionable successes, he could not bring himself to display the Cézannes in his possession—pictures which had not cost him a single franc. Cézanne, on the other hand, detesting all popular idols, believed that Zola had been ruined by success, that his old friend had maligned him in *L'Oeuvre;* and in his isolation was morbidly unsympathetic with Zola's stand in the Dreyfus case.

In his last years he carried his canvases into the fields as religiously as his neighbors went about their business of sowing and reaping. Only his harvest was far more uncertain. His difficulties in "realizing his sensations," as he put it, increased with time, and his nervousness became almost pathological. He would get up at all hours of the night and poke his bald head—he was as homely as the busts of Socrates—out of the window to gauge the prospects for the grey weather which he deemed most friendly to his sensations. He grew more savage and exacting, destroying canvases, throwing them out of his studio into the trees, abandoning them in the fields and giving them to his son to cut into puzzles, or to the people of Aix when they could not refuse the favors of a man of property. "I am one," he lamented, "who has a piece of gold, and can't make use of it." At the beginning of the century, a few connoisseurs discovered the gold, and when Vollard arrived in Provence with intentions of buying on speculation all the Cézannes

he could get hold of, the peasantry, hearing that a fool from Paris was actually handing out money for old linen, produced from barns and outhouses a considerable number of still-lifes and landscapes, demanding as much as 150 francs for the windfalls! The old Master of Aix was overcome with joy. At last he was making a little stir in the world! But recognition came too late. In 1906 he died from a fever contracted while painting in a downpour of rain.

The gentlemen of the press showed no more charity for the corpse than they had shown for the living painter. Even Whistler who, as a rule, could detect originality from afar and turn it quickly to his own profit, was for once with the majority. His remark, recorded by Vollard, on Cézanne's portrait of his sister which, as Vollard observes and as everybody today immediately grasps, resembles an El Greco, summarized the general opinion of the press. "If," said Whistler in all seriousness, "a six-year-old child had drawn that on his slate, his mother, if she were a good mother, would have whipped him."

Influenced by Delacroix, for whom he always had the highest admiration, Cézanne, at the opening of his career, spent long hours in the Louvre studying the Old Masters. In his first paintings he emulated Courbet and Daumier, and in subject-matter, Manet, choosing such themes as a nude Olympia crouching on a bed before a bearded pasha who might be Zola, and mixed parties of nude women and dressed gentlemen regaling themselves on the grassy banks of a river. These grotesque conceptions, so far as they relate to his mature canvases, are failures. The ability to visualize situations which could not be observed from nature, or to compose subject-pictures from models, was denied him. But they are the failures of genius misapplied, revealing beneath their scenic absurdities an inchoate power and a spiritual purpose totally foreign to the sensuality of Courbet and the reportorial patterns of Manet. After ten years of discouragement, he was persuaded by Pissarro that the proper way to paint was in broken tones. He became an Impressionist and a good one, his first trials being sometimes mistaken for the work of Pissarro, the most skilful of all painters of natural light. A colorist from the outset, the brilliant palette of the tone-painters delighted him, but only temporarily. Disheartened by the shallowness and want of purpose in Impressionism, he returned once more to the Louvre, made notes and small copies of the masters, and slowly began to evolve a style of painting which was later on to turn the world of art upside down. His ideal was classic art, the three-dimensional design originating with Masaccio but lost, he believed, because of the painter's interest in extraneous issues—in surfaces, textures, and values.

Cézanne's ambition, in his own words, was "to make out of Impressionism something as solid and durable as the paintings

THE QUAI DE BERCY • ABOUT 1877

YOUNG GIRL AT THE PIANO • 1869-71

APPLES AND ORANGES • 1895-1900

of the museums"—meaning the Renaissance masterpieces—and he addressed himself to the problem with the patience of a religious martyr. To put it another way, his aim was to achieve the monumental in a modern language of glowing, vibrating tones. It sounds very simple, but technically his method was minute, analytical and exceedingly complicated. He would reveal and compose forms in their material and rhythmical aspects by the juxtaposition of colors. The Impressionists, you will recall, translated nature into snatches of pure colors, or tones, placed side by side, but in so doing, destroyed not only the local colors but the structure of objects. Their pictures were flat—emotionally and spatially. Cézanne wanted to retain the natural color of an object and to harmonize it with the various influences of light and shade tending to destroy it; to work out, in each instance, a scale of tones expressing the mass and character of the form.

Accordingly he submitted objects to a series of color-divisions, and by introducing spectrum tints running from yellow to violet into the divisions as they receded from light to dark, did, in a material sense, succeed in uniting form and color. This color-form procedure called for rigid attention to the planes of objects; to gain solidity and deep space in a scheme where darks vibrated and were as colorful as lights, he was instigated to a profound study of the geometrical formation of cubic structure. From his experiments and his occasional sage utterances arose all this talk about planes, cubes and cones, plastic form and functional color, the last signifying color inseparably united with form, color which seems to be a secretion from the constituent planes rather than a thin garment draped over a form modelled in black and white.

But this, I fear, is not very enlightening. Let us state the problem more specifically. Cézanne loved to paint fruit because it afforded him obedient models and he was a slow worker. Before him on a table lies a red apple. From his tactile experience of feeling and

PIERROT AND HARLEQUIN • 1888

handling fruit he knows that the apple, in general shape, is a sphere, but as he examines it in the lighting of his studio, his eye informs him that the contour is broken into planes of various intensities of color and tone. These divisions escape the casual glance of the layman, but to the trained eye are not only evident but confusingly numerous. The old painters, disregarding accidental reflections and shadows, would have taken a red pigment and modelled a spherical object by uniform gradations of one color, that is, by mixing neutral tones with the red to produce the shadows—a perfectly good method but not Cézanne's. His aim is to preserve the solidity of the apple, but at the same time to conciliate the rounded mass with the lights and shadows breaking up the form into planes. Thus he sees before him a sphere the local color of which is red, but the surface divisions, absorbing or reflecting light from different sources —blue from the table cover, green from the trees outside the window, yellow from the walls of the room—he observes are not uniformly red but orange, blue-green or violet. He does not intend to copy the apple. He will keep the dominant color and the character of the fruit, but will heighten the emotional appeal of the form by a scheme of rich and concordant tones. The difficulty is to find the exact tint for each plane. Believing that "form is at its plenitude when color is most intense"—an erroneous notion, for Daumier achieves greater solidity in black-and-white—he begins by painting the first plane, the one nearest the eye, in the brightest tone—red containing a strong injection of yellow. Then, with infinite caution, applying paint in unscrubbed touches, he proceeds from one division to another, the scale of tones gradually diminishing in intensity. But he has begun in so high a key that when he arrives at the last planes—necessarily the darkest since they are in shadow—he must paint them in deep blues or rich violets. He must harmonize the planes one with the other and establish their exact position in space; and he must preserve throughout a balance of red so as not to ruin the local color—all to create a new and more exciting apple.

This tortuous process of *modulating* as he named it, nearly killed the man. Difficult with a single fruit in which he needed to consider only the effect of one plane on another, how much more difficult with a collection of things in which he had also to consider the effect of one object on another! Or with the human figure and all its complexities! Or figures in landscape! No wonder he threw his canvases out of the window and moaned that he was only a primitive blundering in an untraveled road!

It was but rarely that Cézanne mastered his instrument, and his failures may be attributed to his mental, not his manual awkwardness, and to his limited intelligence. Not by training, temperament or experience was he capable of complete knowledge of the things he attempted to present in all their fullness. His art, in words used by Delacroix to describe another painter "is the complete expression of an incomplete mind." A large part of his groping labors went into technical processes. An Impressionist, or at least half an Impressionist, he endeavored to "realize his sensation," as he put it, by knowledge acquired on the spot in a single instance. The contour which, whether it exists in nature or not must exist in art since the extension of a form is limited and the boundary must be indicated by one device or another, escaped him. He painted almost entirely in patches, and his color division, too small and fragmentary to function as distinct parts of design, exhibit the planes of objects instead of their mass. His method led him, in spite of himself, into distortions. Let me explain.

Naturally, it requires more art to unify many things than a few, and Cézanne, feeling his way round the apple, adding patch to patch, was up against the problem of crowding many segments into a solid whole. On reaching the last planes, he discovered that while he had constructed a solid, all of the parts of which were in just relationship, he had violated the natural shape of the apple. This was better than a flat pattern, but it galled him nevertheless. To prevent the last segments from spreading out into space and to counteract the unshapeliness of the whole, he resorted to indefinite boundaries—broken outlines more or less detached from the enclosed planes. In composing a number of objects, the distortion of one compelled him to change the actual position in space of all the others, to knock tables out of plumb and to hold objects stationary on inclined planes where, by the laws of motion, they would roll out of the picture. He distorted things because he could not help himself, deliberately, if you will, but with anguish in his heart. It was the only way in which he could bring his forms into agreement—the only way in which he could utilize his little piece of gold. The distortions are less conspicuous in his still-lifes.

MADAME CÉZANNE IN A RED DRESS • 1890-94

He knew more about vegetables than about mankind, and simple, geometrical shapes are more amenable to harmonious alterations than the figure. But his "expressive deformities," as they have been called, are expressive in spite of, not because of, their deformities.

It is, of course, the prerogative of the artist to take liberties with nature, but in the greatest painting, departures from the norm do not strike us as distortions but as harmonious enlargements and accentuations, as new and more forceful conceptions of nature. In Cézanne, more often than not, the violations give the effect of objects painfully squeezed out of shape, an effect he strove to

remedy by using heavy outlines at the juncture of his forms. That the distortions were the unavoidable consequences of his limitations and not effects consciously striven for as his followers would seem to believe, is confirmed by his own confessions of failure—and by his work. They are less numerous in his still-lifes than in his landscapes, and less numerous in his landscapes than in his figures. Where his temperament allowed him to master the structure of forms, there is little distortion. In one of his heads—his own, I need hardly say—the *Self-Portrait* of the Pellerin Collection, holding fast to the color and character of the individual cranium, he arrives at the nobility of the "museum pictures." Here the color truly functions; the planes coalesce into a solid form, and he produces a new style of monumental painting. But the public did not stop to consider either his intentions or his occasional masterpieces and amused itself by calling him vile names.

Cézanne is a man building a house. He has studied and admired Greek temples and Renaissance palaces but has no desire to live in either. He will make a dwelling place for the modern man. His general notions of design are excellent but he is a slow and uncertain builder. To aid him he has sincerity and heroic patience. The house begins to take form but the construction does not suit him and he remodels it continually. The intersections are clumsily managed; the joints overlap; the disposition of the space leads him astray and he resets the partitions; the walls are forced out of line and the foundation must be extended. At length he puts on the roof and the work is finished, or as finished as possible, for he cannot conceal the evidences of his labor. Those who see it laugh uproariously and call it a barn. But it is a solid structure built to last, and he prefers it to the stage-settings thrown together in the traditional French manner. It is his home, his only protection against the unfeeling world, and in it he lives alone, devoting his life to mending the contours and fortifying the architecture against the assaults of time.

The house has endured. After the old hermit builder was dead and buried, an enterprising collector bought it at a bargain, turned it into a museum, and made people pay for the privilege of looking at it. Then it became fashionable. Young Frenchmen began forthwith to imitate its crudities and imperfections, and Americans, copying the latest French models, began to mass-produce Cézannesque shacks in the lopsided style of Parisian Modernism.

Cézanne was on the road which leads to greatness. His goal was reality, to make things real and true by loading them with his own perceptions and first-hand experiences, to create a full, rich three-dimensioned world in the mass and depth of which we might receive experiences comparable in force to those of practical life. He sought an architectural support for his visual planes, an art as durable as the museum masterpieces. But he learned to his everlasting torment that the museum masterpieces were the fruit of a much greater knowledge than he could ever acquire; a knowledge of mankind, of the habits of people, the character of events and the significance of action; a knowledge attained by manifold interests which drive certain men to explore and command the anatomy of the body and the anatomy of landscape, to relate structure to movement, to understand inside and out, in any circumstance or lighting, the visual objects through which the artist expresses his synthesis of

CHESTNUTS IN WINTERTIME AT THE "JAS DE BOUFFAN" • 1885-87

civilization. He attempted to gain such knowledge by regarding human models as pieces of still-life, by isolated studies as concentrated as they were mortifying. His *Portrait of M. Geffroy* required ninety sittings; that of Vollard one hundred and fifteen, after which he remarked, "The front of the shirt is not bad."

He was inordinately timid, pathetically bound to a narrow routine. He actually never did paint his nude out-of-doors, nor did he paint more than two or three in his studio. He was afraid. Thus, owing to meagre knowledge, his figures are no more than crude sketches. Withdrawing to vegetables and landscape, he transferred his talent to inanimate forms—apples, pears and farmland. If, in his pictures of men and women, he leaves his forms in a state of paralysis, with inert crusts for heads, and thick clubs for arms and legs, in his paintings of still-life he is a master. His fruit and vegetable compositions are truly dramatic; they have weight, the mobility, the style of immortal forms. No other painter ever brought to a red apple a conviction so heated, a sympathy so genuinely spiritual, an observation so protracted. No other painter of equal ability ever reserved for still-life his strongest creative impulses. In his painting of still-life, his "little sensation" is realized.

By sensation he meant his perception of forms, their effect upon him, the poetry they aroused within him, their size, structure, and solidity, their relation to all his memories and experiences. Cézanne restored to painting the preeminence of knowledge—the *knowing* of things—the most essential quality to all creative effort. That is one of his chief claims to distinction. He is the solitary glory of Post-Impressionism, or Modernism. ♦

MILL ON THE COULEUVRE • 1881

WOMEN BATHERS • 1873-77

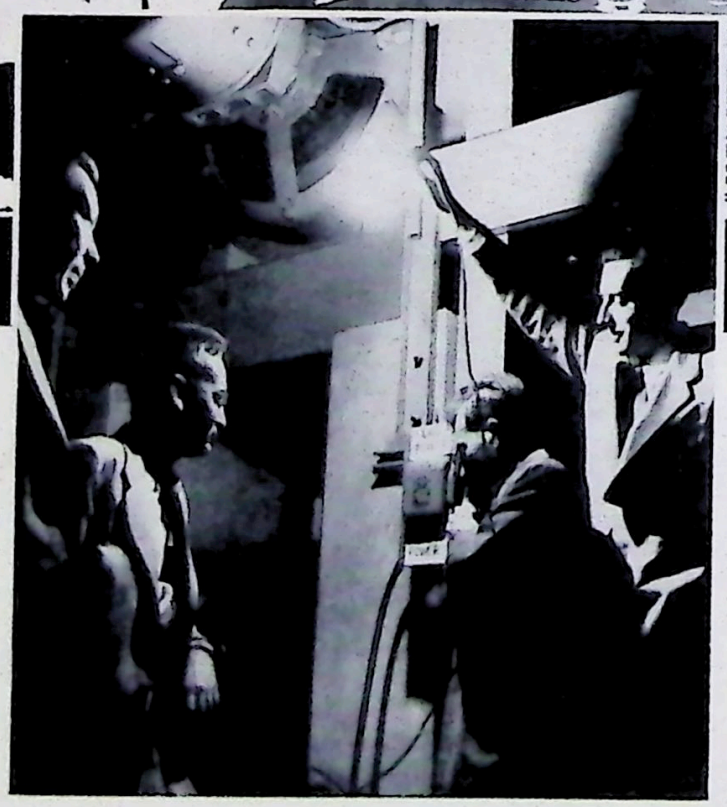
PEACHES • 1895-1900

PUGET'S STATUE OF HERCULES • 1890-95

After 115 sittings, Cézanne remarked: "The front of the shirt is not bad."

PORTRAIT OF AMBROSE VOLLARD • 1899

CARD PLAYERS • 1890-92



A significant moment in the history of scientific progress came about when the great power potential of the atom was harnessed, thus heralding the dawn of a new era. Here, scientists at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory are bathed in the light of one lone electric bulb when electricity was first generated from an experimental homogeneous reactor.

IMAGINATION

by David Seabury

IMAGINATION, that most potent of our mental gifts, was once considered as proper only to children and poets and as a term almost synonymous with fancy. Little of its power to shape the thought and action, even of materialists, was then understood. Today we know that whatever a man's belief, and quite apart from his quotient of cold reason, imagination determines the quality and trend of his thought. As a man imagines in his heart, so he ultimately becomes. The pictures on the screen of his mind may flicker and grow dim, but they prophesy his future as certainly as an architectural plan proclaims the design of the structure.

An image in the mind is the germ which carries strains of tendency as formative as those of the ancestral lines. Its power is as determinative as those of the ancestral lines. Its power is as determinative as that of environment. Indeed, today we divide the causal forces of individual life experience into three classes: the inherited capacities; the environment; the imaginative influence.

Upon the third, the imaginative influence, or image germ, depends one's basic power to direct the tendencies of heritage, to meet and control environment. According to its guiding stimulus the will of the life is formed. Abraham Lincoln is born in a little log cabin. Nothing in his inherited strains could have been called promising to the eyes of scientific measurement. Certainly, his environment left much to be desired, but the divine fire of creative imagery moved in his brain. He saw himself becoming educated; he pictured his life unfolding and expanding. The pulsing words of many a great classic beat in his brain. He wandered the seas with Ulysses and toiled the night with poet and philosopher. He saw himself as one who sought the company of great thinkers. The image became as certain as an inventor's vision of the machine he is creating. It took form in the matrix of thought, even as Rodin's statues shaped themselves. Lincoln literally painted his life upon the canvas of his soul and with brushes of intense desire filled in the action, color and direction sketched by imagination.

So, too, with every human being, whether among the great or among the failures, the trend of life has been given by the films of fantasy, the plans, dreams, hopes, wishes, pictures, which drafted the life and conceived its action.

The will obeys the imagination, as much in Hercules as in the most fear-driven neurotic. As a man plans in his heart, so he becomes. The material, the bricks and timber of his nature, are inherited. The building site is given by environment. The design of the house, its usefulness, success and beauty are measured by the mental images, to which the individual can and may give determinative trend. It is here that "free will" enters life.

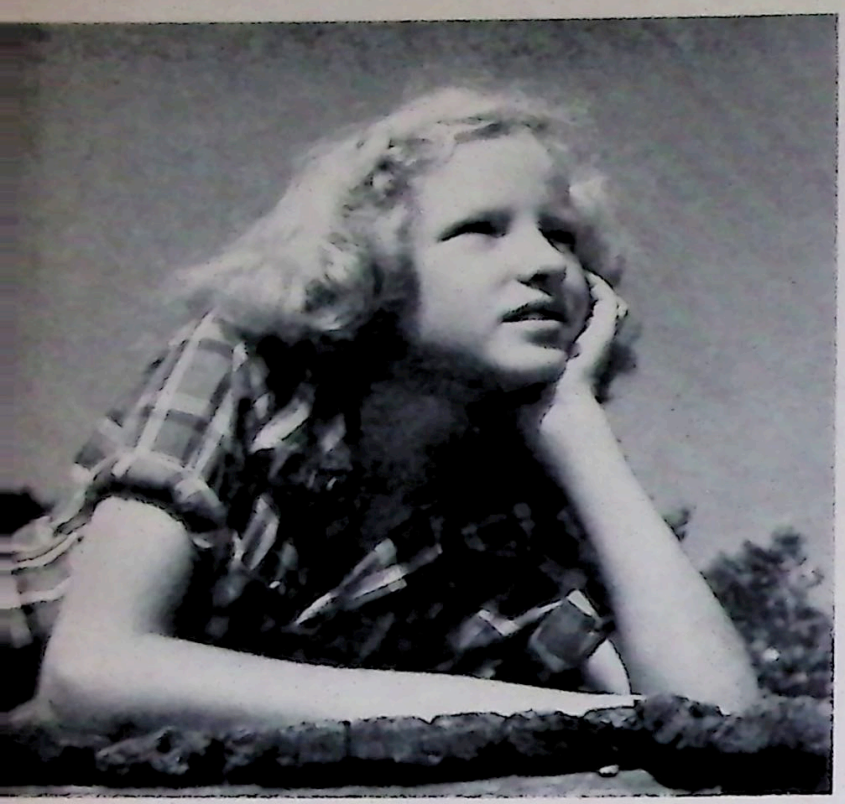
As long as a man pictures himself as a failure, he will fail. As long as he calls an image of sickness before his gaze, his responsive organism will obey the pattern in his mind, and certainly if the plan of his life is negative, he must either build on outlines of despair or else patch his days together with no method for guidance, which amounts to the same thing. The actual image in the self is invincible, nor can a single motive strain escape its domination. The inner picture of today forms the man of tomorrow.

It is in this formative power of imagination that the strange secrets of sudden conversion and the miraculous cure reside. There are shrines in Europe to which literally thousands have gone, the lame, halt, blind and diseased, to depart as changed men and women. What takes place? Intense belief in the efficacy of the shrine to heal has come to command a hitherto negative imagination. No one can grow a new leg, of course, if it is gone, or transform in a moment an organic condition. But function, metabolism, nervous energy, glandular activity, mental processes, all that can respond obey a different impulse and move toward a new destiny. The human being faces forward. The eyes of the mind are turned from a symbol of gloom toward a vision of health. Hope of expansion has abolished the destructive destiny. As a result, the heartbeat becomes stronger, the nervous tension relaxes, the breathing is quieted. A picture of the self as well and strong becomes the pattern for future effort and action. Every cell feels a new impulse, and nature in so far as it is physically possible obeys the quickening.

Behind the greatest and the most insignificant experiences of life, the mental image has been at work. Its perversion builds life on a distorted pattern. Its repression blights the power of an individual as plants are blighted in a cellar. Negative imagination is the builder of the dungeon of despair. A positive and an affirmative picture of the future possesses equally miraculous possibilities.

Obviously, then, every phase of your life is affected by imagination. Upon it depend the reach and lift of your mind, your power to look ahead, your ability to recapture the past. Memory, without imagination, is blind, deaf and without the power of making things concrete and tangible. Judgment and reason have little vigor save for the realization which imagination gives. Nor would you have emotional responsiveness but for the influence of imagination.

If such an important process of the mind did not have variety in its expression, unique manifestations of individuality would be impossible. If you conceive some entirely new thing, such as a musical composition, an invention or a story, creative imagination has been at work. Mentally to put the parts of anything together, that is, the sense in your mind of how a machine is made and oper-



ated, to visualize beforehand the steps followed in making a building or a canal requires constructive imagination. To comprehend mathematical principles, the laws of physics or the significances and values of philosophic thought, you must use interpretive imagination; while vividly to intensify one's memory so that one can live again in past experience, or from that experience reconstruct what settings and people are like, is reproductive imagination.

Each of us is also endowed with visual, auditory and tactile accents of these forces of fancy. You can picture sights, hear sounds in your mind and touch people and things. In some measure, all these gifts are yours, but not in equal proportion. We find one man capable of picturing so vividly that it is almost as if he were looking with his eyes at something he subjectively meditates upon. A second man easily hears sounds and is able to compose music or dialogue. A third touches things in his mind and feels how they are formed; he becomes a sculptor, a surgeon or an engineer.

Obviously, the visual, auditory and tactile senses combine with any one of the imaginative aspects, such as creative, constructive, interpretive and reproductive power. The union produces twelve basic varieties of imagination:

Constructive, tactile, auditory and visual
Reproductive, tactile, auditory and visual
Creative, tactile, auditory and visual
Interpretive, tactile, auditory and visual

Even though our educational system tends to develop visual imagination at the expense of the other varieties and however much you may possess of this or any other type of imagination, you tend biologically to possess a definite dominant and hence belong in one of the following categories:

Type 1. Tactile, Constructive Imagination:

One of the important things to understand in studying imagination is that certain combinations of ability tend to work harmoniously together and hence to produce useful power, whereas others are not so adaptable to everyday life.

Tactile imagery is of a more valuable type when it is constructive than when it is creative or reproductive. It becomes at once much more dynamic, for to construct in a tangible way is more important than to construct in words or sound. On the other hand, great genius may lie in this "builder" type of fancy, even though it often tends to be overpractical. Benjamin Franklin is a good example of this type of originality, and his wise sayings in *Poor Richard's Almanac* are excellent forms of the thought this imaginative trend produces. Such writing is not inspirational. It is built up and the parts put together. The same principle holds even when humor or satire enters, as in the case of Rabelais, while the way Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin* shows the matter-of-fact steadiness with which this imaginative energy works. It made Kant a symbol of thoroughness. He "touches" all the facts.

Type 2. Auditory, Constructive Imagination:

The great describers of life, nature and human nature are those whose imagination is empowered by the sense of words. Charles Dickens had this quality, and, unalike as they were in other ways, so did Voltaire. As a rule, however, this perceptive power, with its analytic gift, turns men into natural scientists, like Agassiz and Darwin. It is said that Darwin used his imagination constantly and, as he held some object in his hand, could describe what other aspects of life its existence required. His mind put together geological, geographic and climatic actions, even actions of centuries before. He *lived* in them quite as vividly as in the things with which he came into physical contact.

Type 3. Visual, Constructive Imagination:

Did you ever ask yourself why there was such a structural sense in Michelangelo's art? Because of his visual constructive imagination, he modeled and painted like an architect. Yet even in such a building as St. Peter's, in Rome, it is the "look" of the structure to which he gave the most attention. How different his massive murals from the painting of a man like Whistler, whose imagination was of the interpretive variety.

Men of this type do not as a rule turn to art, however. Their generative power is more inclined to political and executive life. Gladstone rose to greatness largely because he treated life as a picture puzzle, moving the parts, the men and events, with subtle skill. To see, to plan and then to shape the destiny of others—this is the gift and the delight of men of this character.

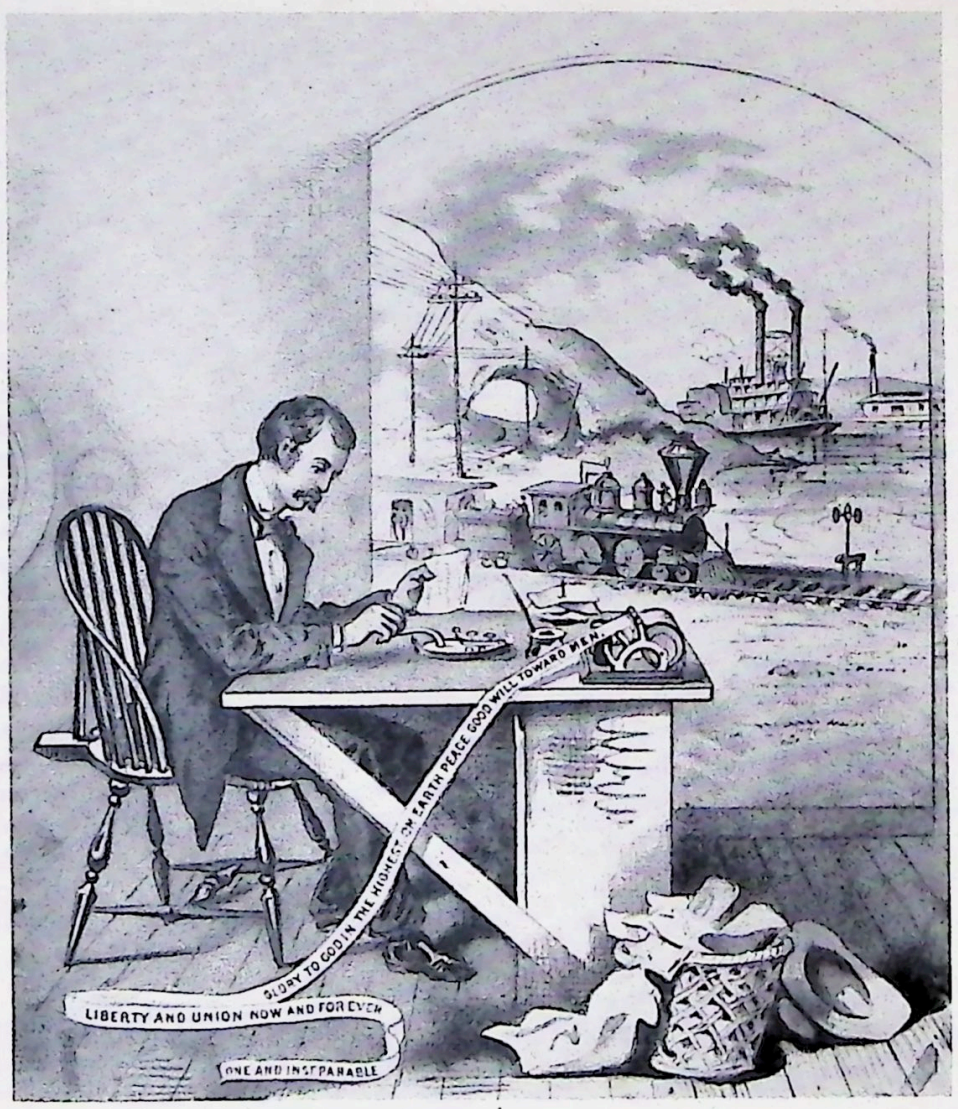
Type 4. Tactile, Reproductive Imagination:

Since memory plays so vital a part in this imaginative setup, ability to feel the ways of people, to touch life, is strongly evident. One has only to suggest that Anatole France, Emile Zola, Sir James Barrie and Rudyard Kipling possessed this gift to suggest its tangibility. Think how human, how tinged with everyday life, were Kipling's works, essentially reproductive in every attribute.

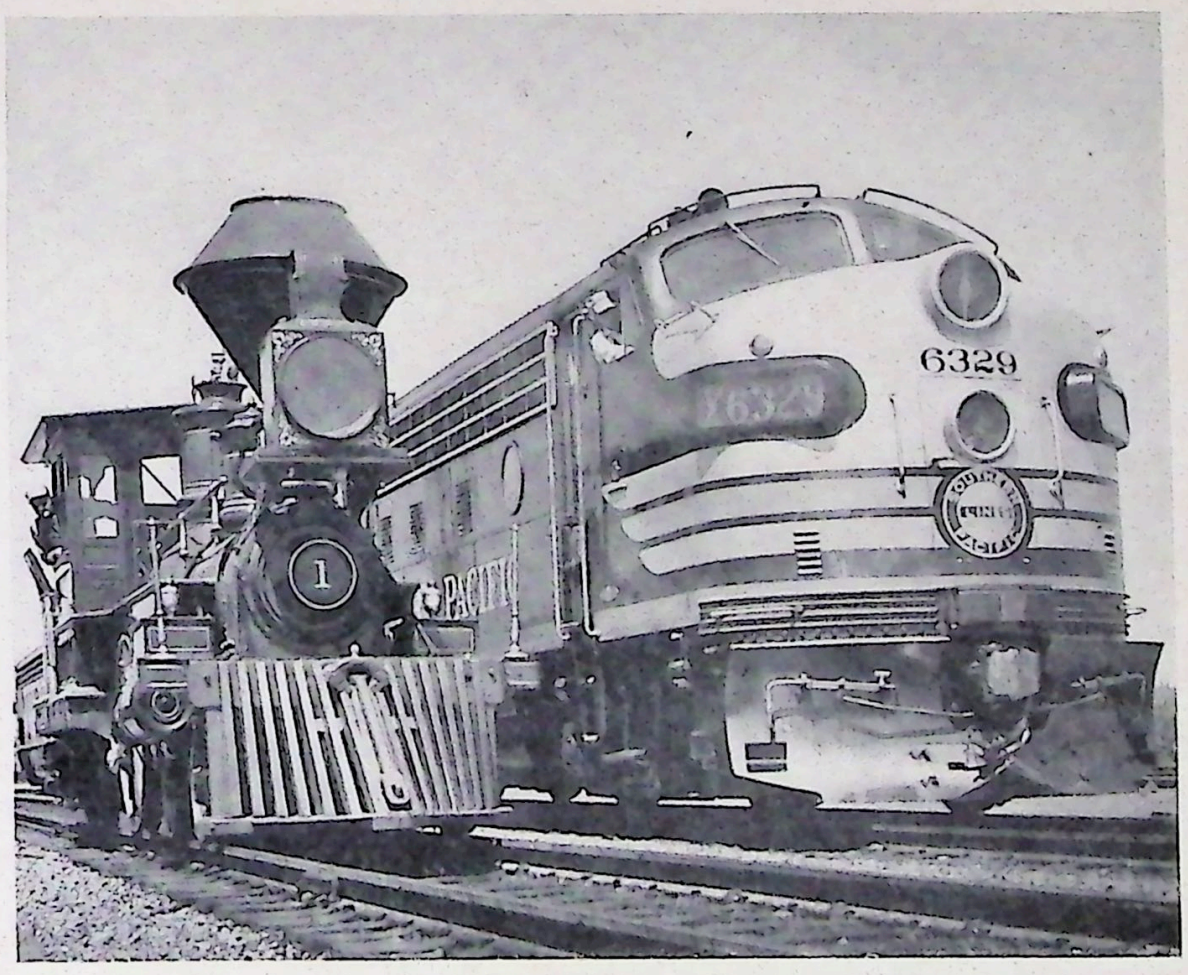
Type 5. Auditory, Reproductive Imagination:

Imagination always becomes a wonderful gift when energized by the memory. It becomes vivid and powerful. Goethe had this gift; so did Victor Hugo and George Eliot. It does not as a rule, however, incline men to literature but rather turns them to chemistry, physics, mechanics, science in general, because of the power to "define" the gift bestows. Thus it produces the comprehensive imaginative power of men like Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Humphry Davy, and Edison. You will find too that many great detectives and diplomats have this ability imaginatively to picture in advance just what some person will say. Richelieu had this gift of strategy, this skillful power to imagine some significant conversation.

TRANSPORTATION

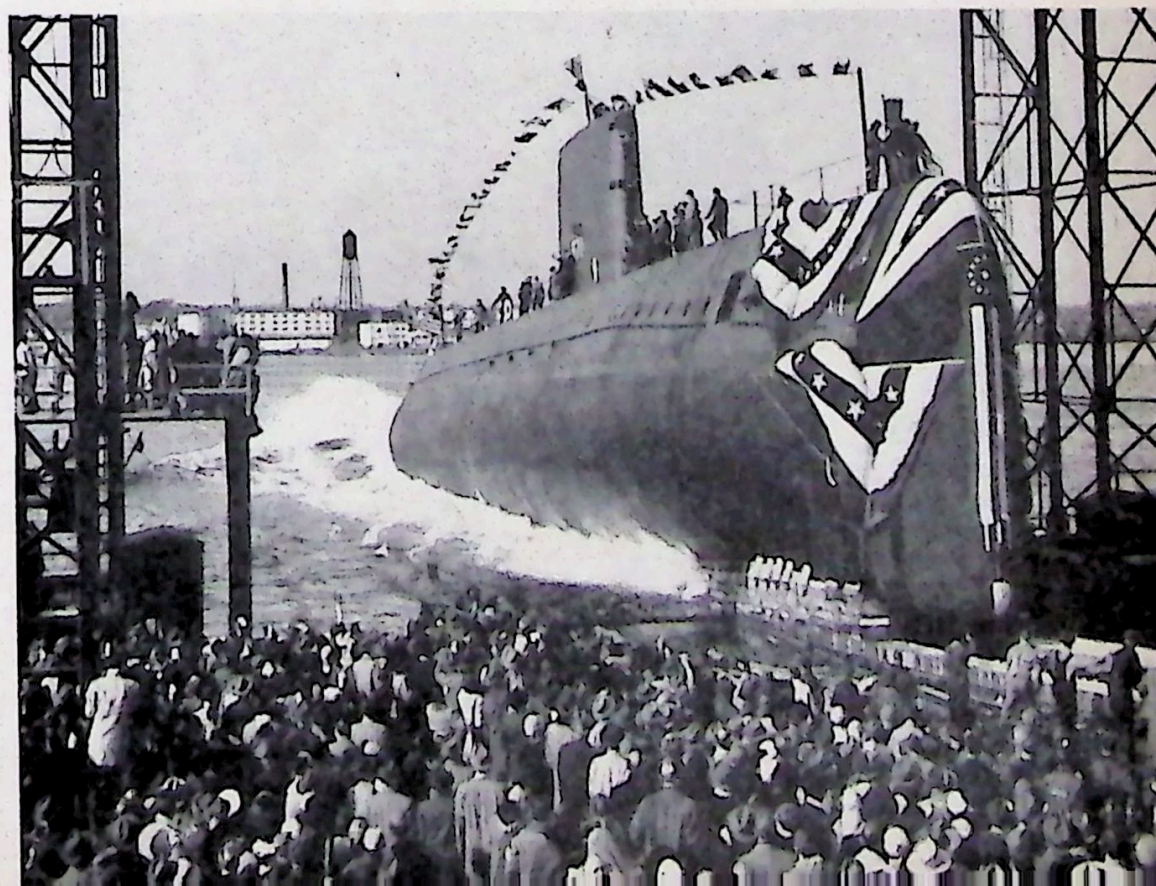


The progress of a century

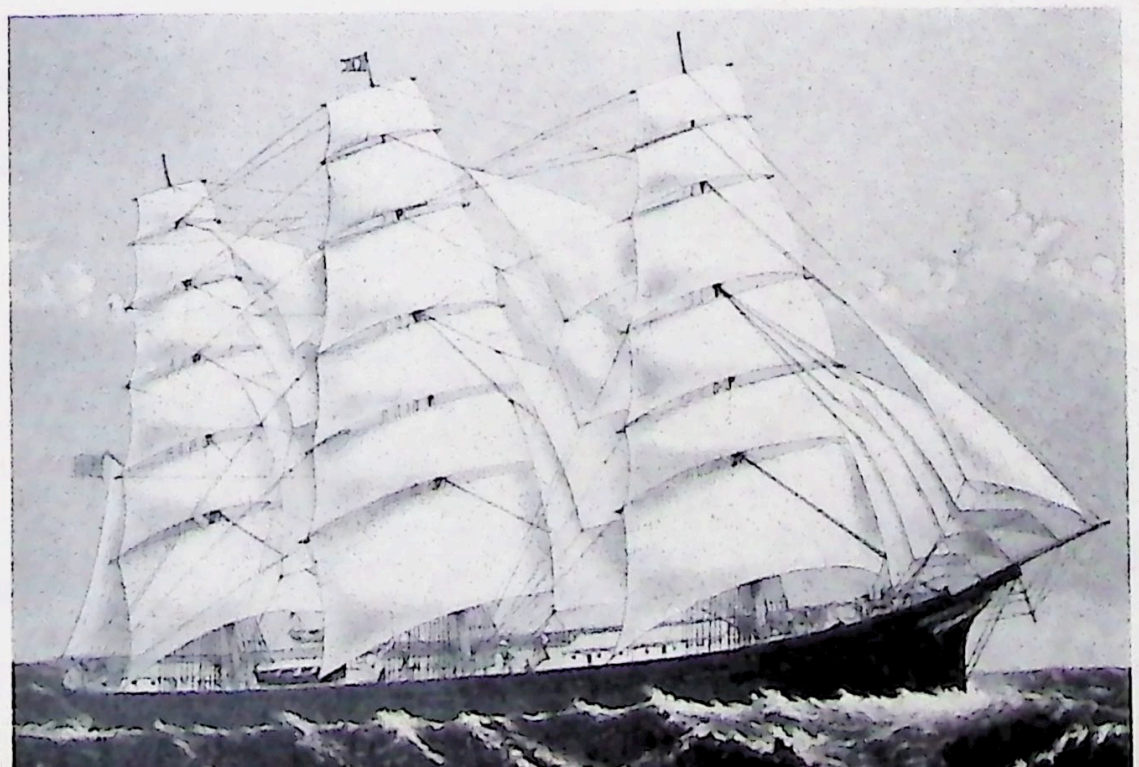


The old and the new—SP's No. 1 dates from 1863

The launching of the atom-powered submarine "Nautilus"



The 2972 ton Clipper "Three Brothers"



"Faster and faster went the rotascope . . . and the airship began to rise." From an early boys' novel.

Helicopters have demonstrated their versatility in many different phases of civilian and military activity.

AVIATION

Type 6. Visual, Reproductive Imagination:

If you read Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* when you went t school, you were given a perfect example of visual, reproductiv imagination. This gift is not always limited to descriptive powe however, even though that was no small part of the gift of Jame Fenimore Cooper. It is capable even of poetic expression. If yo know Keats' "Ode to Autumn," you will recall visual, reproductiv insight at its best. Keats was unlike Shelley in his creative expres sion. His mind mirrored life with exquisite sensitivity. Somethin of the languid meditative side of this power of fantasy is typifie by Isaak Walton. To sit and dream, to see life in fancy – this i the tendency when the nature is visually reproductive. Is this wh most people of this type are lazy?

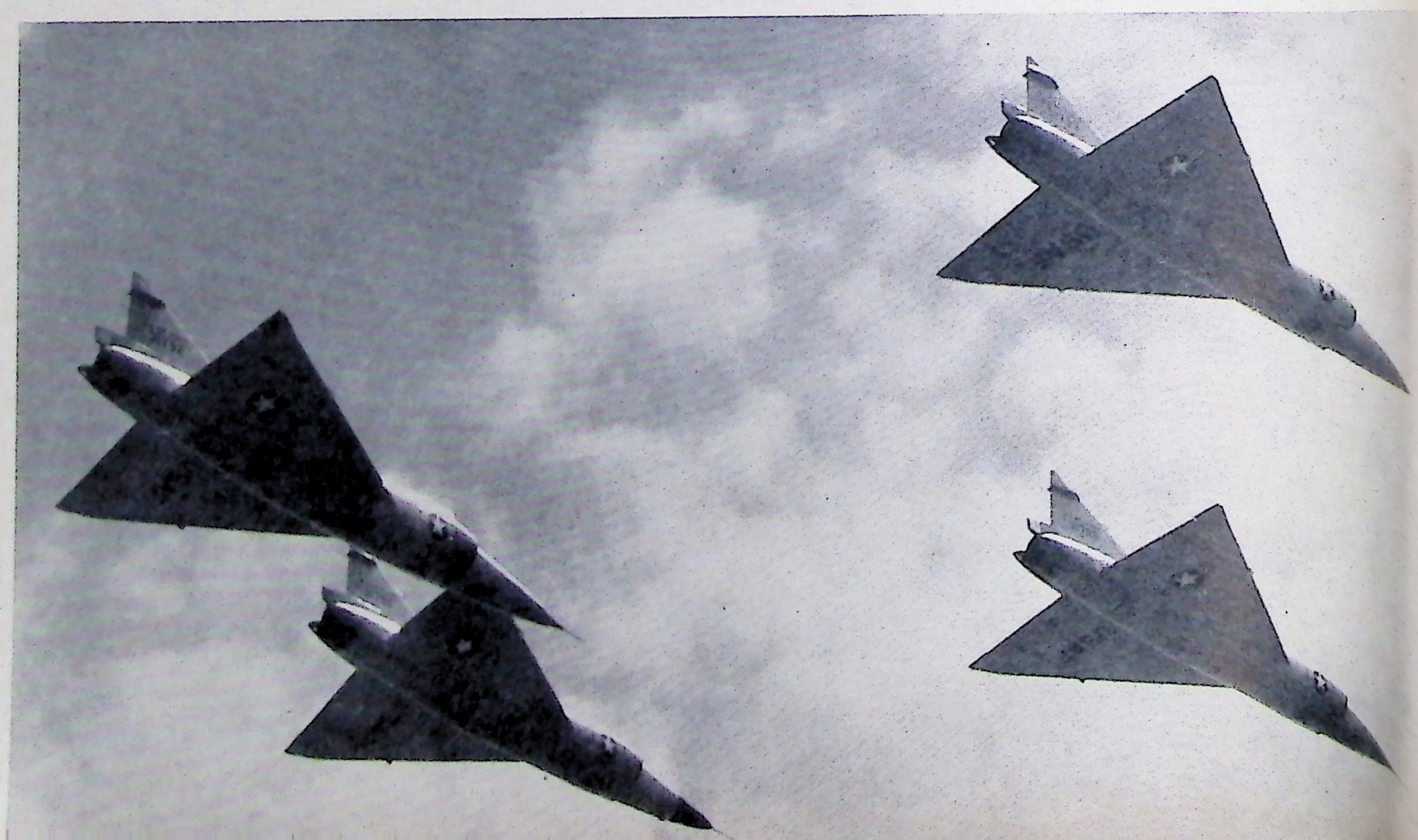
Type 7. Tactile, Creative Imagination:

The best example I know of to typify this kind of imaginatio is that of Rousseau. People belonging to this type like everythin tangible. They like to plan. They tend to political and legal interest and like to manage people and events. They imagine ways to chang society and, like Swift, indulge in satire. Like John Brown, the imagine some "cause" and make it their crusade. Like Rober Ingersoll, they have the gift of argument. Wherever there is a chanc to plan changes, break new ground, imagine a better way to d things, you will find these natures exhibiting their initiative.

Type 8. Auditory, Creative Imagination:

There is a strange contrast of moods in the imagination of thi type, which endows it with a great gift of words. Balzac displa its scope, Ellen Key its humane power. Alexandre Dumas *pèr* shows its refulgent and resplendent quality, Nathaniel Hawthorn its capacity for morbidness. Among artists, Leonardo da Vinci i an even better example of the type. The landscape behind th Mona Lisa, as well as her smile, is typical of the curious hauntin quality in these natures. Even if they have a hidden power for gaiet it is more natural for them to sense and dwell upon the dramat and tragic side of life.

The Convair F-102A supersonic all-weather interceptor of the USAF



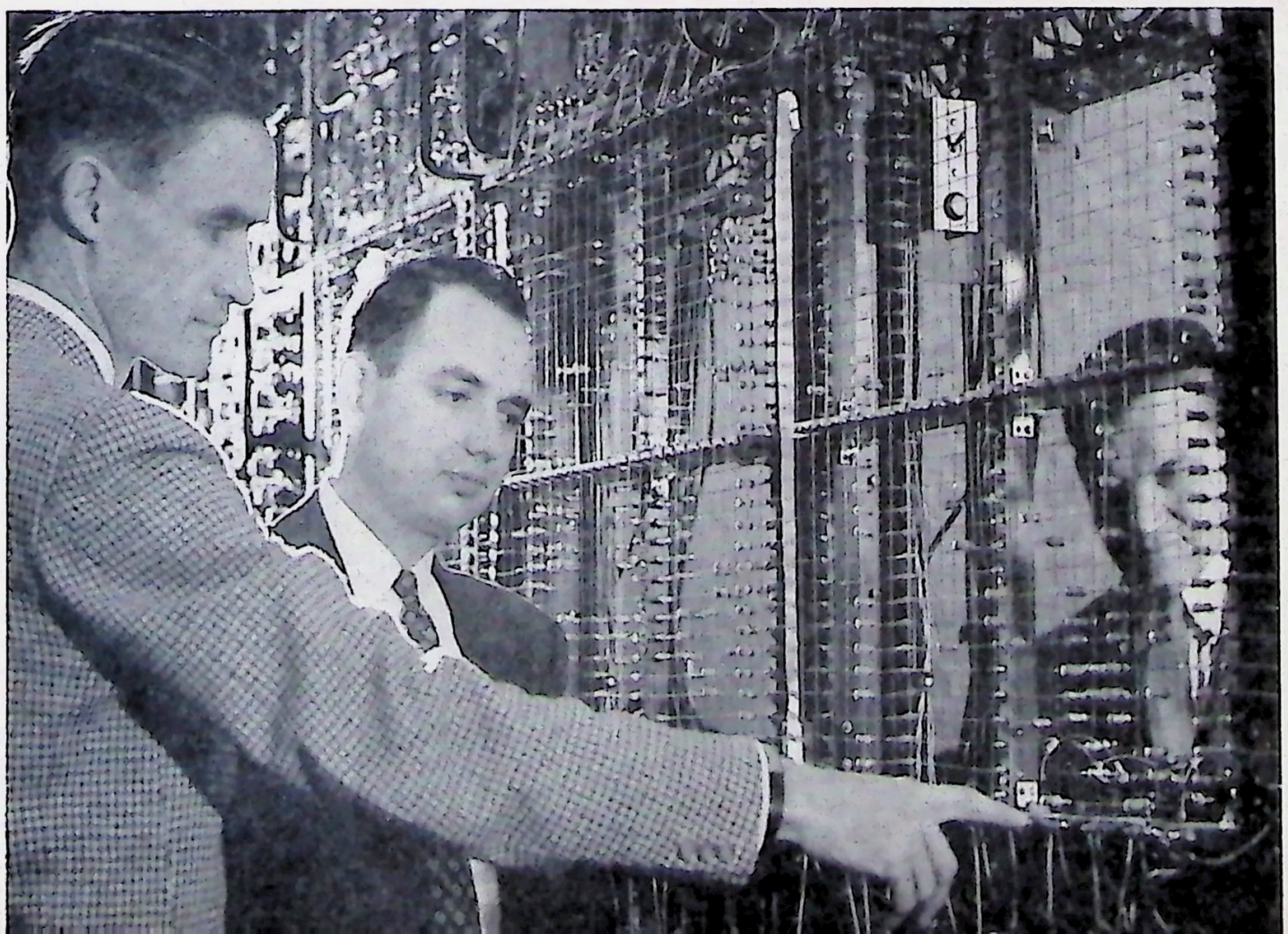
The telephone operator in 1881 wore a cumbersome headset which weighed about 30 pounds and was strapped around her waist. Today's set weighs 8 ounces.

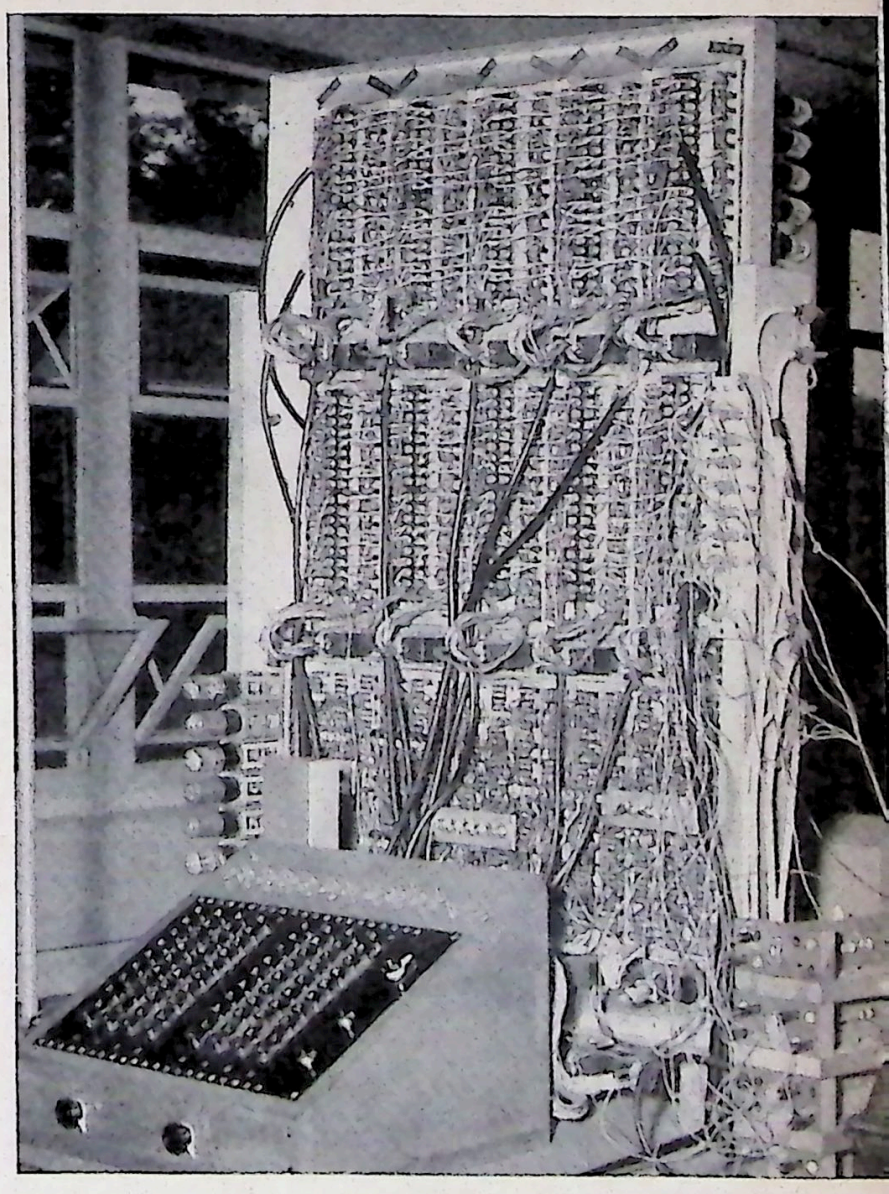
This telephone contains a musical tone which may soon replace the bell.

ELECTRONICS

UNIVAC is controlled by the operator from this desk.

The "memory center" of the "Whirlwind I"





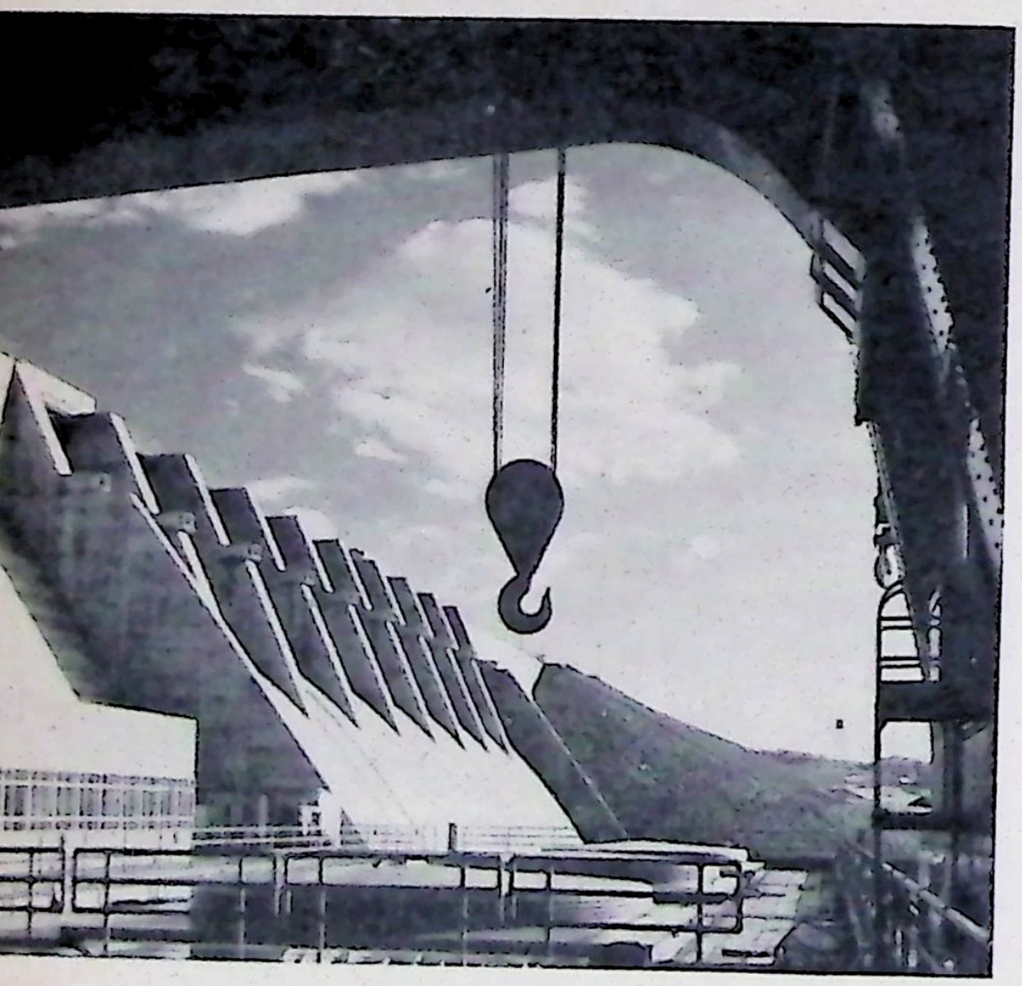
The "Whirlwind I," a modern electronic marvel, operates on a system of 5,000 tubes. It has a "memory" and can act upon and deliver information at the rate of 20,000 times a second.

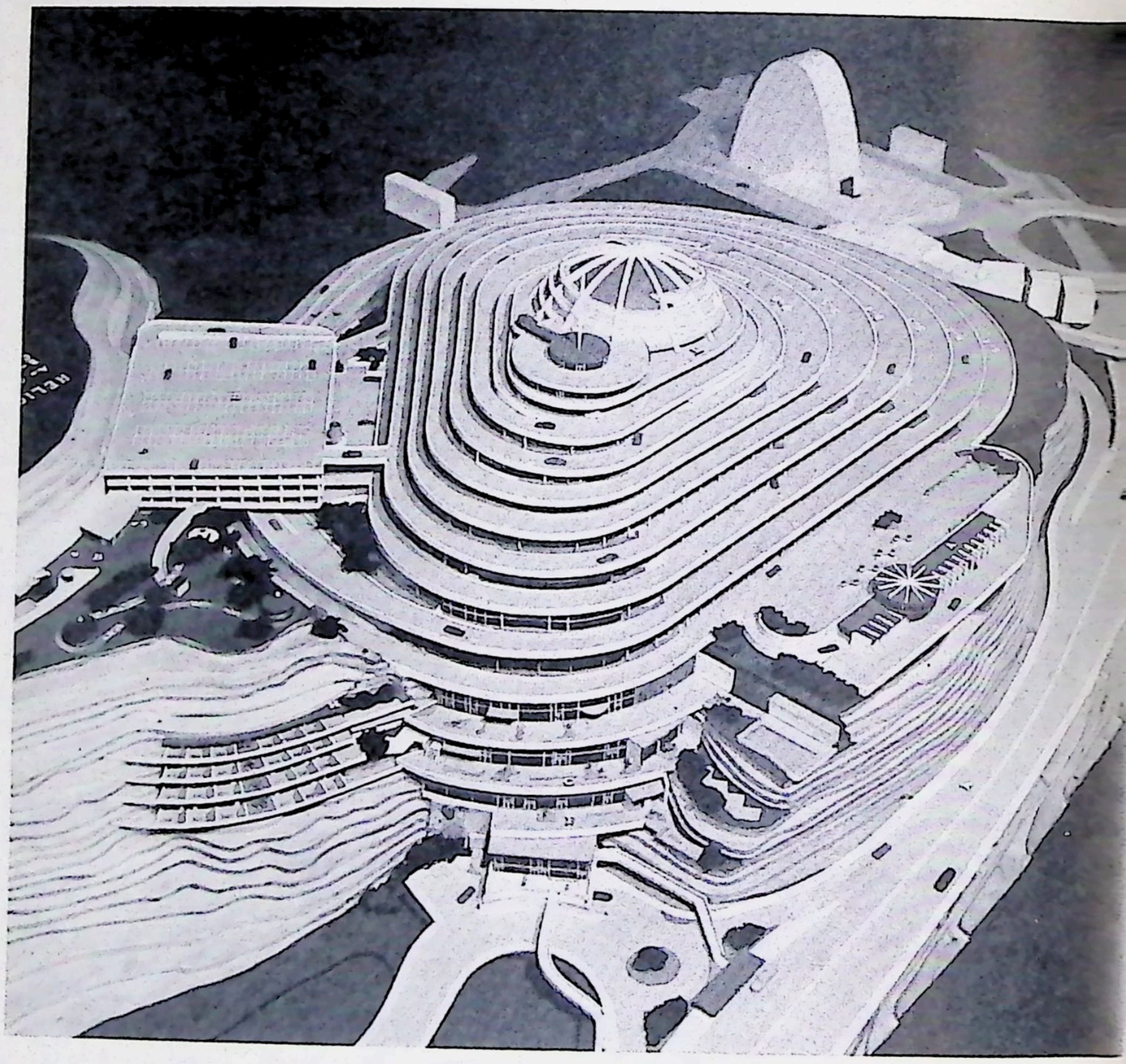
William Pereira, one of today's leading architects

The blueprint, essential step in creative building

ARCHITECTURE AND ENGINEERING

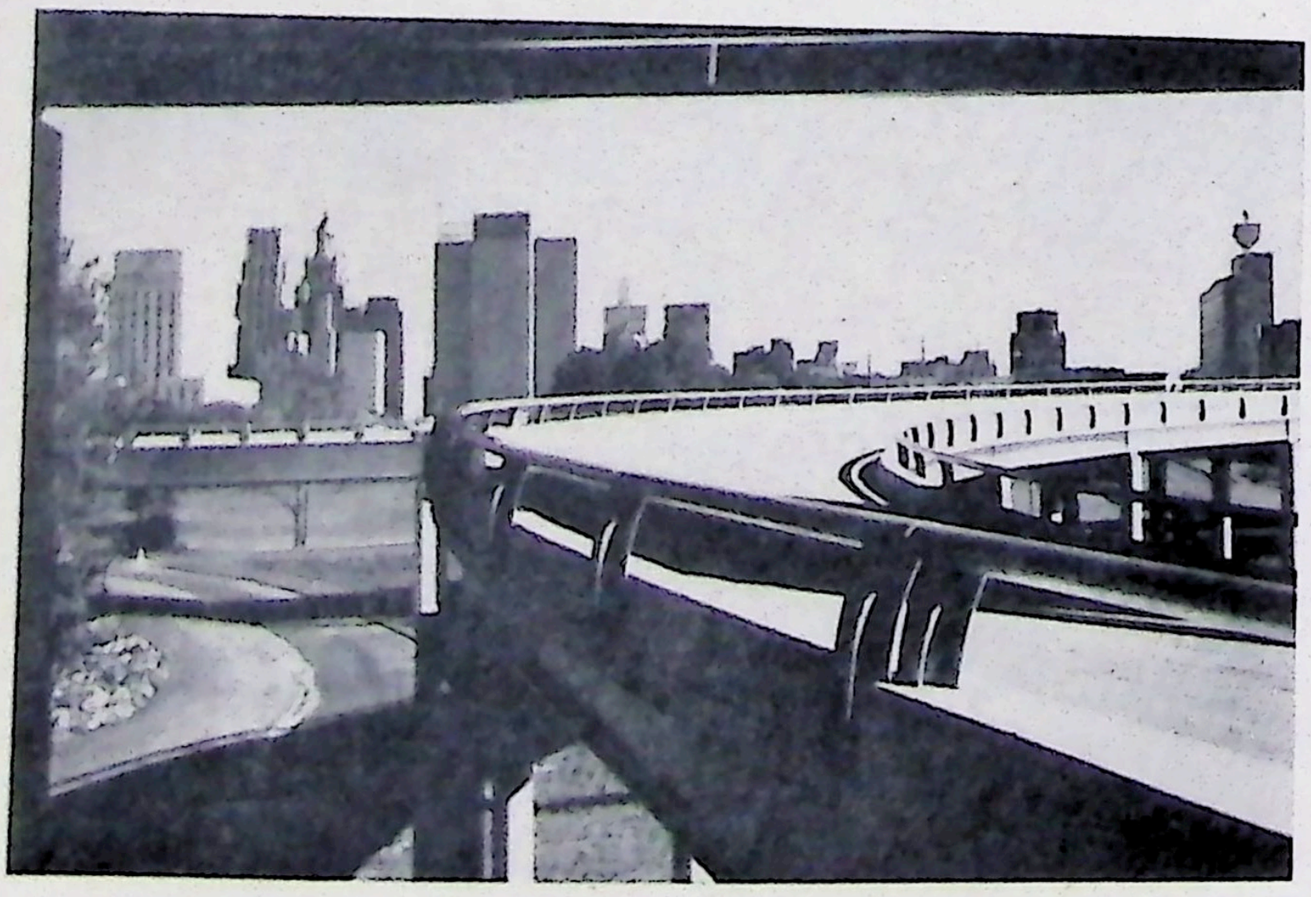
TVA's Cherokee Dam on the Holston River



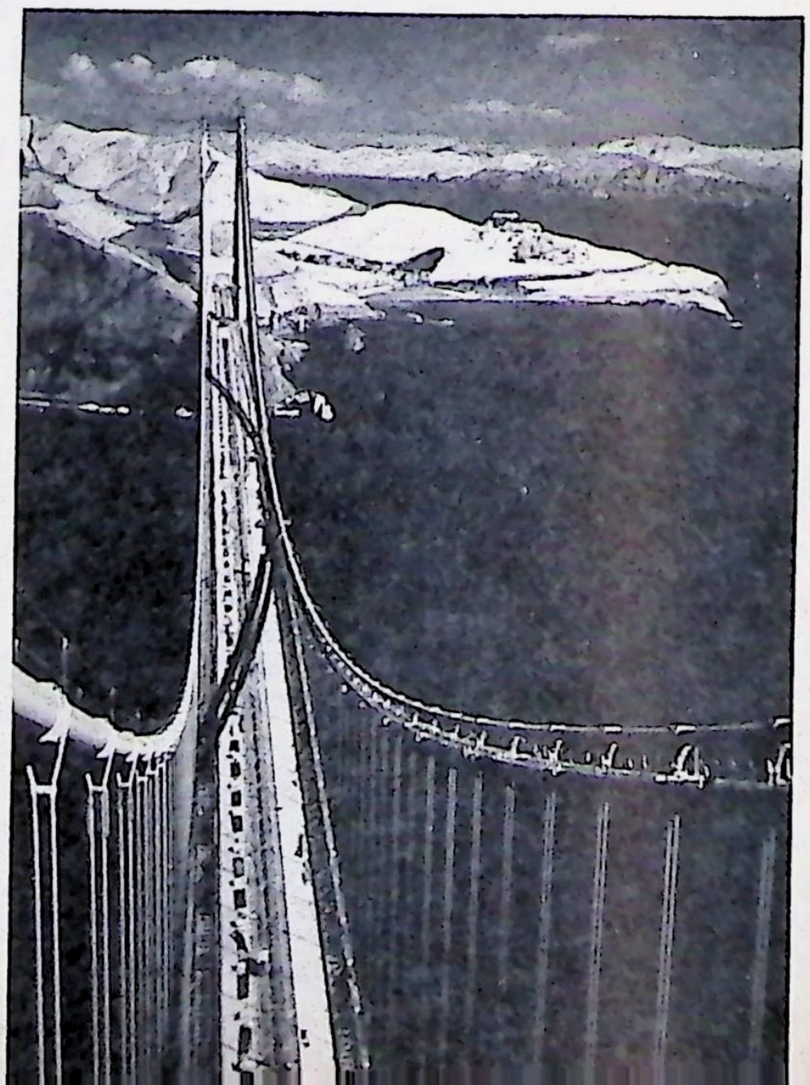


Capping a mountain overlooking Caracas, Venezuela, the "Helicoid," with its "flying saucer" design, will be one of the largest commercial centers in the world.

Winding freeways into downtown Houston, Texas



San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge



A nuclear scientist examining radioactive material which is enclosed in a vacuum-tight "dry" box

Type 9. Visual, Creative Imagination:

It would be difficult to find a better example of visual, creative imagination, with its humane insight and philosophic touch, than Robert Browning, but it is rare that such natures keep as close to reality as he did. Visual, creative imagination likes to leave the earth and soar into fantasy. Shelley was of this type, so was Blake, and in Swedenborg we see how protean, how manysided, such a gift can be. It is always prophetic and mystical, but sometimes it can be strangely practical as well.

Type 10. Tactile, Interpretive Imagination:

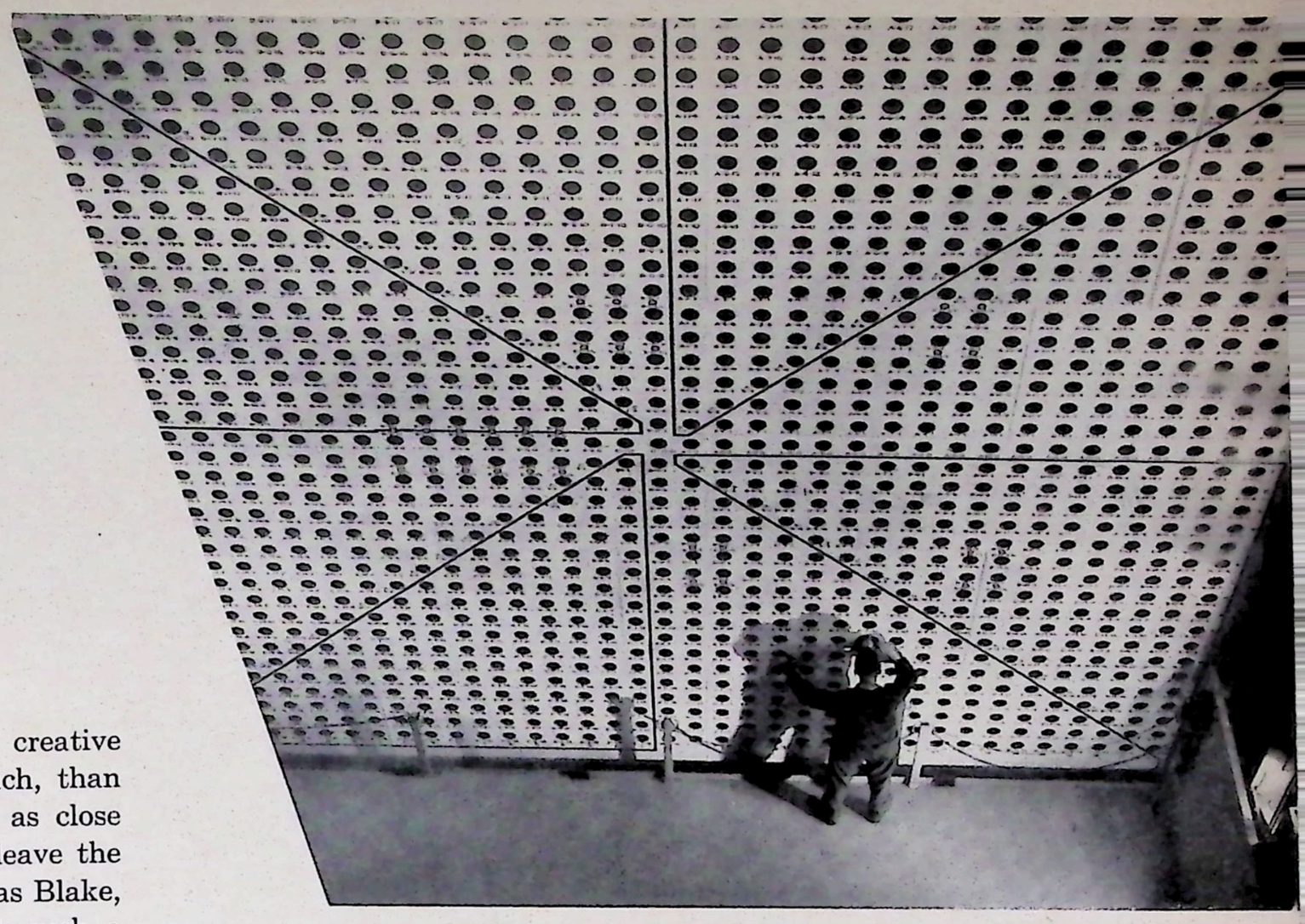
Countless story writers have this type of imagination. It bestows the gift of verisimilitude. It makes not only excellent reporters, but also skillful mechanics. Such types sometimes paint as well as write, as did Marie Bashkirtsev, and many of them go into law and finance. Whenever imaginative power to conceive how people will act and what they do and how they look is necessary to expression, people of this type are in clover. They know how to juggle facts. That is why they like the law.

Type 11. Auditory, Interpretive Imagination:

These are the world's most chatty conversationalists. Few examples of this type of imagination are to be found among the great. It is too cursory, too finicking a gift. Auditory interpretation is like the law. It deals with words and statements that it balances and tries to see from all sides. There is something about this gift, with its capacity to shift and change meanings, that makes it hard for its possessor to retain a sense of identity. To interpret dialogue you have to get into it in spirit, thought and feeling. That is why you find many an actor like Richard Mansfield or Maxine Elliott in this group, but very few dynamic natures. Most of them, like Alphonse Daudet, are too sensitive for sturdy endeavor.

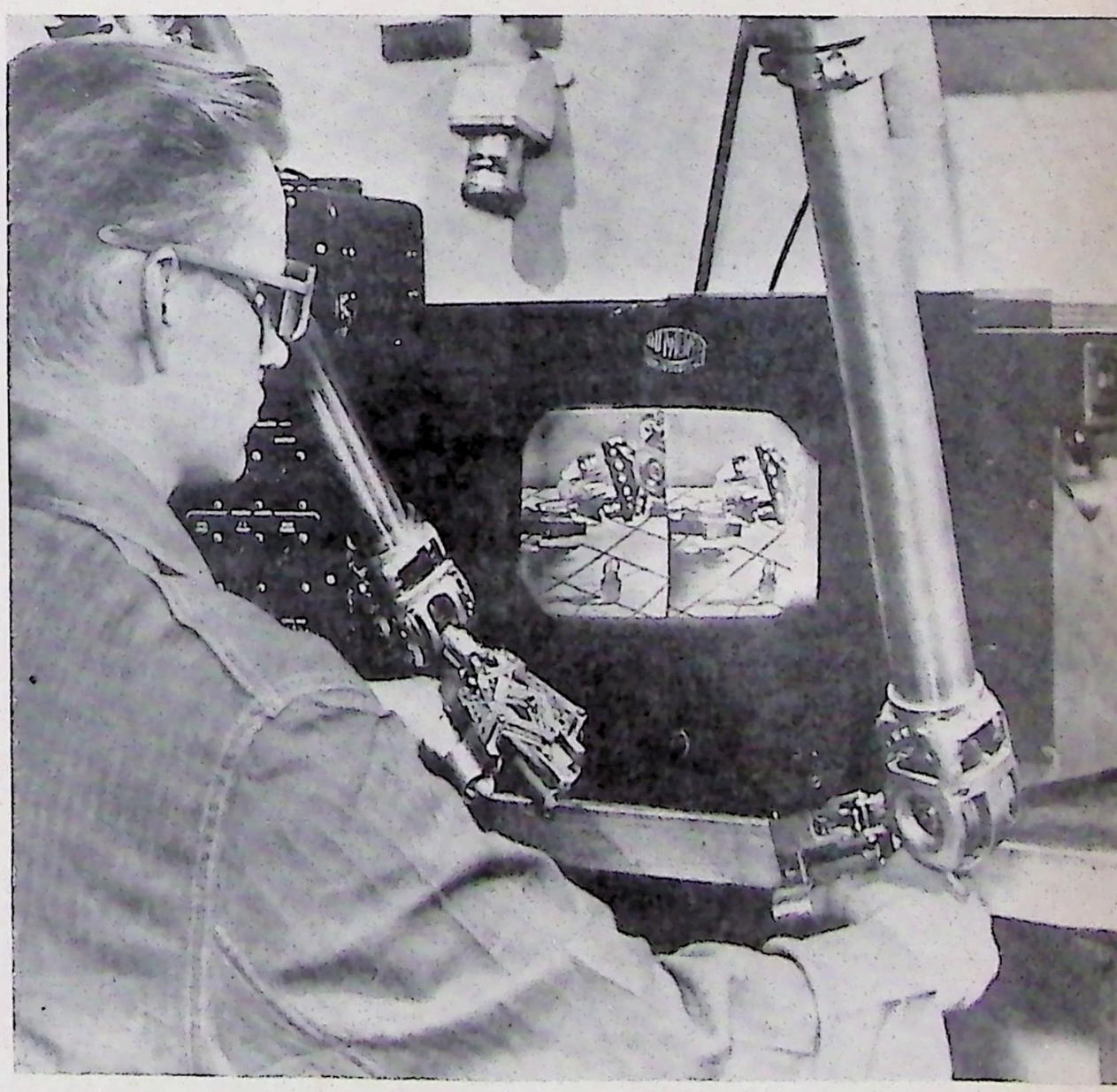
Type 12. Visual, Interpretive Imagination:

Most of the great philosophers have been of this type, for it endows one with true insight. Pause for a moment to consider the very words which name the type—"visual, interpretive imagination." That is the ability to see into things, people and ideas and to understand them. In our own day, Havelock Ellis serves as an example of this gift, while, in another era, Emerson and Ruskin were even better instances. Meanings, ideas, principles, theories interest such natures to the exclusion of the more practical and concrete sides of life, and there is always a strong humanitarian trend. ♦



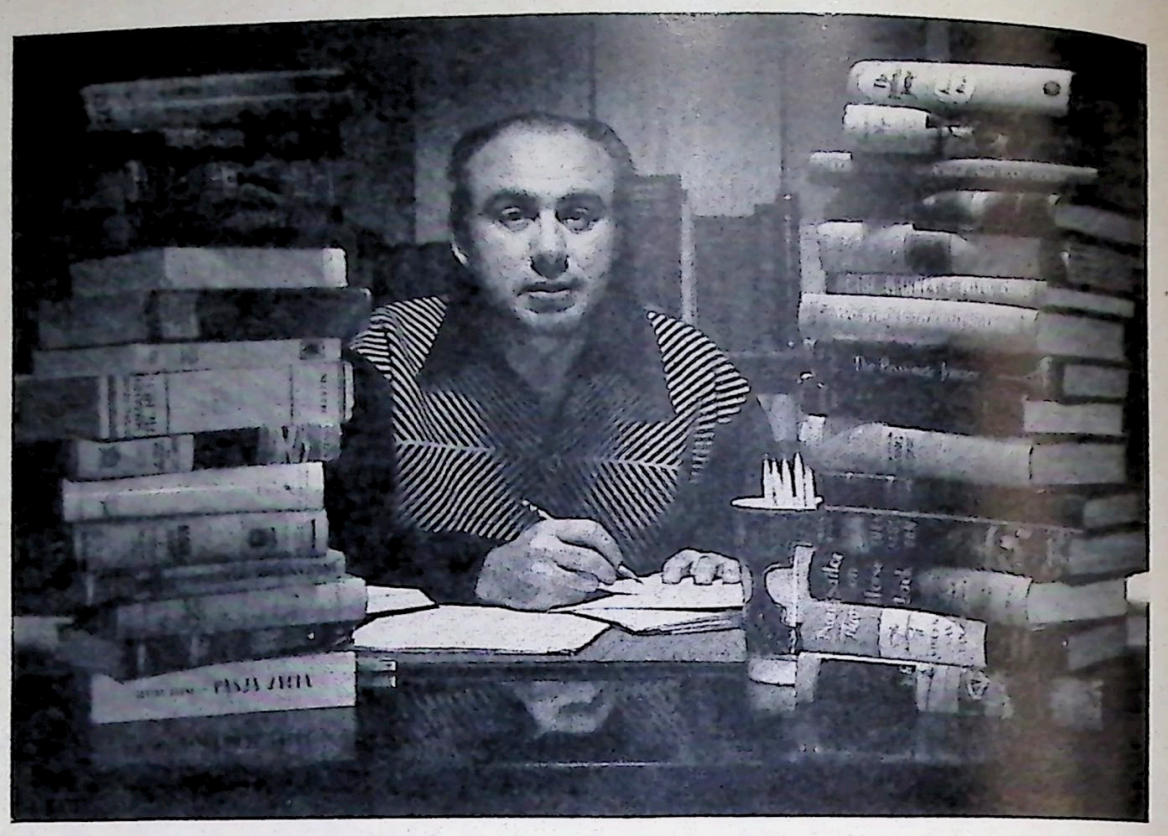
Tons of pure uranium metal must be loaded through the holes in this shielding wall of the Brookhaven reactor into the graphite moderator before atoms can fission, or split, in a chain reaction. Standing on an elevator, the technician uses a periscope to view the handling of "hot" material.

Three-dimensional television is used to watch the remote control handling of radioactive material at research centers.



THE ARTS

Irene, famed designer and fashion authority, creates leading clothing styles for stars of stage and screen.

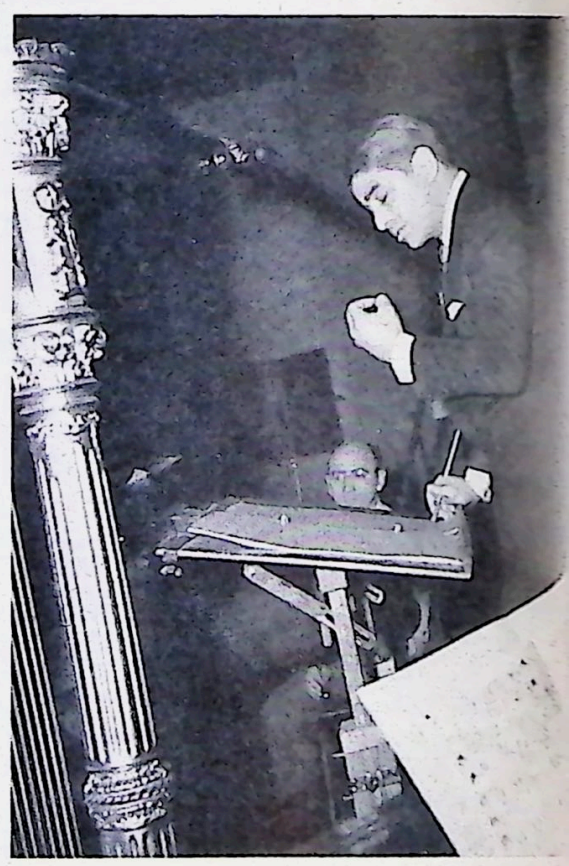


Irving Stone, novelist and author of many best-sellers, with a few of the products of his prolific imagination

An Italian artist carves figures for use in a Hollywood film production.

Irving Berlin, dean of America's popular music composers

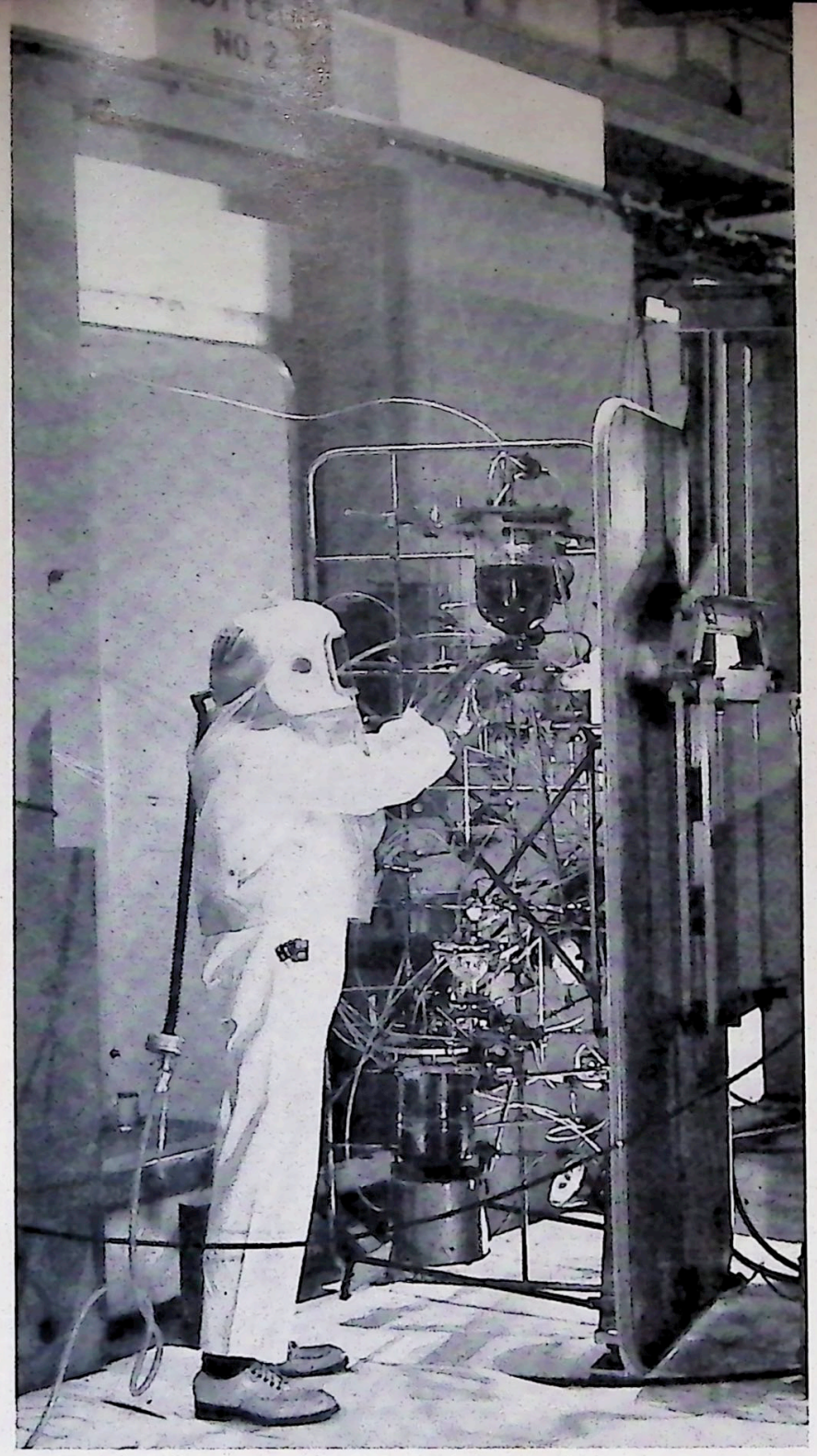
Alfred Newman, 20th-Century-Fox musical director and 8 times Academy Award winner, is shown at a recording session.



Close collaboration and exchange of creative ideas are a necessity when a director and actor discuss their scenes.

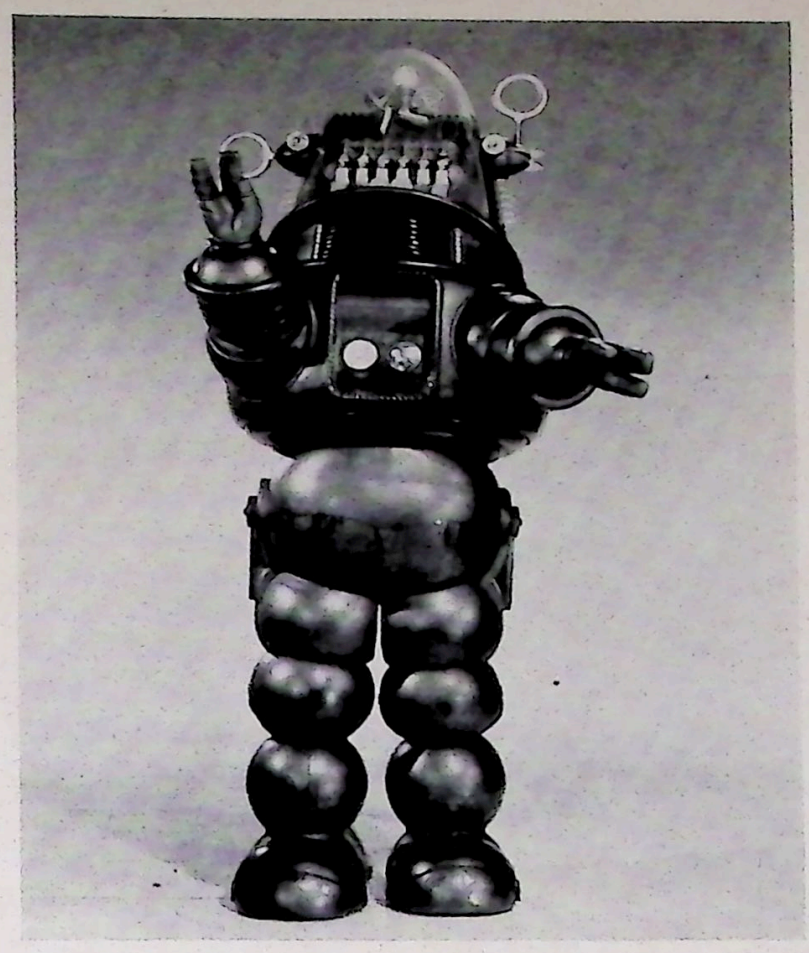
Madame Helena Rubinstein, manufacturer of cosmetics, at work in her laboratory

Raden Basoeki Abdullah draws on the folklore and imagination of his native land and the west for his colorful paintings.

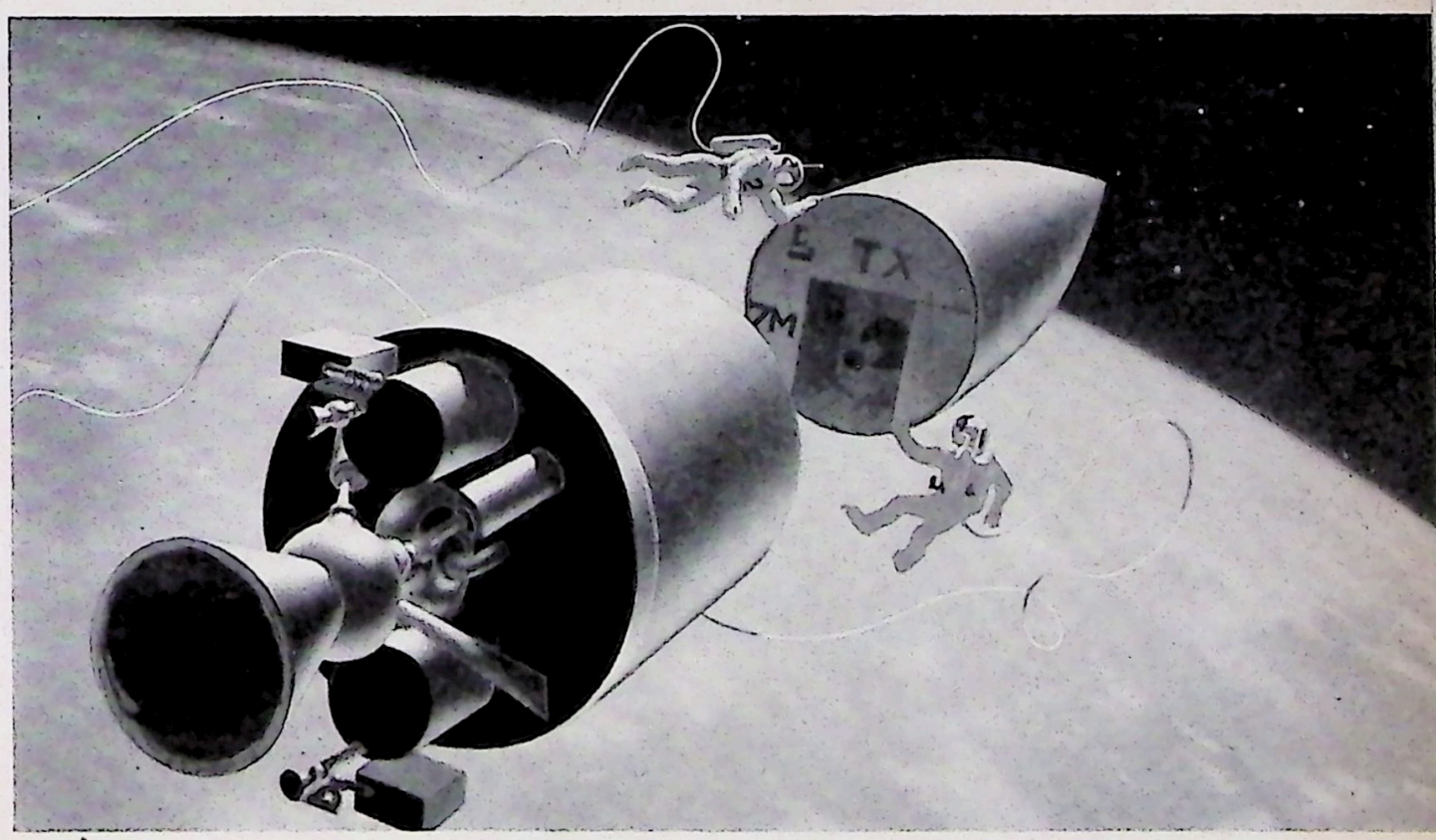


The handling of highly radioactive materials typical of the Atomic Age has presented new and unique challenges. This worker wears special, heavy protective clothing.

THE ATOMIC AGE

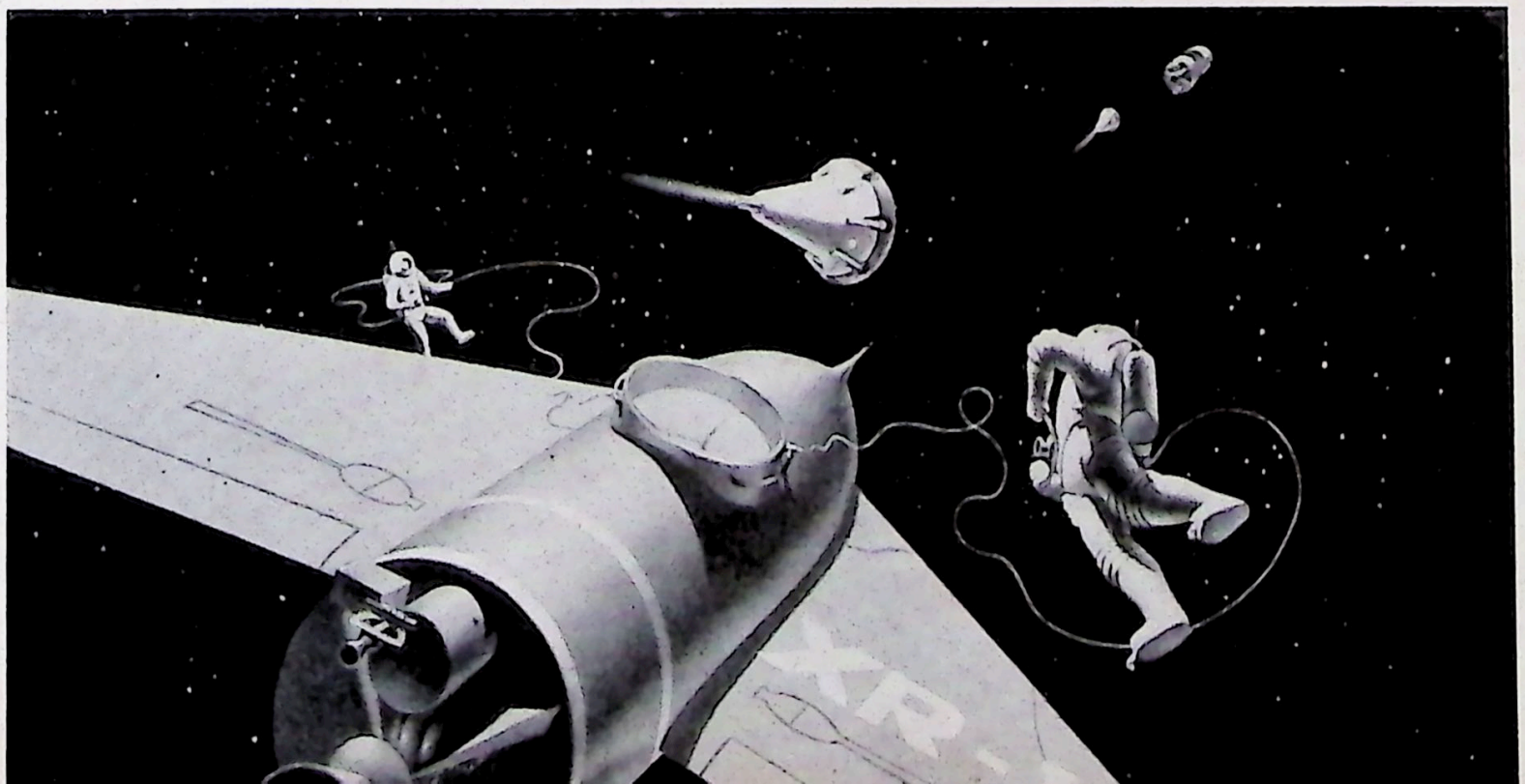


Not unlike a modern jet pilot dressed for supersonic flight is this mechanical robot, created especially for a science-fiction motion picture.



EVERYTHING THAT LOOKS TO THE FUTURE ELEVATES HUMAN NATURE.

—Walter S. Landor



Man's imagination looks ahead to the days when space travel will be a fact rather than a dream and anticipates some of the problems which must be met as in these scenes from Walt Disney's "Man and the Moon."

WHAT IS MUSIC?

by Ralph Vaughan Williams

I WOULD DEFINE MUSIC as a reaching out to the ultimate realities by means of ordered sound. By "ordered sound" I mean sounds of a definite pitch in a definite rhythm and, perhaps we should add, with a definite harmony. But what does music *mean?*

A lot of nonsense is talked nowadays about the "meaning" of music. Music indeed has a meaning, though it is not one that can be expressed in words. Mendelssohn used to say that the meaning of music was too precise for words. The hearer may, of course, if he chooses, narrow the meaning of music to fit words or visual impressions, as in opera, but this limits the scope of music.

The fire on Brünnhilde's rock may have suggested to Wagner his music, but the music goes further and transports us from the particular to the universal. Liszt used to talk rather foolishly about its being nobler for a piece of music to be about Orpheus than to be a mere pattern in sound, not realizing that it is these great patterns in sound, designed by Beethoven or Bach, which open the magic casements and enable us to understand what is beyond the appearances of life.

There are two theories of how these ordered sounds arose. Some people think that they grew out of excited speech – some, that they developed from blowing through a pipe pierced at definite intervals with holes. I do not wish to set up my opinion against that of those learned musicologists who hold the pipe theory. But an ounce of experience is worth a pound of speculation, and I should like to describe a personal experience when I actually heard excited speech grow into melody.

I once heard a sermon at an open-air service on the Isle of Skye. As the preacher spoke in Gaelic, which I do not understand, I

was able to devote my attention to the actual tones of his voice. The fact that he was out of doors forced him to speak loud, and that, coupled with the emotional excitement which inspired his words, caused him gradually to leave off speaking and actually, unconsciously of course, to sing. At first he was content with a monotone, but, as his excitement grew, he gradually evolved melodic formulas. Now these melodic formulas are common to the opening of many Scottish and British folk songs. This experience has convinced me that these melodic formulas come spontaneously to the minds of primitive singers. We can hardly believe that our preacher obtained his notes by blowing through a mathematically measured pipe.

Lately, I read a book by the Rev. George Chambers in which he describes how in primitive religious services the logical meaning of the words spoken proved inadequate and was supplemented by song, including cantilenas on pure vowel sounds, which were called "jubilations"; these evidently had a mystical meaning to their singers that words could not give them. Indeed, as I have already said, the meaning of music is beyond words.

We now come to the question of rhythm. What is rhythm? I have tried various sources for a satisfactory definition and have, so far, failed. Frank Howes, the musical critic of the London *Times*, calls it "an innate faculty for the apprehension of time." Here is Professor Carl Seashore's definition: "An instinctive disposition to group recurrent sense impressions vividly and with precision, mainly by time or intensity, or both, in such a way as to derive pleasure and efficiency through the grouping." I cannot see that either of these is very helpful.

Other writers talk magniloquently about the importance of rhythm, not only in art, but also in life, without troubling to explain what they mean when they talk about the rhythm of life. The Greek word "*rhythmos*" means "flow." So flow may be taken to be an essential part of rhythm. An orderly succession of sounds at regular intervals is also a part of rhythm, but it is not, as many people imagine, the whole of rhythm.

The ticking of a clock, for example, is not rhythmical, because it has no periodic accents. Some years ago an American, Dr. Thaddeus Lincoln Bolton, made the following experiment: A machine like a clock, with absolutely regular ticks but without any accent, was set going, and several people were asked to give their impression of what they heard. Almost all said that after a certain number of ticks, usually three or four, the next appeared louder. This was a purely mental illusion and was due to their implicit desire for rhythmical quality.

This gives us another principle of rhythm, that of strong and weak accents, which the monks of Solesmes in their treatise on plain song describe as *élan et repos*. This principle has been called by other writers "exertion and rest," or "impulse and relax." The Greeks, in their poetry, used the words "*arsis*" and "*thesis*," "rising" and "falling," to describe the rhythmical qualities of poetic meters. Incidentally, both these words are derived from dancing.

Now, I wish to digress a moment to say something about rhythm in poetry. Rhythm is as essential to poetry as it is to music, and, as we cannot have rhythm without time in music, so we cannot have poetical rhythm without meter.

We often hear people say, "I know nothing about musical form, but I like a good tune when I hear it." They do not realize that to appreciate the simplest tune requires a knowledge of form. The physical ear can hear only one sound, or a vertical group of sounds, at a time; the rest is a question of memory, coordination and anticipation. When the first note passes on to the second, the hearer must not only keep the first note in memory but also coordinate it with the second, and so on to the third, and occasionally he has to anticipate what is to come.

When community singers are learning a new tune, they often get the tune wrong because they anticipate a different note from what actually comes. If we did not have these powers, the simplest tune would be meaningless. To appreciate the *Hammerklavier Sonata* or the *Ninth Symphony* requires exactly the same qualities as the appreciation of the simplest tune — such as "The Bluebells of Scotland," which any child can learn — only to a greater degree.

Musical form is not a series of mysteries or trade secrets but is simply the development of a power natural to the human ear and the human mind. To understand a big symphonic work there is no need to look up textbooks or memorize regulations. One need only develop the qualities of attention, memory and coordination to the utmost. One thing, however, is needful: The whole passage, whether it be a folk tune or a symphony, must grow, organically, from its roots.

This leads us to the question of form and content. These two words are often taken to mean separate and opposite parts of an artistic structure. We call the form of a sonata good and its content poor, but is not the content poor because the form is bad? And so we go on, ad infinitum. It is the content which settles the form of any organic structure. What, after all, is good content? Is it not a matter of suitability to its purpose? The opening theme of the *Eroica Symphony* is just an arpeggio, and not original at that, but what a wonderful foundation for a great movement!

The famous drum passage at the end of the scherzo of Beethoven's *C-minor Symphony* would not, without its context, be evidence of the mind of a great composer, but, coming where it does, as a sort of resurrection from the abyss, at the end of the scherzo, and then building up on those reiterated drum taps into the glorious outburst of the finale, does it not reveal the master mind at work? The theme connected with the Rheingold in Wagner's *Ring* is a little flourish such as any boy bugler might have invented, but, coming where it does, its dramatic effect is overwhelming. In all these cases there is organic connection between the whole and the parts. This organic connection can also exist between symphonic themes which have little physical resemblance.

Now comes the question of harmony. It seems almost impossible that harmony should not have occurred to primitive singers and players, if only by accident. A cithara player must occasionally have twanged two strings at the same time, or, if two pipe players happened to be playing at the same time within hearing distance of each other, this must have resulted in harmony — or even counterpoint. Why did not the performers carry on with the good work? The only explanation can be that, when they heard the result, they disliked it.

There is no physical reason why an 18th century composer should not have written the whole of Stravinsky and Schönberg, provided he had the pen and paper. We know as a fact that Stanley, an 18th century English composer, experimented with the whole-tone scale about a hundred years before Debussy. Debussy's strange atmospheric effects still thrill us, though they are by now the common property of every conservatory student. And when these same students write out bits of Debussy, under the impression that they are composing, their efforts fall dead even before the ink is dry.

The moral of all this seems to be that any musical phrase, to be a complete artistic whole, must be the result of a personal emotion. These, then, are the three elements which go to make up music — melody, rhythm and harmony. ♦

Concerts On Film

AN INSPIRING IDEA AND ITS REALIZATION

by Frederick Clayton

ANYONE WHO HAS THE GOOD FORTUNE to know intimately a great musical artist, whether composer or performer, experiences something of the excitement, the lively thrill, of watching creative genius at work. But laymen so privileged are few indeed, and they are generally limited to spouses, to members of immediate families or to intimate friends of musicians.

In the concert hall, the music lover encounters the performing artist under somewhat special conditions, so that little or nothing remains of his true personality. And in the case of the great composer (as distinguished from the virtuoso performer or "recreator"), almost never is he so much as seen by the layman, unless he is asked to conduct one of his own works or to be the guest of honor at a first performance and takes a bow before the audience.

Except for his music, all the ordinary layman is ever likely to know about the personality of either sort of musical genius is what he can glean from that which appears in print. This is usually very little, sometimes nothing at all, and often wholly unreliable or even as irrelevant as the fact that a glowing young musical master like Mozart seldom had enough money to keep himself properly, or that a Chopin or Wagner, like their more ordinary fellow men, sometimes got themselves into curious emotional tangles with women.

The really unfortunate aspect of all this is that until recent years there was no way for the ordinary music lover to observe for himself those things about a musical genius that actually pertain to his art, and no possibility of forming his own firsthand impressions of personality factors such as enter into the making of music.

A Chopin specialist like the pianist Artur Rubinstein has bemoaned his inability to reach back to Chopin's own day, which leads Rubinstein to say in all seriousness that he would willingly give several years of his life if he could hear Chopin play the compositions of Chopin. For it goes without saying that an interpretation is most valuable when it is an authentic interpretation. Upon occasion, even in the immediate past, musicians themselves have found cause for deep concern over their seeming inability to communicate their art to the people of the future. A pianist as great as the late Rachmaninoff is said to have worried a great deal over whether subsequent generations would remember his works, and what he had meant to convey through his art.

The modern high fidelity phonograph recording, splendid help though it is in such respects, is not the final answer to the question. For something is clearly missing from the "disembodied" recorded performance, and it is obvious that the something is the living presence of the performer himself, whose personality contributes to his performance a certain indefinable substance that can only be called the humanizing approach to music.

With the development of entirely new techniques for the simultaneous presentation of both music and the musical personality, the situation now bids fair to undergo a radical change. For through sound film it has become possible for the music lover who is not a musician, or for the student musician, to experience great music in new ways and at the same time to catch a closeup glimpse of the performing musician. The listener can even begin to sense some of the reasons, personality-wise, for the performer's greatness in a particular field of music. It is strange, but true, that viewed thus informally, thus intimately, not only does the musician himself seem somehow less remote than he ever appears on the concert stage, but—and herein lies the real importance—his music also begins to take on greater significance, acquiring added scope and meaning.

In itself, of course, the sound film method of presenting both the art and the artist's personality, simultaneously, is not especially new. It became inevitable as soon as motion pictures were perfected and adequate sound tracks were added to films. But the scientific product of today's remarkable advances in the field of electronics is so nearly perfect that it bears little resemblance to its prototype.

Irving H. Mills, president.

Thus has science been pressed into the service of the fine arts and become the handmaiden of music. Fortunately for the musical genius of today, moreover, modern sound films make it possible to capture the full glory of his best moments of musical creation, and the best part of this is that the capture is for all time, so that the same moment may be repeated whenever one desires.

What is really new about the technique of making a musical film record of such a moment is the way in which the film is now being used to further musical appreciation on the part of the public. For the most part, credit for this must be given to one man,

The "Million Dollar" Trio: Jascha Heifetz—Artur Rubinstein—Gregor Piatigorsky

Irving H. Mills, who had the vision and the means to see that the handful of existing sound film records of great musicians of the present were brought together for preservation, because they had almost limitless historical and educational values. Irving Mills' interest in such an undertaking was no accident; it was the result of an evolutionary process that began three or four decades ago when he entered the field of music in a professional way, first as a very modest popular performer (he would be quick to disclaim any importance or greatness on this score alone), and eventually in the promotion of music in America. For he has become a respected and well-known figure in musical circles in the United States, having been a successful pioneer in recordings, in artist management, in musical entertainment and in musical education. A single instance of this last is the prominent part he has played in the forming of the Musical Culture Society of America, a non-profit foundation of an educational nature, the very name of which explains something of its purpose.

It is this Society which bears the full responsibility for the realization of another of Mills' ideas, the Concerts on Film Library, which is the official name of the collection of musical performances on film already referred to. Mills felt very strongly that existing films of great artists ought to be brought together and made easily available to the general public, and this he set out to do. Specifically, he succeeded in acquiring the best of these films, which had been conceived and made by different people. These documents were then assembled and reedited, and a name was given to the collection. And finally, he laid out the plan by means of which the Library, given the opportunity, could be made to grow and its use increased through the addition of new music and new artists on film. Then he handed the custodianship of the Library over to the Musical Culture Society of America.

Something of what all this means can be realized if one thinks of great musical art in terms of the past. What would the average musical appreciator or enthusiast not give if he could see for himself a giant like Johann Sebastian Bach as he seated himself at the organ in ThomasKirche in Leipzig, one day in the past, and brought the thunder of one of the more famous of his preludes rolling out into the nave? What would the music lover not give if he could watch with his own eyes the legendary technique of a violinist such as Paganini, revealed by means of a combination of cinematic slow-motion and closeup, plus perfect sound reproduction?

Similarly, to a piano student, the living, breathing presence of a Liszt, performing one of his rhapsodies, or of a romantic young Chopin, playing a group of his own mazurkas, would provide an incomparable stimulus that would never be completely forgotten.

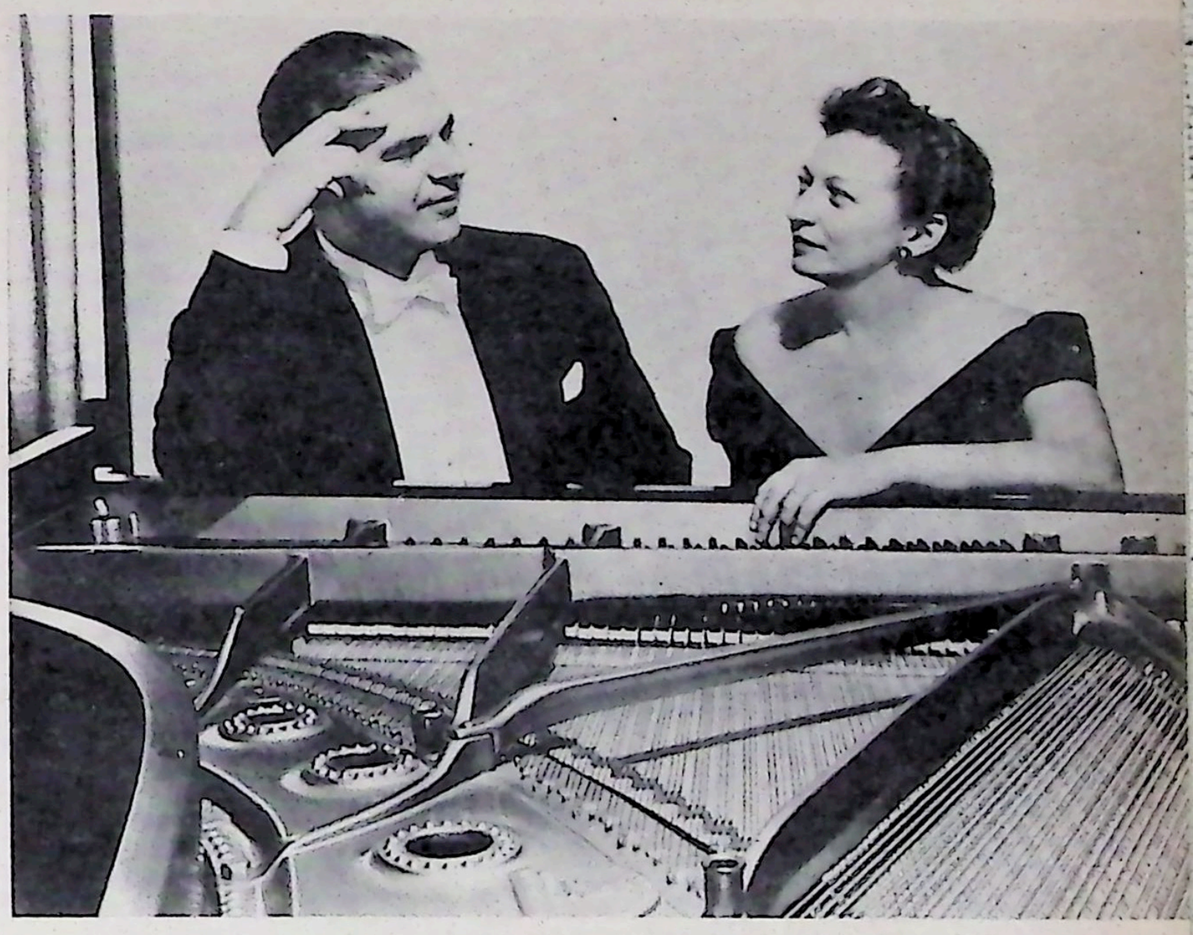
"Concerts on Film Library has unlimited value and usefulness," Irving Mills has stated. "Its appeal is to every age group, and there are few occasions when its use would not be appropriate. What I find even more exciting about it is its value as a combined historical document and cultural medium. I feel certain that the Library has set a precedent for similar collections covering every important phase of the fine arts."

And when he eventually came to understand just how much the preservation of art also means to the artist, he was altogether certain that the Library idea was a sound one. Rachmaninoff's greater concern over the survival of his art than for the survival of self, Rubinstein's wish that he could somehow see and hear Chopin play, were all the verification that Mills needed.

The core of the Library idea is the way in which sound film can be made to unlock the musical treasures of yesterday and today, by means of the interpretations of genuinely great compositions performed by the finest available virtuosi of the present.

The array of musical talent represented in the Library's 24 splendid films is staggering, and for the average viewer-listener it represents almost a lifetime of great concert performances by virtuosi, plus the intimacy and informality of performances such as only film presentations can achieve. There are two films each of violinist Jascha Heifetz, pianists Artur Rubinstein and José Iturbi, and duo-pianists Vronsky and Babin. There are rare instrumental performances by guitarist Andres Segovia; by cellists Pablo Casals, Emanuel Feuermann and Gregor Piatigorsky; and by harpist Mildred Dilling. There are vocal concerts by such artists as contralto Marian Anderson; concert and operatic duets between soprano Nadine Conner and Jan Peerce, and between Elen Dosia and Eugene Conley. Films of chamber music recitals have been made of such groups as the Hollywood and Coolidge Quartets, and by the magnificent so-called "million dollar" trio, Heifetz-Rubinstein-Piatigorsky. There is a combined rehearsal and finished

Singers Nadine Conner and Jan Peerce



Vronsky and Babin, world-famed duo-piano team

concert presentation by the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulous. And there are several additional films composed of especially valuable excerpts from some of the foregoing, to which topical commentary has been added and which are intended chiefly for study purposes.

In this way, music in a number of different categories is represented: chamber, symphonic, solo instrumental, and vocal (both operatic and concert solo). And to make such musical fare still more impressive, there are performances of great compositions by no less than 45 masters of yesterday and today, including Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Dvorak, Handel, Haydn, Liszt, Prokofieff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Schubert.

Just how valuable, how revealingly instructive, the individual sound films can be is best shown by such films as those of Rubinstein, Heifetz, Casals, Anderson, Piatigorsky, and especially by the remarkable trio combination of Rubinstein-Heifetz-Piatigorsky. Rubinstein, solo, is shown at home, with his wife and children, performing at close range on the piano in his own music room. Every detail of his magnificent technique, the envy of all great and near-great pianists, is clearly shown in what is best called a private all-Chopin recital. Closeup views of Heifetz's remarkable fingering and bowing convey more of his superb violin technique than would ever be possible in any recital hall. Casals, humble and dedicated artist of the cello, is disclosed in the midst of his modest surroundings in Prades, France, both in his own home and in his church, during the time of his self-imposed exile from Spain.

Negro singer Marian Anderson, one of the greatest contraltos of all time, is shown in the midst of an earnest practice session in her own Connecticut farmhouse, and again in more formal recital hall surroundings. Humor of a peculiarly endearing Russian variety sometimes colors even the meticulous cello technique of Piatigorsky's film performance. And in the case of the trio sound film, the viewer is magically transported into the midst of the music room in Rubinstein's home, where he is given intimate closeup studies of both individual and ensemble playing, during an industrious and provocative rehearsal session that tells exactly how much artistry and toil and selfless teamwork go into the making of a great moment of music by three outstanding virtuoso personalities.

Anyone who has seen these and the other films in the Library's

Mildred Dilling, virtuoso of the harp

collection finds the experience unforgettable. And most viewer-listeners decide very quickly that as an experience it is superior in almost every way to the actual concert hall experience, because the performing artist, for the first time, seems to "come alive."

It is difficult to say which of several special values that attach to the use of the Library is paramount. There is the value of historical significance, of course, and that is not inconsiderable. As permanent records of individual artist personalities and their art, the sound films of the Library do the job better, perhaps, than any previous medium, because they convey more faithful images and impressions of the original artists. The film of the great cellist Feuermann is a case in point: not long after the Library's film was made, this famous artist died, so that the film has now become a priceless document for the use of those who were never privileged to hear him play during his lifetime.

There is also the cultural significance of the Library. As a very special collection of music performances on sound film, it has a certain quality of timelessness that can only be compared to the special collections of rare and first edition books that are made available to the public by certain libraries. Every film in the present collection of 24 affords a most unusual opportunity for hearing and enjoying a vivid performance of great musical works of past and present, interpreted by some renowned musical artist. Moreover, the performer is, perhaps for the first time, a living, human personality on the motion picture screen. And for the beginning listener—especially if he is young enough to be impressionable—this is a tremendous advantage, since he can that much more easily project himself for a few moments into the role of the performer.

Pablo Casals, genius of the cello

There are, of course, millions of people who, for one reason or another, have never been able to avail themselves of great concert experiences. And in all probability, these individuals will never be able to do so unless their communities, or perhaps public-spirited individuals or groups, make such experiences possible to a wider audience, say through the medium of Concerts on Film Library. The value to the community as a whole needs no pointing out.

And there are educational considerations, too. Young students musicians find an incalculable source of inspiration in filmed performances, since these reveal—and do so best of all by means of the special details available through a system such as the Concerts on Film Library—the professional musician's solution to problems of technique and performance. Perfection in the playing of a truly great musician can be said to provide nearly all the stimulus that is necessary to the discovery of exceptional new talent that might otherwise remain hidden. Not only the individual responds to it; his community also responds by instituting a search for him.

Close musical study, too, is furthered by these sound films, for films that can be shown at any time or place, and if necessary rerun as often as need be for the sake of clarifying particular aspects or details of performance, have an advantage over the usual sort of concert hall situation. Even audibility is likely to be better from a film projection than it is from the concert stage, unless the listener occupies one of the costliest seats.

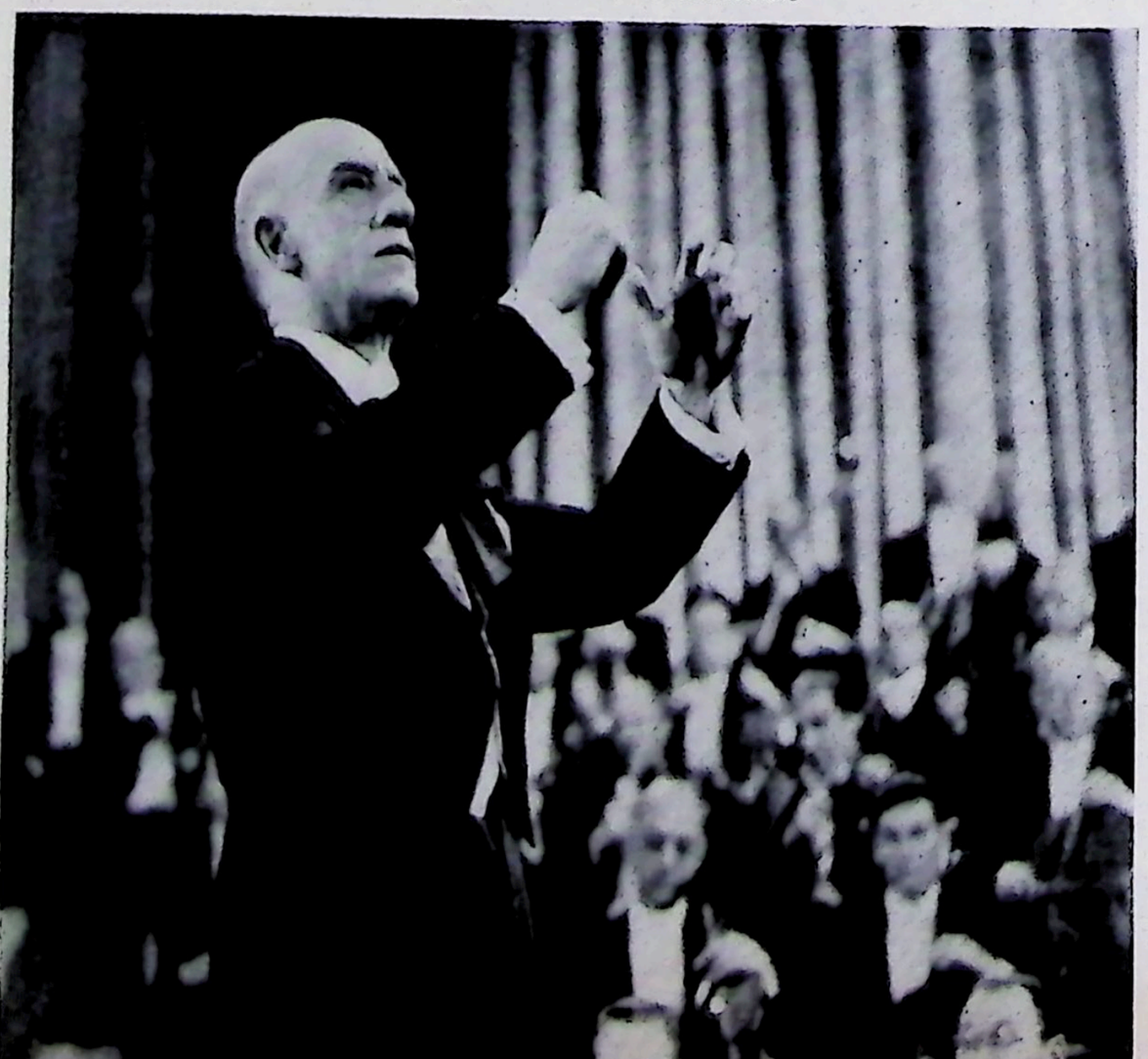
And since a workable plan for providing for the musical education of gifted young artists has been devised by the Musical Culture Society, by means of scholarships awarded to worthy individuals on the basis of sales of the Library, even this aspect of the Library's educational function deserves mention.

There are in addition a number of important, even if less cultural, concomitant uses that the Concerts on Film Library can be put to. To mention but two of these: there is recreation for employees of business or industrial firms, and for churches or clubs or other groups; and there is therapy, in hospitals, sanitariums, nursing homes and rehabilitation centers. To a greater or lesser extent, however, cultural and educational objectives are mixed in.

The Musical Culture Society of America announces its purpose simply and directly: it is "a foundation for the advancement of music through film concerts." This means, essentially, that the Society exists in order to give objective advice on the Library's new film undertakings, but, more particularly, to disseminate musical culture and the appreciation of music throughout the world, by means of the Concerts on Film Library.

Irving H. Mills serves as the Society's president; its honorary

Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the N. Y. Philharmonic



Contralto
Marian Anderson

board of advisers numbers some 18 distinguished individuals, some of whom are musicians and some of whom are music-minded laymen, with well-known Sol Hurok, great *impresario* of the concert stage, acting as the board's chairman, and with professional people of the caliber of Antal Dorati, Darius Milhaud, Eugene Ormandy, Ernst Toch, Roy Harris, Milton Katims, and Castelnuovo-Tedesco among its members. The primary function of the board has to do with making final selections of candidates for scholarship awards.

As the world's first—and thus far its only—collection of 16-millimeter musical motion pictures, the Library provides countless hours of musical enjoyment for countless hours of listeners. Irving Mills vouches for the fact that its worth has been solidly established, for the Library has already been adopted or endorsed as an audio-visual achievement by scores of schools, colleges, boards of education, public libraries, museums, churches, municipalities and community groups throughout the country.

The initial cost of producing and assembling the complete Library was far from small: a total expenditure of over $1,000,000 was required for this purpose. Irving Mills stipulated that the Musical Culture Society was to make the Library available to the public at a nominal cost of only $3000 for the entire 24 sound films. Use of the collection is strictly limited to educational and non-commercial enterprises, a restriction which makes tax-deduction of the purchase price possible whenever the Library is donated to non-profit institutions such as colleges, libraries and churches.

The $3000, obviously, is little more than a token payment for the Library, for it does not begin to cover the actual cost of producing the films. The latter, moreover, are specially treated in order to make them more durable, they are mounted on the usual metal reels and are stored in individual cans on a specially designed rack. Recently, the Library has made available at cost to purchasers special cloth-bound containers stamped in gold, handsome volumes that would look well in any setting. The price of the Library also covers the cost of a complete set of elaborate and carefully prepared study guides, one for every film in the collection. These guides supply supplementary information on the life and background of each artist represented on film, something about the composers and compositions in the programs of music, illustrative examples of thematic material in the music, and an outline and suggestions for the most effective use of each film. Running time for individual films in the series varies from 9 minutes to 28 minutes. Total showing time for the entire Library is nearly 9 hours.

Several proposed projects for the future extension of the Library's coverage are now being studied by the officers and board of directors of the Society. One of these calls for a series of sound films of great contemporary ballet stars and companies. Little or nothing has been done in this field, and the few silent film records of early ballet artists, (there is one of Pavlova, for instance) are anything but satisfactory. Another project would provide films of performers on unusual or less familiar musical instruments, such as the clarinet, the oboe, the bassoon, the tympani, the saxophone (as *concert orchestra* instruments) and the like.

No one realizes any more clearly than Irving Mills the size and possible scope of the Concerts on Film Library as an undertaking. Yet he has never lost his first enthusiasm for this exceptional venture into the realm of culture, and he has recently said, "The response of culture-minded people has been so great that I feel sufficiently encouraged to pursue the present plans for the Library on an even larger scale than was originally contemplated. For I now know that they can be brought to realization."

There is nothing like belief, firmly held to, on the part of a patron of the arts. It can work miracles, and it can bring about full realization of any worthwhile cultural idea, whether musical or not. ♦

José Iturbi, brilliant pianist

Poet of the guitar Andres Segovia

Hollywood String Quartet; one of the finest in the field

THE STORY OF...

Eyeglasses

by Sidney A. Fox, M.D.

Benjamin Franklin, inventor of bifocal lenses in 1784, wrote: "I therefore had formerly two pairs of spectacles, which I shifted occasionally as in travelling I sometimes read and often wanted to regard the prospects. Finding this change troublesome and not always sufficiently ready, I had the glasses cut, and half of each kind associated in the same circle . . ." Franklin's idea has given youthful vision to generations of spectacle wearers.

WE DO NOT KNOW who the inventor of spectacles was. But he must have been either an exceedingly modest man or a thoroughly frightened one. (There was plenty of justification for his fright, as you will see.) In fact, the very origin of optical media is shrouded in obscurity. Vague, apocryphal reports of the Chaldeans using some sort of magnifying devices 4000 years before Christ have filtered through. They probably used such materials as quartz or rock crystal, held in front of the eyes by hand.

Around 200 B. C. we hear of Archimedes setting fire to an attacking Roman fleet by focusing the sun's rays on its sails with powerful lenses or mirrors. It is hard to believe that they had such highly perfected optical instruments in those days. But it *is* a neat story. The old violinist Nero is said to have used a precious stone mounted in a ring as an aid to vision – the first monocle in history.

Somewhere in the middle of the Middle Ages, human ingenuity hit upon the idea of sticking lenses into frames and hanging them in front of the eyes. It seems that, among others, the Chinese, the English Roger Bacon, an Italian named D'Armato and a Dominican friar named Spina all invented eyeglasses. And they all invented them first, if you would believe the literature.

The Chinese claim is backed by the restless Marco Polo, who is reported to have seen spectacles in China around the end of the 13th century. The report is vague, because his interest in them seems to have been overshadowed by his delighted appreciation of that far greater boon to humanity, gunpowder. I cannot vouch for Roger Bacon's claim to priority, though it seems well established that he did use some sort of magnifying lenses. And he is known to have sent a convex glass to Pope Clement IV as an aid to reading.

D'Armato offers the only documentary evidence – if you want to call it that. His tombstone bears the well known inscription: "Here lies Salvino D'Armato of the Armati of Florence. Inventor of spectacles. God pardon him his sins. A.D. 1317." Of Spina very little is known other than that he died in 1313.

When spectacles burst forth in all their vitreous splendor on a startled world, the pious raised their hands in holy horror. They

Alhazen, Arabian mathematician of the eleventh century, made careful studies of the refraction of light and disproved the ancient theory that visual rays emanated from the eye.

were outraged at this blasphemous attempt to improve on the handiwork of the Almighty. Those whom the Lord made blind were not intended to see. And they inveighed against these instruments of the devil, which should never, never desecrate their holy noses, with all the heartiness that only a righteous zeal can evoke. No wonder the inventor, whoever he was, hid his light under a bushel. Thus, at their very inception, eyeglasses came into the world accursed.

First made in Venice, medieval center of the glass industry, and then in Germany, spectacles were adopted but slowly at first – and mostly by the older male population. Lack of feminine enthusiasm is adequately explained by existing portraits immortalizing the crude, unwieldly monstrosities of the 14th century.

As time went on, the obvious value of eyeglasses – even those early atrocities – made sacred interdictions not wholly successful. The educated and wealthy began to adopt them slowly. Thus in 1386 we already have Chaucer alluding to the "spectakel ... through which he may his veray frendes see." And in some unregenerate circles they even became a mark of intelligence, to be worn whether or nay. In 17th century Spain, glasses "were taken in high society as signs of elegance, distinction, superiority and gravity." And you remember Tom Sawyer's aunt, who later wore spectacles "built 'for style,' not service – she could have seen through a pair of stovelids just as well."

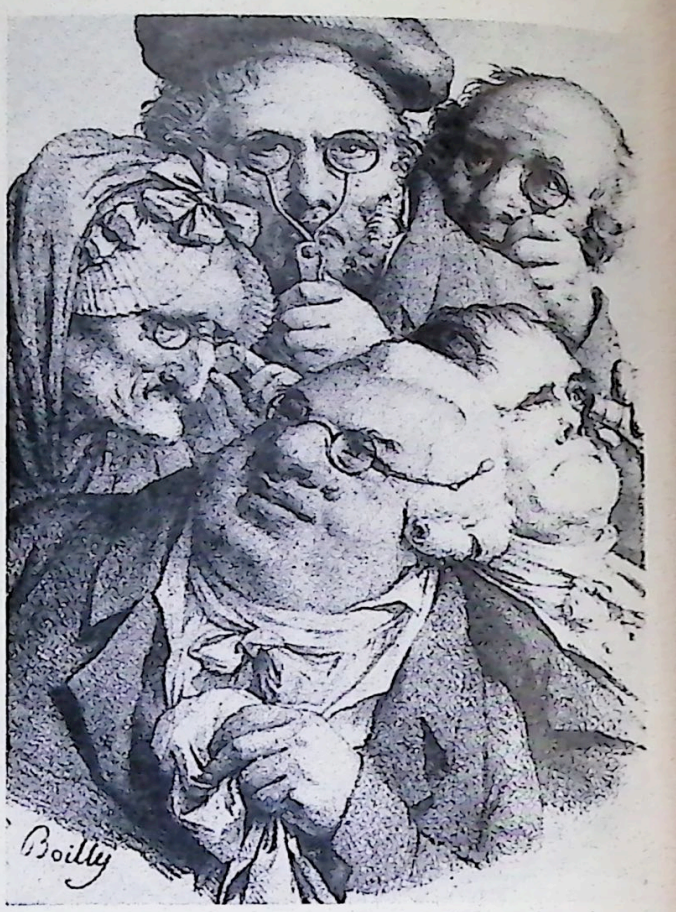
It is a far cry from the crude spectacles of those early days to the modern glasses, which comparatively, are a thing of beauty if not a joy forever. Science has not only enabled us to see better with them but has even given them to us in sizes, colors, materials, shapes and styles to please the most exacting, with a few left over for the less finicky. Word even comes of a new plastic material, lighter and less fragile than glass, that may in time replace glass spectacles.

The truth is that eyeglasses have been developed by human ingenuity to help the eyes to see. They are our only means of correcting many structural, muscular and senile eye defects. In many cases they not only help us to see better, but they also relieve us of such symptoms as headache, eyestrain, burning, itching, redness

Legend has it that spectacles were worn in China as early as 500 B.C., the time of Confucius; Marco Polo reported them in general use there about 1275 A.D.

By the 14th century, the decorative value of eyeglasses had been discovered, and street vendors in Europe sold crude spectacles as an adornment and as an aid to vision.

During the 16th century, street vendors and gypsies selling spectacles from stalls prophesied wealth and power for wearers.



By the 19th century, eyeglasses were made in many ingenious forms and were worn as symbols of prudence, virtue and great learning.

El Greco's painting of a Cardinal wearing eyeglasses indicates that by 1600 the old notion that spectacles were the agents of sin was generally disregarded.

Painting of a Lady of Fashion in 1894

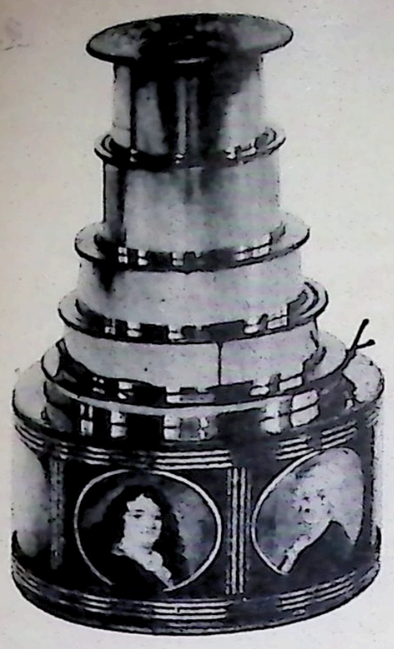
of the eyes—symptoms that may be due to eyes in need of help.

We wear glasses for two notable reasons. In order of importance they are (1) to be comfortable and (2) to see well. You will note that comfort comes first; it was not always so. At their inception in the 13th century, glasses were worn simply to improve vision. It was not until the 1870s—a matter of 600 years—that the connection between general bodily symptoms and eyestrain was pointed out by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia. He was a neurologist who noticed that many of his patients complaining of headache, nervousness, dizziness and other general symptoms, who could not be relieved in other ways, were often benefited by properly fitted glasses.

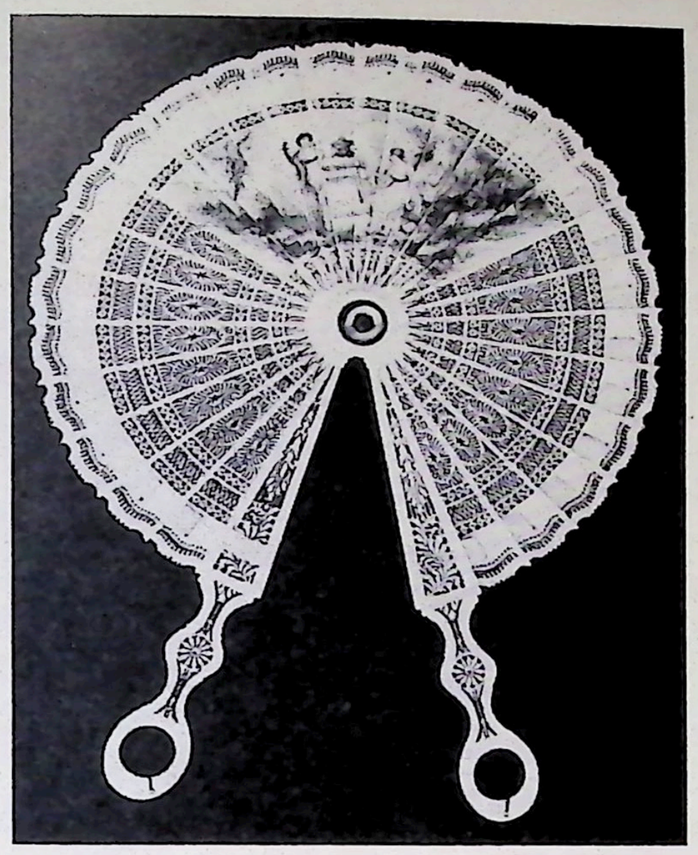
Dr. Mitchell, more than anyone else, deserves the credit for showing us that the prescribing of glasses, hitherto almost entirely in the hands of the nonmedical technician, is a proper function of the physician. Since his day, eyeglasses have become an important therapeutic instrument in the hands of the doctor. And from the medical point of view, glasses are at least as important for the treatment of various general bodily disorders traceable to poor eyes as they are for the improvement of vision. That is why I place comfort ahead of vision. Of course, the two are closely bound together, but the comfort and freedom from general symptoms that eyeglasses give are of paramount importance.

Glasses enable the eye to work more efficiently by doing to light rays what the faulty eye cannot do for itself. But it is well to remember that eyes, when given "normal" vision with glasses, are still not as good as the eyes that need no glasses, despite the equality of vision. Worked beyond their capacity, such eyes often rebel. They must be treated reasonably and rested occasionally.

When you hear people say: "I don't want to start wearing glasses, because I'll have to wear them all the time," you are in the presence of a myth. We simply forget how poorly we once saw, and, having become accustomed to better things, we find the change so marked

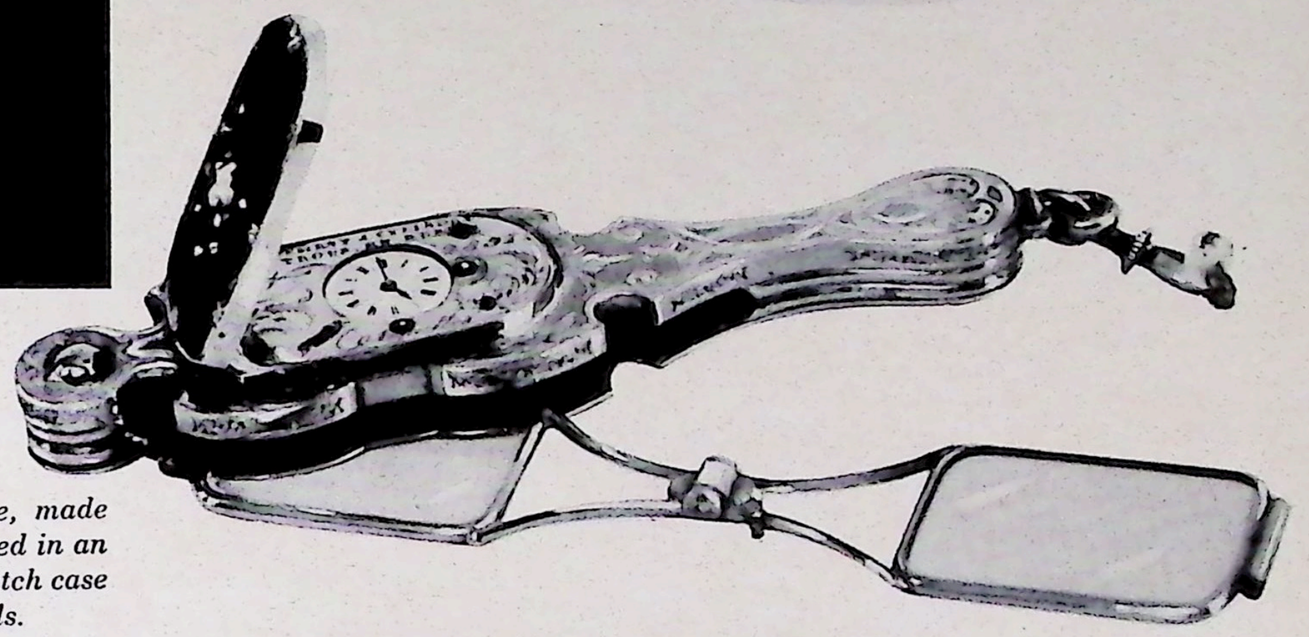


Spyglasses exquisitely adorned with miniatures of philosophers and authors were once high French fashion.



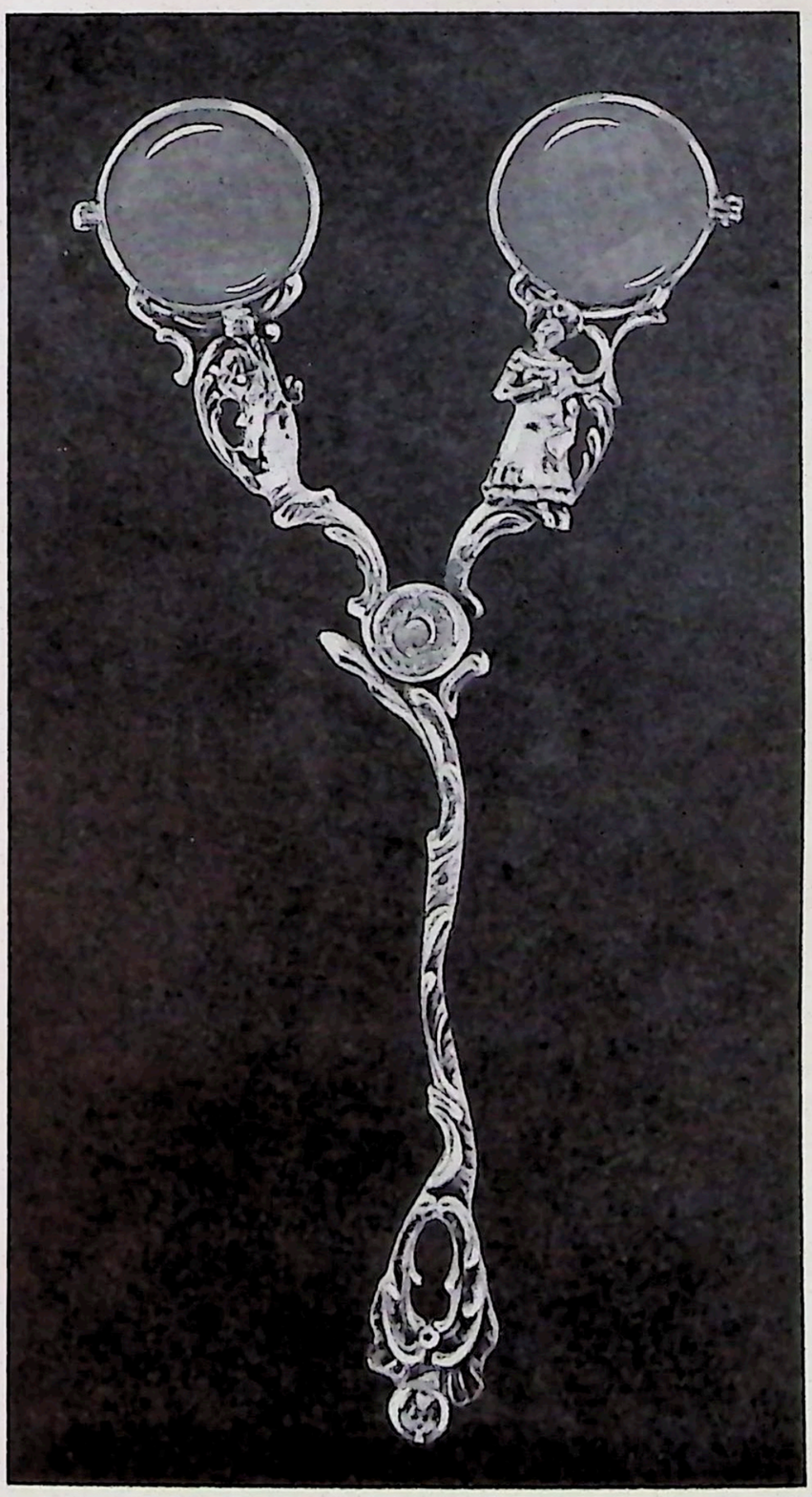
Said to have had a truly devastating effect when properly used, this French Ivory fan contained a small lens secreted at its center.

Small spyglasses were much in vogue during the 18th and 19th centuries. This Wedgwood example is one of the two of its kind known to exist today.



This folding lorgnette, made about 1840, is contained in an ornate blue enamel watch case studded with diamonds.

The French fancied folding lorgnettes in 1840.

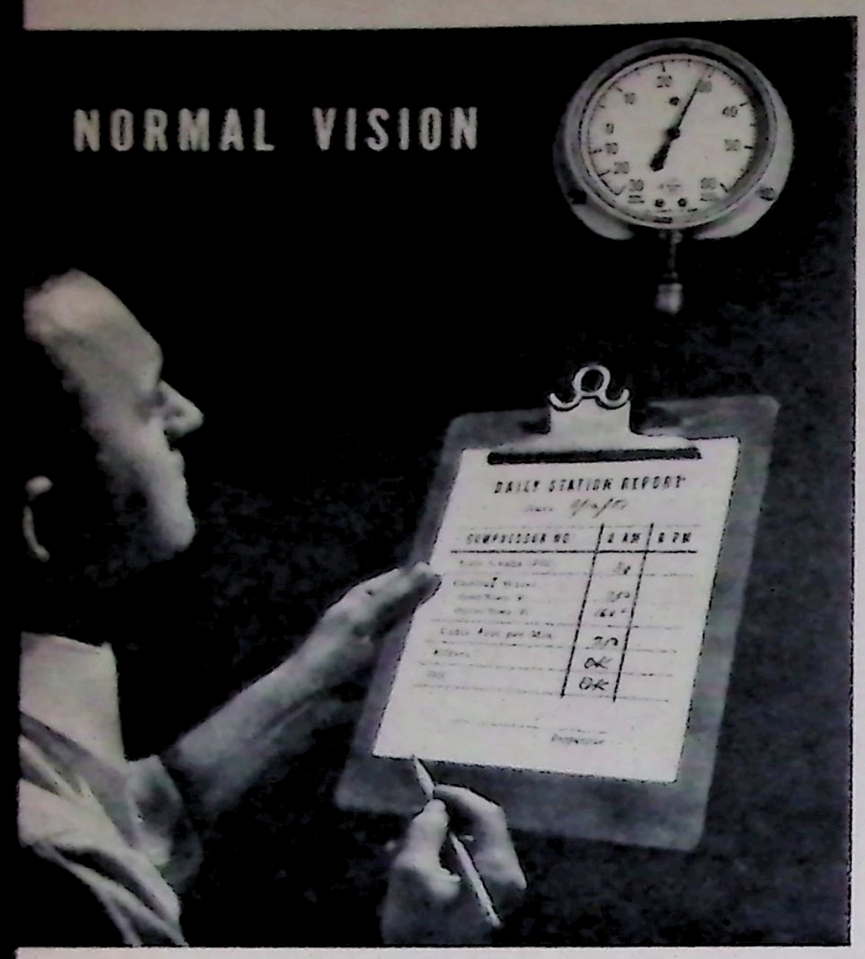


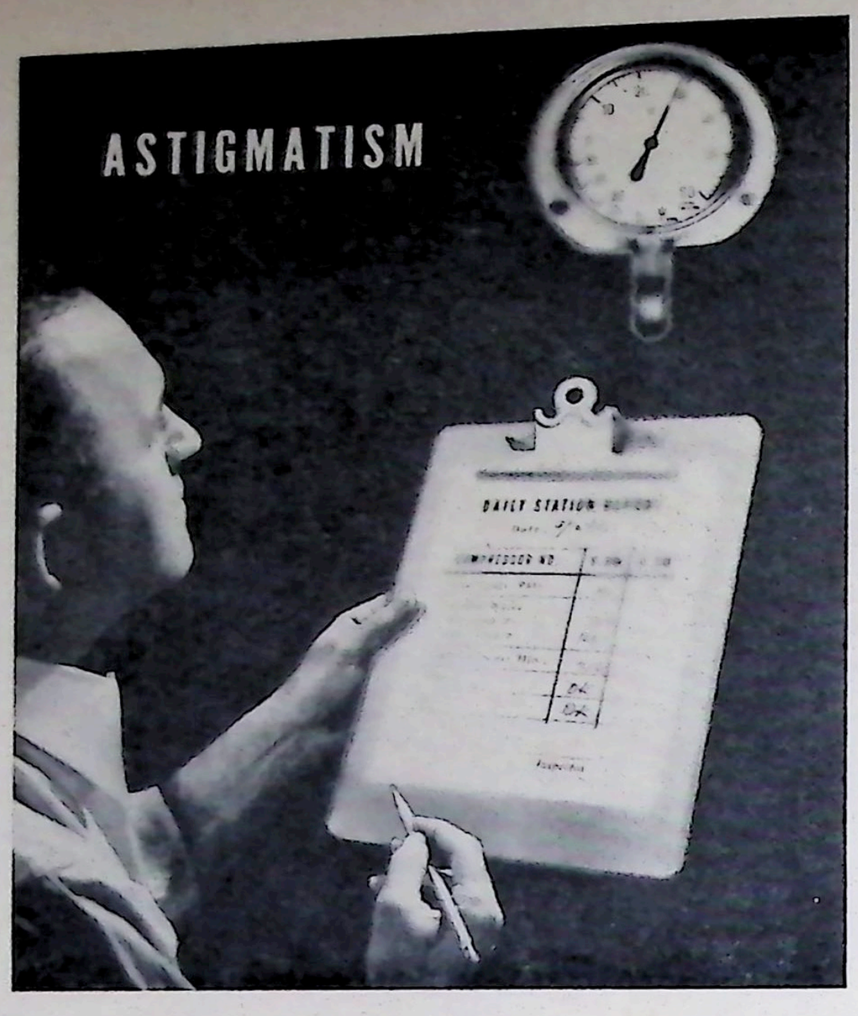
when the glasses are removed that we think the eyes have become "spoiled." Having become used to seeing better with glasses, the eyes rebel at poorer vision when the glasses are taken off. It is not because they have changed. The remarkable fables extant about the malevolent effect of glasses are – fables.

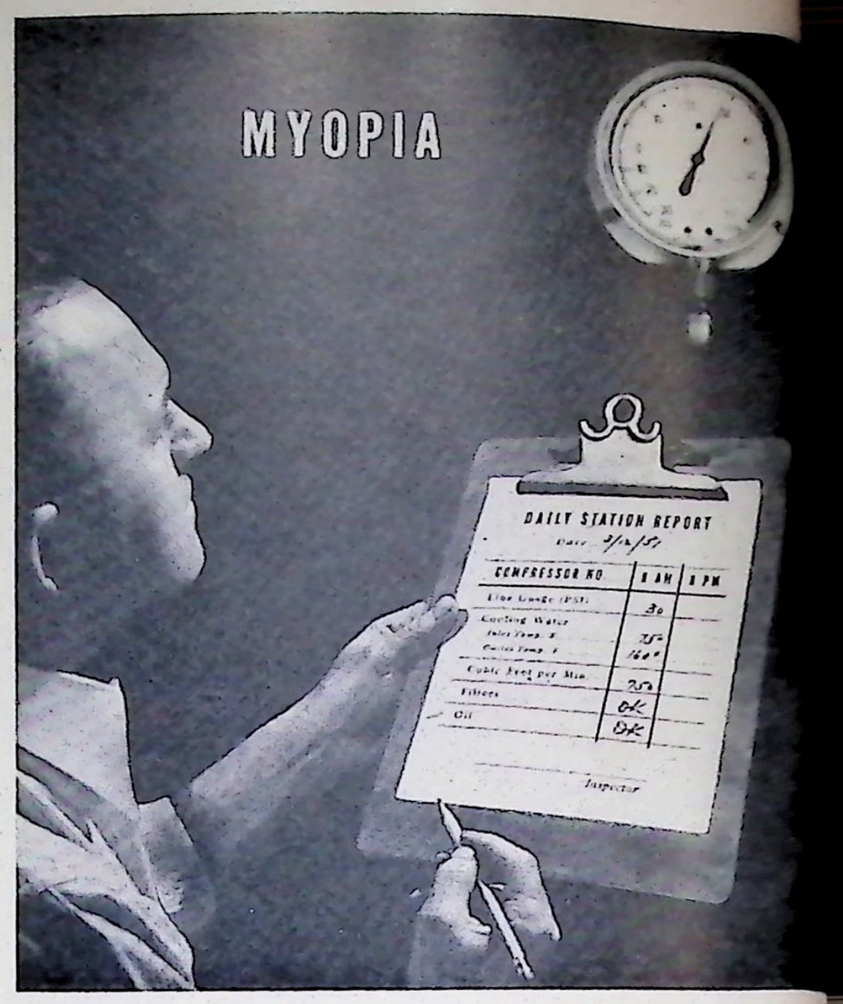
When the inevitable cannot be staved off any longer and glasses must be worn, there are certain questions which patients invariably ask. "Do I have to wear the glasses all the time?" is the favorite. Such a question is hard to answer categorically. Each case is a special problem, to be discussed with the physician and decided individually. In general, let me say that an eye that needs glasses is never better off without them. You may have to wear them every waking moment of the day and night. On the other hand it may be necessary to wear them only when the eyes are at work: reading, sewing, knitting, in school, office, movies, theater. You may be able to dispense with them on the street, at a party or at a dance, where the eyes are not used intensively.

It is not giving away any trade secrets to state that an ophthalmologist, even when he feels that glasses had best be worn all the time, must sometimes compromise and settle for less. He knows that unless this is done some patients simply will not wear their glasses at all. It is a harsh thing to say, but the doctor is often driven to desperation by nearsighted women who come year after year religiously to have their eyes examined, spend energy, time and money for glasses – and then wear them in their handbags!

Another question frequently asked concerns the type of frame to buy. In most cases it really does not matter very much. For those wearing the stronger corrections, requiring heavier lenses, the full frame is better than the rimless type, because of its greater firmness and solidity. This is especially true if the lens contains a correction for astigmatism. You will remember that such lenses have to be set in front of the eye at an exact angle for clearest vision.







The least twist will make things look blurry, especially if the astigmatism is of high degree; hence the more solid frame is preferable here. In such cases another word of caution is necessary: Don't get frames that are perfectly round. Round lenses will sometimes turn in their frames because of constant jolting and handling or the twisting motion of wiping – when you do wipe them. This will throw them out of alignment, and they will require frequent adjustment.

Much thought has gone into improving the appearance and disappearance of glasses – thick or thin. There are the easily hidden folding glasses that can be whisked out of sight after use. The beribboned oxford and the aristocratic lorgnette can also be discreetly tucked away. The monocle, too, is quickly disposable. And it is often more than a curious affectation. It is not quite so useless as it might appear. Our Continental cousins have a talent for making a virtue of necessity. On close investigation you will usually find that the monocle is a well ground lens that helps its wearer see with that one eye. Of course, the monocle does require facial contortions that make one wonder whether the result is worth the effort. But it is a convenient gadget.

The latest wrinkle in eyeglasses is the contact lens. This is the little shell of glass that is placed directly on the eyeball behind the lids. As is the case with many new inventions, the germs of the idea are quite old. As early as 1827, Herschel, an English physicist, suggested these "invisible" lenses. But at that time the art of grinding and fitting optical glass was not sufficiently perfected. Nor had glasses become so common and unpopular.

And yet, with all our improved methods, the contact lens cannot displace the framed spectacle. Original enthusiastic expectations have not been borne out completely. It is true that some patients can wear contact lenses comfortably. And they are practically invisible, which is of course an important advantage to the general public. But others can wear them for only a few hours at a time. In such conditions as pinkeye, hay fever, distortion of the lids, they cannot and should not be used. They are still expensive and fragile, and they often require long and troublesome adjustment.

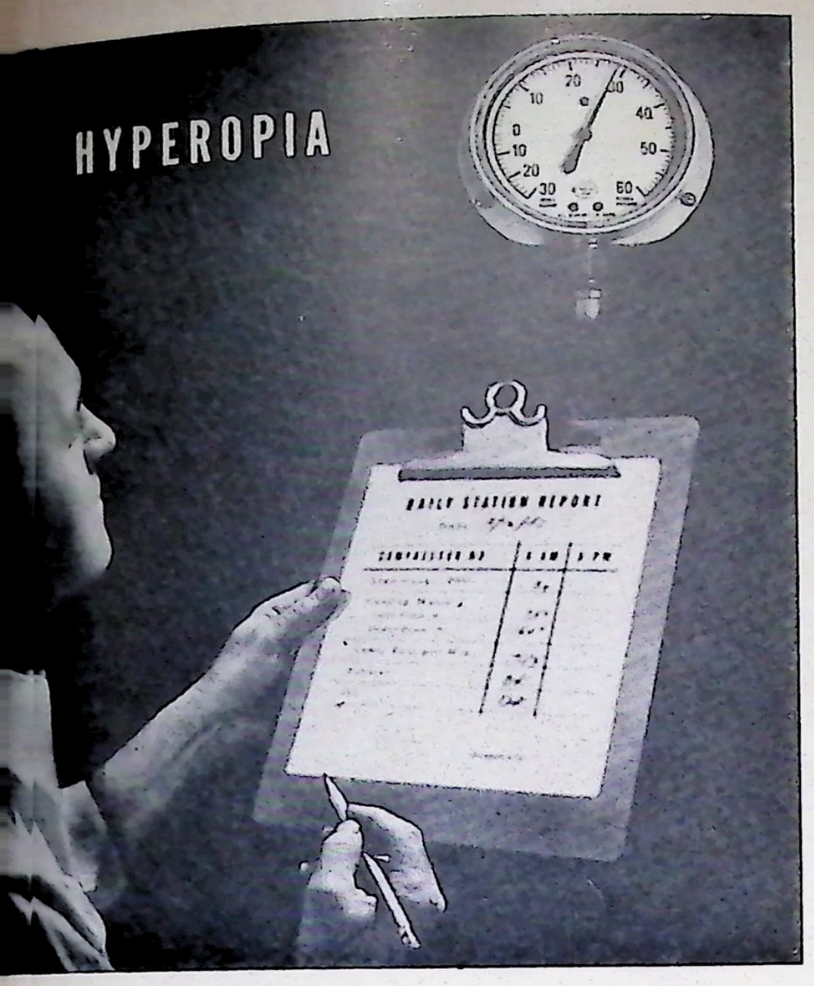
Recently they have been made by taking an exact cast of the front of the eye and then making a contact shell of glass from this mold. This is an improvement over the old empirical method of fitting stock lenses until the most nearly suitable one is found. Within the past few years, also, some have been made of plastic material, which answers the objection of fragility. On the other hand, these scratch more easily.

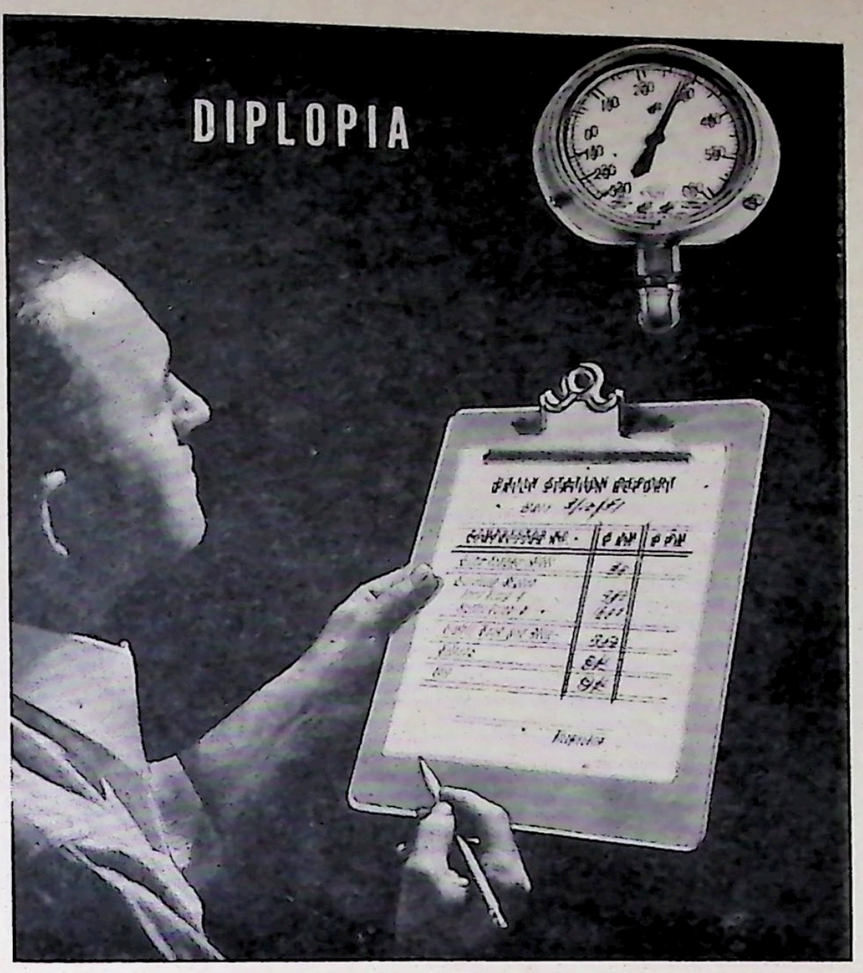
Contact lenses are of definite value in some disease conditions, such as scars and irregularities of the cornea, and in paralysis of the lids, which prevents complete closure of the eye and thus exposes the cornea to drying and infection. Also, in cases where a cataract has been removed from one eye, they have been used successfully to equalize the vision of the two eyes. They have also been suggested for use by athletes in the rougher sports, where ordinary glasses are a hazard. They are valuable in the very high degree of nearsightedness and farsightedness, especially in the case of public performers who wish to conceal their visual infirmities.

And now for a few don'ts: Don't put off that eye examination because you feel that you will inevitably end up with a prescription for glasses. You may not need glasses at all; your symptoms may be due to something else entirely. About a third of all patients who walk into the oculist's or optometrist's office – resigned to wear glasses – find that they do not need them after all.

Don't buy your glasses by long distance. It is at least as important to have glasses properly fitted as shoes; and they sometimes require adjustment and repair. Don't send for them; go yourself.

Don't fit yourself with a pair of glasses from a store counter. Such lenses scratch easily, are unevenly surfaced and give color reflexes – not always rosy. Ill-fitting frames cut the nose, chafe the





Scientific instruments in expert hands characterize prescription of modern eyeglasses.

The fitting of a pair of lenses to the eyes, not so long ago, was a matter of trial and error. With the device pictured above, you merely turned the knobs and selected your own lenses. Today, accurate vision testing devices like the one below, in the hands of trained scientists, can create the precise correction provided through any one of 80 quadrillion different pairs of glasses.

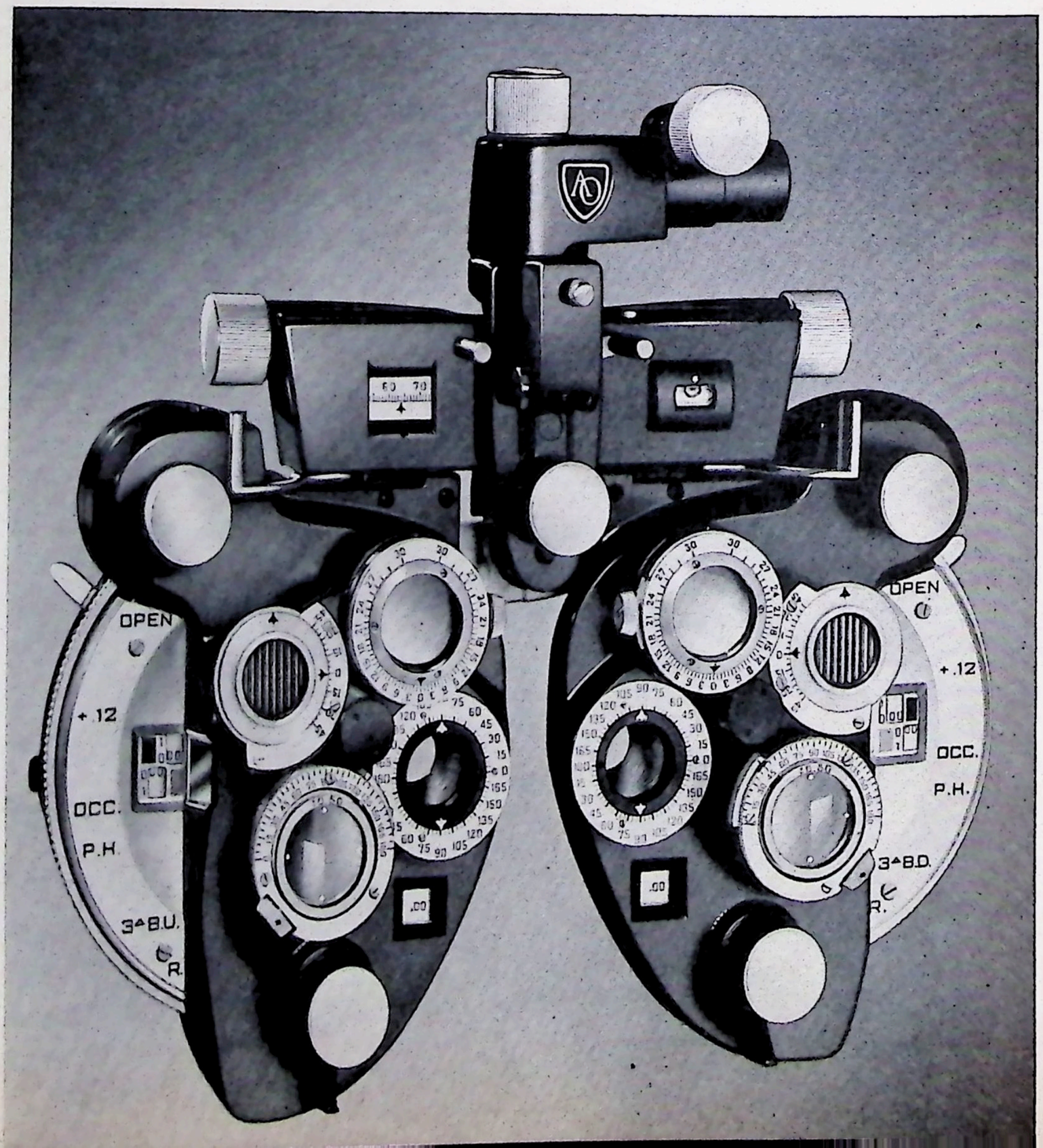
ears and slide all over the face. But of greater importance is the fact that such glasses are made presumably with both lenses of equal strength. Now of all rare things that the Lord has manufactured, a pair of identical eyes is one of the rarest. And the purchaser must therefore resort to the Procrustean method of fitting his eyes to his glasses, a system not recommended for comfort.

Don't be one of the many users who do not know whether they are nearsighted or farsighted. If you are interested — and you should be — it is easy to find out. Hold your glasses about 10 inches in front of your eyes and close one eye. With the other, look through one lens at a time at some object not too far away. Now move the lens slowly up and down and back and forth. If the object looked at moves with the lens, it is a concave or nearsighted correction — if against, it is a convex or farsighted glass.

To determine an astigmatic correction, look through the glass at some straight line, such as the edge of a bookcase or window frame. Now turn your glasses slowly so that the lenses are one above the other instead of side by side as normally worn. If during this maneuver the line looked at remains straight, there is no astigmatic correction. If it appears to break, then you have such a correction incorporated into your lens. Some will find lenses through which the object moves *with* in one direction and *against* in the other. These are for eyes with so-called mixed astigmatism, which are nearsighted in one meridian and farsighted in the other.

Don't leave your eyeglasses lying around naked and don't set them down so that they rest on the lenses. This will get them all scratched up very soon and will cloud the vision. Tucking them into a book for safekeeping is also very poor reasoning: Nowhere else are they as likely to get squashed. And wipe them, occasionally at least. Why handicap yourself with an artificial fog?

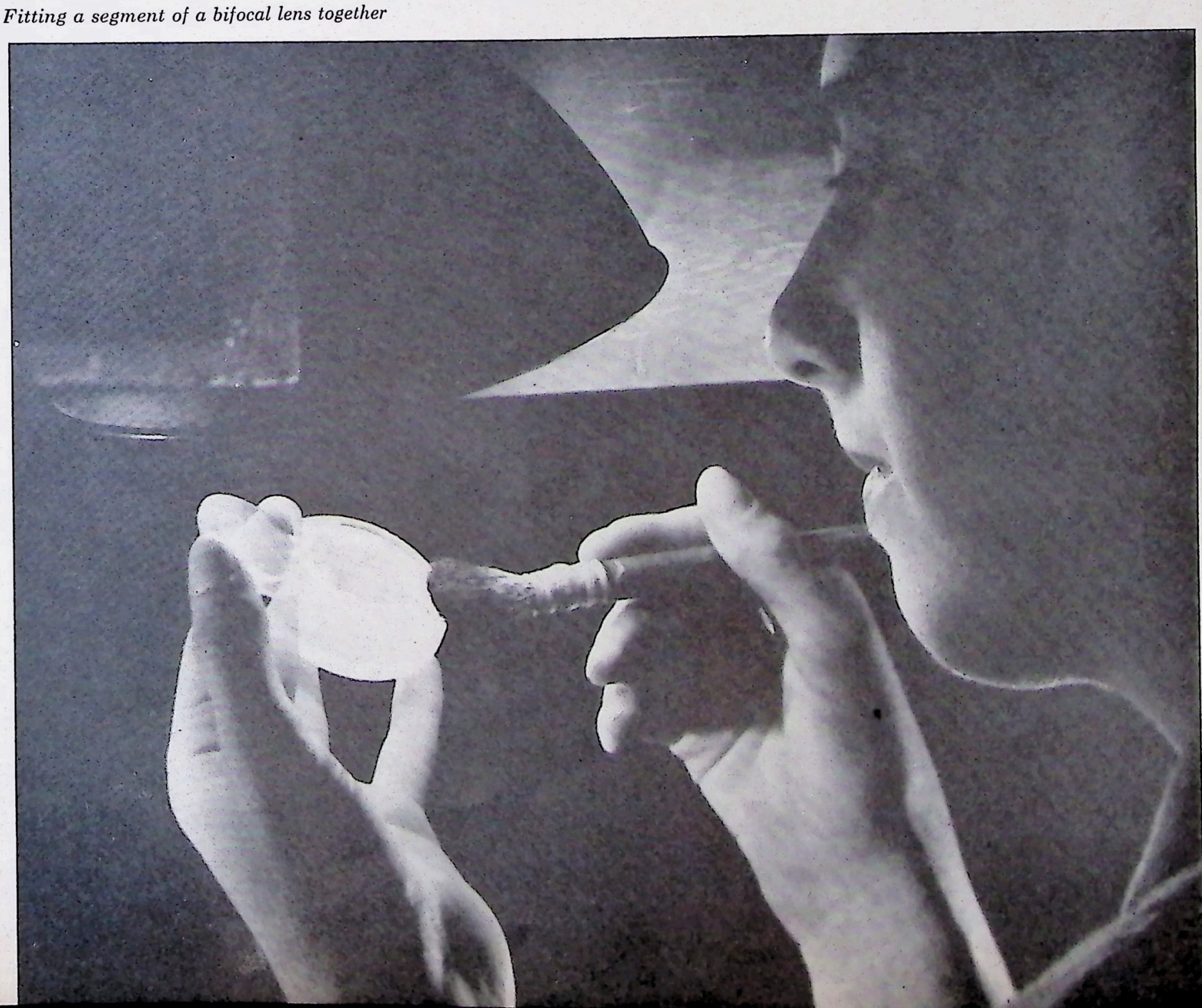
And, finally, don't repine too much about having to wear glasses. Many dislike it — few love it. But sometime when you feel particularly rebellious, try answering this question: would you rather eyeglasses had never been invented? ♦

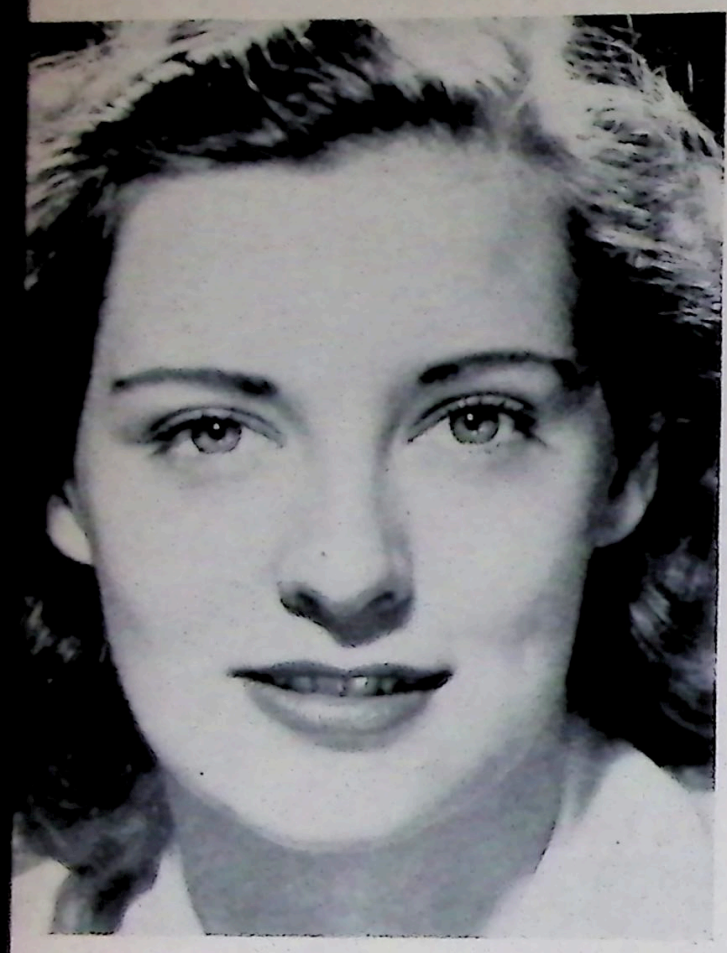


A precision lens grinding machine

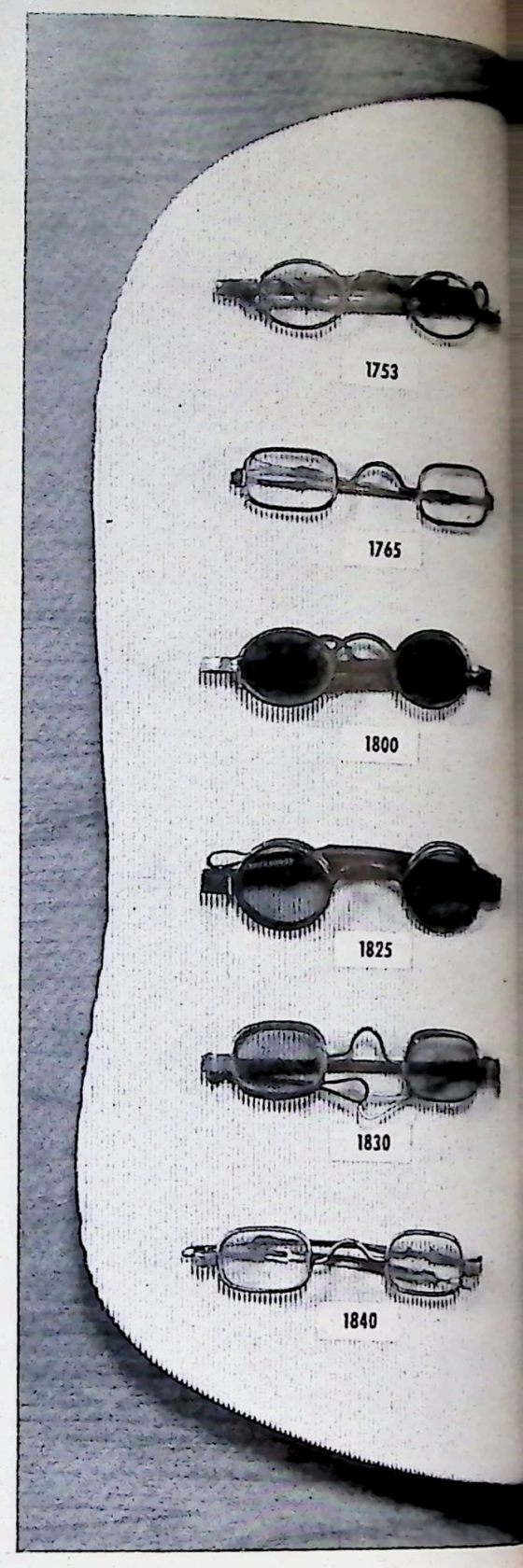
The transition from inadequate and crude eyeglasses "sold" by street vendors to modern lenses produced by precise refractive measurement has occurred chiefly during the past fifty years. The penchant for "fashion" in eyewear has not diminished, but the comfort and health of the wearer have increased immeasurably.

Fitting a segment of a bifocal lens together

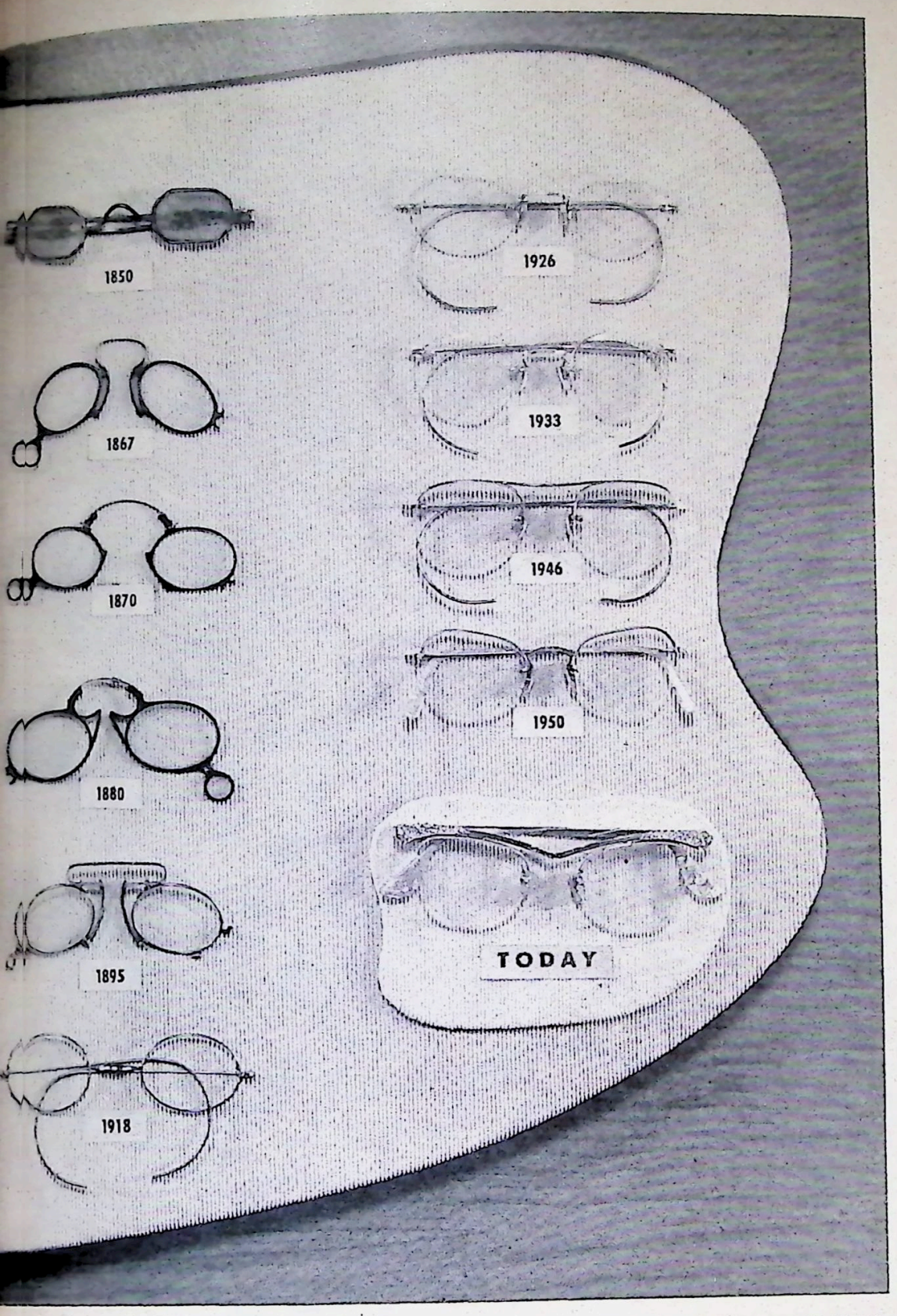




The newest development in eyewear is the contact or corneal lens. Worn invisibly on the eye, the patient first learns from the doctor how to put them in place. The patient here wears a contact lens on her left eye.

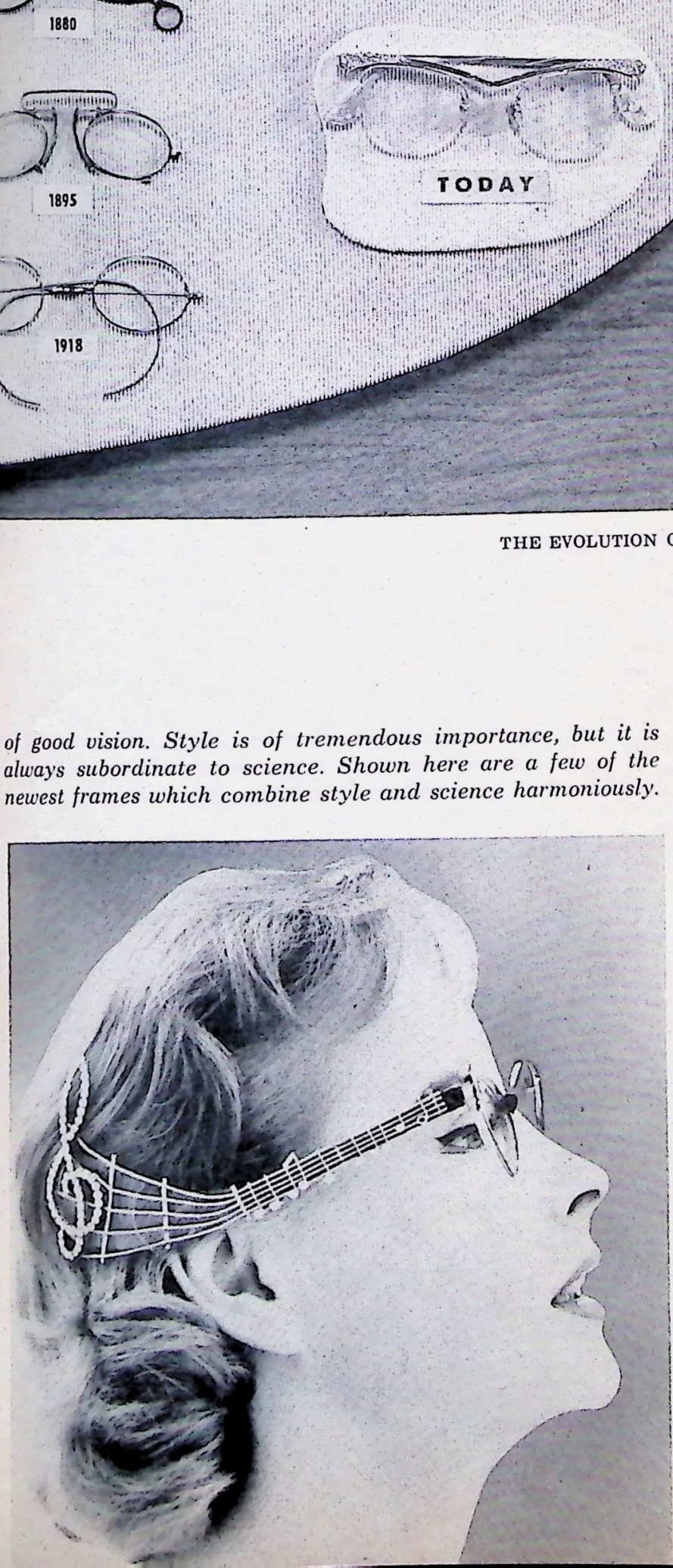


Although plastic frames date back as far as 1880, they have come a long way in the past few years and are now worn in many varied shapes and all the colors of the rainbow. Modern eyewear is based, first and foremost, upon scientific principles



THE EVOLUTION OF EYEGLASSES

of good vision. Style is of tremendous importance, but it is always subordinate to science. Shown here are a few of the newest frames which combine style and science harmoniously.



What makes people

THE WORLD IS NOT DIVIDED into two groups of people – those who are honest and those who are dishonest. The truth is that no one is entirely honest or entirely dishonest. We all have our pet honesties and our pet dishonesties. If we look carefully at ourselves and others, we discover that each of us is honest in many ways, dishonest in a few. A person who had never done anything dishonest would be a unique individual. Some people, of course, are habitually dishonest – and on a larger scale. These are the criminals in our society.

In some circumstances, under strains, any one of us might "play dirty," cheat or lie, no matter how honest we ordinarily are. For example, it was found that students who wouldn't cheat on an exam to get themselves better grades may cheat if a class standing is at stake. A championship basketball team with a reputation for good sportsmanship resorted to roughness and unfair play when its opponents put the heat on in a crucial game. A person with a high regard for the truth might lie to protect someone else.

If we lie, cheat or steal under certain circumstances, it does not mean that we are basically dishonest, or that we will continue to be dishonest. No one is born either honest or dishonest. Honesty is *learned*. Small children often walk off with another child's toy, tell fantastic tales or disregard the rules of a game. This is not because they are born thieves or liars or cheats. Nor does it mean that they lack some vital organ that makes people honest. No such organ exists in any of us. Young children simply have not yet *learned* to be honest.

Learning honesty is part of growing up; it is *not* like learning algebra or swimming or cooking. Honesty can't be learned as a separate skill. It's tied up with everything we say and do – with the way we react toward lost wallets, friends, family, teachers, employers and husband or wife. So we must learn to *apply* honesty in all these situations. And just as we may grow into certain dishonesties, we can also grow out of them.

Why, then, are some people generally honest and others generally dishonest? This question has always puzzled philosophers. One explanation for dishonesty is that the dishonest person *wants too much*. A person may steal because he needs money. (Everyone, however, needs money.) The salesman who lies to his customers or misrepresents his product also wants something. He wants to get ahead. (Most of us want to get ahead, but we don't all lie to do so.) The student who cheats will tell you he does so to get a good grade. (All students, however, want passing grades.)

A person is likely to begin cheating when he has difficulty getting what he wants, or when he finds dishonesty the easiest way to get it. The thief may have had a hard time getting a job, or he may have found work unpleasant. The dishonest salesman may lie because by doing so he can make sales more easily. The student who cheats may feel the exam is too difficult for him to pass, and that it is easier to make crib notes than it is to spend several hours studying.

We all want things. We all have ambition. Certainly there's nothing wrong with that. But we don't all cheat to get what we want. Other workers, salesmen and students facing the same difficulties will not steal, lie or cheat. Even the dishonest person who wants something very much will not stoop to *every* dishonesty to get what he wants. So the fact that people want something doesn't explain *why* they are dishonest.

Could you classify honest people as cowardly and dishonest ones as courageous? One person says he never cheats, because he really is afraid to cheat. Does fear really keep people honest? Studies say it does not. It's true that you're scared the first time you cheat or lie. You think of the shame and embarrassment of being caught and perhaps exposed. You think of the penalty you'd probably have to pay, and of how disappointed your family and friends would be. But once you lie or cheat successfully, the next time isn't nearly as frightening. After a while it becomes quite ordinary, and you no longer have any fear. In fact, you may get a thrill out of the danger involved.

You will probably go through the whole process again when you try a different brand of cheating. You'll start out scared but wind up finding the new dishonesty easy, too. You may break into a cold sweat now and then when you think what might happen if you were caught, but that isn't likely to prevent you from continuing along the same route. Dishonesty is usually a sign of a basic problem. It's a symptom, a signal that the individual has some personality disturbance, a disorder that may be either mild or serious. For that reason, fear as a preventive for crime and dishonesty is apt to be overrated. Dishonesty may be a sign of immaturity – of failure to grow up. It may be an indication of other failures to adjust to life, to solve problems satisfactorily.

The person who shoplifts for the thrill of stealing, not because he needs what he steals, is one extreme case of dishonesty resulting from a disturbed personality. The same is true of people who start fires because they get pleasure from them. Some criminals begin their careers because they have guilty feelings about some unpunished wrong they have done. They find relief in bringing punishment on themselves, usually for far more serious acts than the original one. The capable man who for some reason feels inferior, can't hold down a job and turns to burglary for a living is still another example of dishonesty caused by unsatisfactory adjustment to life.

These examples are extreme, and the explanations for criminal activities are somewhat oversimplified. The causes behind poor adjustments and personality disturbances are much more complicated than we have shown here. Another point to remember is that not all criminals come from the slums. Disturbed people who turn to crime may come from any walk of life. Most of us don't shoplift, start fires or rob banks. But even our smaller dishonesties, if we commit them frequently, are the result of personality disturbances. The person who cannot adapt himself to the rules – who cheats, lies or steals to get what he needs or wants – has some weakness or some problem that steers him off the normal path into a side-street solution.

DISHONEST?

We know that our honesty doesn't depend on the proportions of greed and fear in our make-up. Modern psychology does not go along with the idea that greed makes us dishonest, and that fear keeps us honest. The truth is that our motives are much better than we give ourselves credit for. Most of us know that the things in life we prize can't be won through dishonesty. A sense of satisfaction with ourselves and our work, close and trustworthy friends, the security of a job we can do well, a successful marriage – such prizes do not come from dishonesty. The desire for these things is our *real* motive for being honest, and on this we can build a more honest life.

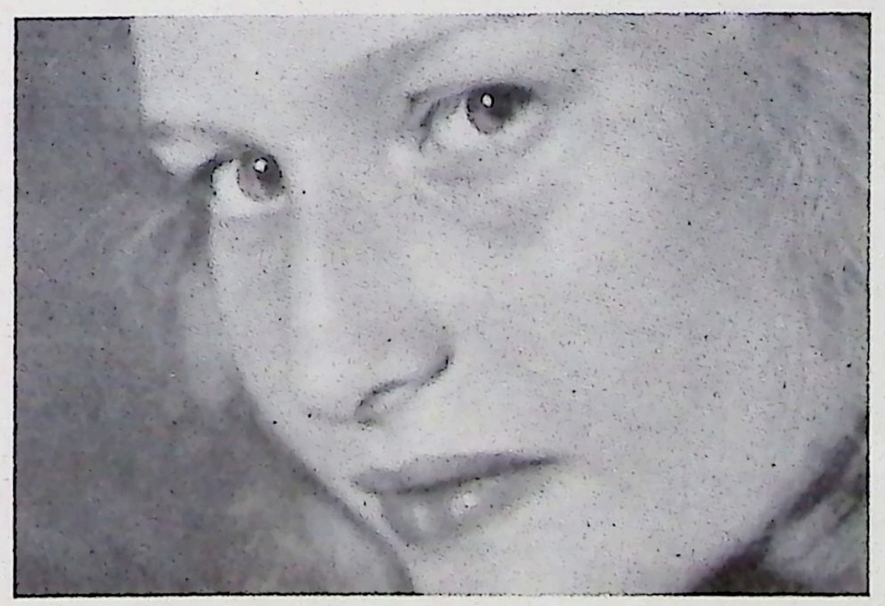
When you have discovered a dishonesty in yourself, you have found only a symptom. You are then ready to look deeper, to try to find out what has brought about this dishonesty. You may be able to determine the difficulty that has caused your dishonesty by studying yourself, by trying to bring your picture of yourself into focus. Maybe you will find that it is a sense of inadequacy, a failure to grow up in all departments of your life or a false sense of values that has caused your difficulty.

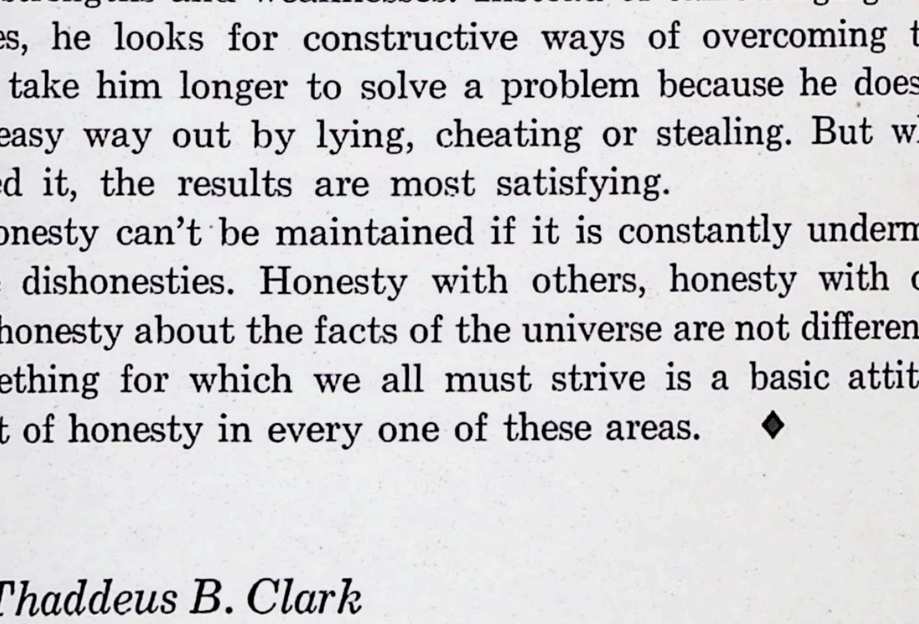
It is always helpful to take your problems to a trusted person – a parent, a teacher, the guidance counselor or adviser at school, your minister, priest or rabbi. Because these people know you well, because they have had experience with such problems, or because they have had professional training in handling these matters, they can give you valuable aid. They will be able to look at you objectively and thus give you a more accurate picture of your strengths and weaknesses. With their help you can set up new goals.

The honest person is one who is on the way to understanding himself. He is making satisfactory adjustments. He knows his own strengths and weaknesses. Instead of camouflaging the weaknesses, he looks for constructive ways of overcoming them. It may take him longer to solve a problem because he doesn't take the easy way out by lying, cheating or stealing. But when he's solved it, the results are most satisfying.

Honesty can't be maintained if it is constantly undermined by little dishonesties. Honesty with others, honesty with ourselves and honesty about the facts of the universe are not different things. Something for which we all must strive is a basic attitude and habit of honesty in every one of these areas. ♦

by Thaddeus B. Clark





The Psychology of

Overcoming Emotional Depression

by John J. B. Morgan

WHEN IS ONE JUSTIFIED in being grieved? Grief has an important function is life, and, if that function is understood, we are not likely to let it be supplanted by self-pity—which may do harm.

When you lose your money, when your job disappears in thin air, when your best friend dies, when you discover that your plans cannot materialize, when your confidence in other persons is shaken by the perfidy of someone you trusted . . . when any of these things happen, you must change your course to make allowance for the unexpected misfortunes. You would prefer to go on the way you have been doing, but you cannot. Things are different—you must stop, you change your plans, evolve a new philosophy of life, get a new ambition or adjust to the loneliness which the loss of your loved one requires. You cannot be sure just how you will do this; the blow is so sudden that you cannot adjust in a moment. You need time to think, to get your bearings. Grief is merely the name for the emotion you feel so long as you are in this state of dazed indecision. Grief, then, is a characteristic of the enforced inactivity which has resulted from some sudden, unwelcome and unexpected change. Its intensity is in proportion to the violence of the shock and the extent to which you must change your outlook on life.

True grief has an important function in life. It incites us to efforts to escape the discomfort which goes with it. This discomfort is a valuable spur to us to do something. We wish to escape our unhappiness and, consequently, look about us for some new adjustment. If it were not for the urge which arises from the unpleasantness of grief, many of us would never readjust our lives when misfortune does come our way. We might succumb to inactivity and permit life to swallow us up instead of fighting back.

If grief fails to perform its essential function, if it is unable to drive us on to a readjustment, we may find ourselves developing a chronic grief. Such grief may seem so much less painful than the prospect of facing life that we put all our attention upon the way we feel. We nurse our feelings instead of effecting a readjustment. If we were honest we would be forced to admit that this is a weak and childish way to respond to the unexpected misfortune, so we adopt a clever way of being weak and childish and still maintaining our self-esteem. We magnify the trouble which has befallen us. We picture to ourselves the extreme happiness of which we have been deprived. We contrast with this the terrible plight in which we find ourselves and do all we can to increase the contrast. We tell ourselves and our friends that we need pity. If they agree, we use this as a justification of our contention that we deserve pity.

In short, self-pity is merely an excuse, a device to enable us to escape from the fight of life. The search for sympathy from others is often an attempt to gain support for our weakness and to justify our self-pity. Life never runs on an even keel for long periods. For a time our work may be crowned with success, but there will be periods of relatively poor accomplishment if not actual failure to progress at all. In some individuals the periods of success may predominate, while in others the periods of failure may be longer, but one may rest assured that there will be changes.

The moods of a person, of course, tend to follow the trend of achievement. Periods of great achievement will be accompanied by emotional elation, great activity and productive and active thinking. Periods of great depression will give rise to emotional depression, inactivity and slow and confused thinking. It is quite natural for a man to be happy when he is making money and quite natural for him to be depressed when he is losing it. A wedding spreads joy, while a funeral engenders sorrow.

So long as these movements of elation and depression are consistent with the actual success and failure of the individual, they are normal and wholesome. The mood merely indicates that the person is meeting the objective situations in the most fitting manner. When things are going smoothly, one must be active and alert to keep up with the tide. When things have gone badly, one needs to stop for breath and get his bearings before making a fresh attack on the problems which confront him. The cause for the changes in mood lies in the external objective events of life, and, when this is the case, the moods are wholesome even though variable.

A danger arises when you turn your attention from the objective conditions, toward which you should be directing your efforts, to your own feelings and moods. In any case, you are aware of your moods, but they should be secondary and should not be cultivated for their own sake. If, during a period of success, you turn your attention to your happiness, you will work up an artificial elation, will fan it to feverish heat, attempting at the same time to keep your objective activities up to the level of your happiness and thus lose your grip on the essential problems which confront you. Having lost your judgment because of your interest in your own happiness, you begin to make mistakes and precipitate a worse failure than would have been the case had you kept your head.

Having paved the way for failure because of your devotion to your own happiness, you lose your grip on objective problems and things go to smash—your feelings of happiness with the rest. Since you have taught yourself during the period of success to bask in your own feelings, you again place too much interest in your feelings when you are failing. You overdo your feelings of depression, and, instead of placing the emphasis upon clear thinking, you use all your energy in being emotionally depressed.

Furthermore, you exaggerate your manifestation of grief in order to "save your face." You probably were indiscreet in your excessive zeal in periods of success, but you escape the feelings of remorse and the condemnation of your friends by pitying yourself and claiming their sympathy.

What is the solution? First, it is well to realize that life is ever changing. If you are successful, you will inevitably encounter periods of less success. If you are failing, you will reach a time when you will be more successful. Failure to recognize and to act upon this principle of life is as foolish as for a sailor to assume that the skies will continue to be clear forever mainly because they are clear today or to fear that there will be storms eternally because he is now in the midst of one. Success and failure follow upon each other as night and day, although not with the same regularity.

In the second place, if you have recognized this changing nature of life, keep your eye upon objective events so that you can adjust to them instead of attempting to adjust to the way you feel about things. Enjoy the weather—yes—but do not forget how to trim your sails when the storms come.

If you take the fighting attitude toward the struggles of life, you will never be beaten. "The trouble with Bill," remarked a businessman, "is that he never knows when he is licked. He gets an awful drubbing but bounces back like a rubber ball, with a whole bundle of new tricks and with unbounded energy to try them out. He acts as though he were enjoying life just as much when he is getting the worst of it as when he is on top of the world."

A man is never whipped so long as he keeps fighting, and he will continue to fight, and enjoy it, so long as he keeps his attention fixed on the objective factors in the struggle instead of his own happiness or unhappiness. Whining when things do not go right is the defense mechanism of the weakling. The fighter does not expect to stay on the peak of success continually; he learns to enjoy a ride on the toboggan as well as the climbing up the mountains. It makes little difference whether one is on the top or the bottom, whether he is climbing up or sliding down, so long as he is alive to the situation and maintains his control and poise through it all.

If one succumbs to the temptation to be subjective instead of objective, he is sure to develop feelings of futility and failure—no matter what his objective situation may be. If he is having success, he looks ahead with foreboding, and, if he is failing, he becomes excessively despondent. He develops an outlook on life which is sure to kill all his initiative. He wishes to escape reality because he has not learned the fun of facing it.

In other words, the causes for the feeling of failure are to be found in the attitude of the individual rather than in the objective circumstances upon which he and his friends may try to fix the blame. Two men lose their earthly possessions; one fights on, and the other whines. Two women lose their husbands; one makes a readjustment, while the other devotes the remainder of her life to wishing that she might join him. The same conflict may lead to a heroic attempt to adjust in one person; it may lead to a mental disease in another; it may result in complete surrender or a silly wish to leave this life in still another. If we examine the different forms that the feeling of futility takes in different persons, we discover the same fundamental principle in all of them.

Obviously, the great danger in the feeling of futility and in emotional depressions is that the victim, in a fit of despondency, may go so far as to attempt to end his life. If the reasons for such despondencies can be understood, this danger may be avoided and, even in mild cases where such an outcome would never occur, understanding may lead to a more wholesome outlook upon life.

First let us examine some of the forms that emotional depressions take; then we can study the reasons for their development.

Anxiety is a very painful feeling. It may be backed by some indefinite fear or some wish which is hostile to the ideals of the individual. This latter condition leads to a fear that one may violate his moral codes. He does not know just what he wants, what moral code he may violate; he can tell you nothing specific about it, but he knows he is unhappy, afraid and beset with worries. These vague worries are not as likely to lead to violent emotional depression as the complaints of the worrier might lead one to believe, but sometimes they do, as is evidenced by the vagueness of the reasons given by some individuals for their extreme depression.

One person writes: "I am consumed with a great urge to fulfill my destiny. I have some mission to fulfill but am unable to measure up to this call when hampered by fleshly limitations. I seem to be hemmed in by clouds so that I have lost my vision of the future, and all life seems so futile to me now. Life once promised me so much. Yes, I have work, a home, loved ones, but these are so unsatisfying." All these are tenuous reasons for becoming depressed, but this person could give no more specific ones.

There is evidence that these seemingly vague impulses are based on specific experiences which have been repressed and forgotten by their victim. They have submerged the specific events but have retained the emotional tone which went with them. They know not what they fear, but the fear is real to them nevertheless. It is the fact that the reason for the anxiety is repressed that makes such cases so difficult to deal with.

A very severe failure, or a series of minor failures following upon the heels of one another, may induce a feeling of failure so striking that the victim may drift into a very despondent mood.

In a great many instances the victim of a depression is a self-centered man who takes himself much too seriously. Thinking that the universe revolves around him, his failure looms to tremendous proportions, and he begins to feel sorry for himself and for the universe as well. The objective man takes his defeats as well as his victories as part of a game and views them as passing incidents. His joy or his grief may be real, but they do not stop with himself. They lead to further activity of a wholesome sort. The egocentric person, on the other hand, is glad for himself when he succeeds, or pities himself when he fails.

Since he regards himself as an important part of the universe in general, he believes others must pity him also. As he looks around, he discovers, sadly enough, that they do not pity him. They appear to be about as much absorbed in their own interests as he is in his. They do not appreciate him. How can he make them see his importance? He tries to appear unfortunate in their eyes, and, if unable actually to impress them, he may spend much time imagining how sorry they would be were he to be the victim of some accident. They would then regret their lack of consideration for him; they would mourn his loss and appreciate his importance. He visualizes his mother, father, relatives, friends and even his enemies gathered around his casket weeping bitter tears over his loss. He delights in imagining their awakening to the fact that he was an abused and neglected individual.

All such imaginings and the self-pity which is the foundation of them are very infantile. They indicate that one has not developed very far in his social emotions. A better and more realistic social adjustment is the only certain cure for self-pity.

Some adults have never outgrown the childish refrain: "If I cannot win, I won't play at all." If they see themselves playing a losing game, they become depressed. In a child this attitude appears foolish; in some grown individuals it is also ridiculous; in others it is disguised as a lofty moral standard. Whether an extreme depression appears to be noble or idiotic, it is usually a variation of the same inability to lose with good grace. One does not want to lose all the time, but he should not expect to win all the time.

Being thwarted is never sufficient justification for a severe depression. The person who becomes depressed because of thwarting alone is like the little boy who, when he found that a door would not open on the first trial, screamed at the top of his lungs and threw himself on the floor in a veritable tantrum.

These persons who go to pieces because of some simple thwarting often manifest the false notion that, if they cannot have what they want, they have somehow been cheated. They loudly proclaim that they have been "disillusioned" and take on an air of sophistication. This unfortunate reaction on their part is due to the fact that they had their eyes fixed on a certain goal and, because they failed to attain that specific thing, can see no value in anything else. Those who act in this fashion are like children who get their minds set on a certain piece of candy and will move heaven and earth to get it.

When the reason attributed for the depression seems trivial to us, we scoff at the foolishness of the person who indulges in it. When the reason involves something which we evaluate highly, we are more inclined to credit the reason. For example, when a girl

becomes despondent because she has an incurable skin infection on her face, when she has acquired a loathsome disease, when she has been indiscreet and is being made to suffer social ostracism because of the intolerance of her neighbors—in any of these cases we are likely to feel that the load is too much for her to bear. We feel that the depression is not overdone and that she needs our sympathy and any help that we may be able to give her.

In some cases the depression which the individual is experiencing seems to be the result of his own ill-considered acts; and then outsiders tend to gloat over him, saying that his suffering is a just retribution for his sins. Especially if we were injured by his activity are we likely to be pleased to see him suffer.

Whether we are inclined to laugh at the depressed person, whether we are likely to pity him or whether we are pleased that he is being paid for his injuries to us—these are not the important elements in the situation. The essential need is for him to become more objective and less involved in his own emotions. If we are the outsiders, we can do the most good when we keep our feelings to ourselves and do the things to make the depressed person more objective. If we have the blues, we can help ourselves by avoiding those who have a feeling about our situation, one way or the other, and cultivate those who stimulate us to objective activity.

It should be apparent that excessive emotional depressions are centered largely around the feelings of failure which grip certain individuals. We are justified in branding these excessive depressions as menaces to human welfare. We should be anxious to discover what gives rise to them and to use this knowledge to eliminate them. However, we shall learn that we can make little progress by attempting to deal with the depression directly. We must get behind the depression to the situation which caused it, and we shall find that feelings of failure are the central core of the difficulty.

Feelings of failure should not be confused with the popular inferiority feelings. The latter are often real incentives to achievement. Feelings of failure are the hopeless depressions which govern the individual when he is absolutely certain that there is no further use in trying. He does not feel inferior—he is sure he is beaten. Let us examine some of the causes for the feeling of failure.

A frequent forerunner of an emotional depression is a burst of unwarranted zeal. The person who works with a feverish zeal which taxes his powers beyond their capacity, especially if he worries along with his work, is headed for an emotional depression. We are so imbued with the urge for efficiency and accomplishment that such persons are encouraged and praised, with seldom any recognition that the zeal might be an indication of some unnatural drive. It may be a bad sign when a person manifests feverish zeal.

Don't be a quitter. We are told by certain moral advisers never to give up until we have accomplished what we have set out to do, no matter what we have started. Some of us may need such encouragement so that we will not give up when a small amount of opposition faces us. There are some persistent individuals, on the other hand, who persist for reasons which should be understood and who get into difficulty and encourage failure for themselves because of this unreasonable persistence.

We see the beginning of this in the tiny child when he screams for an interminable period for some toy or a piece of candy upon which he has set his heart. Offer him great rewards as a substitute, and he still persists in his silly demands for the piece of candy. He has so overvalued it, at least temporarily, that he loses all sense of values and sees no worth in anything else.

Such behavior seems idiotic to the sophisticated adult who looks on, but it is not so different from various things which the adult may take very seriously. He sets his heart on a certain girl, and, because he cannot get her, becomes morbidly depressed and thinks life is a total failure. There are millions of other boys who do not have her affection, and they do not give up all hope for that reason. Why is she so valuable to him and not to the others? Merely because he has the fixed idea that he wants her.

If you should walk through the wards of a hospital for mental diseases and make a list of the various reasons that persons give to explain why they are depressed, you would find a rather ludicrous assemblage of paltry desires which have been frustrated. They have trifling value to the observer but are of extreme worth to the one who cherishes them. This overestimation makes them important.

When you set your heart too fixedly on the attainment of any one thing, you are headed for a possible emotional depression. The way to avoid danger of such a depression is to be sure to achieve the objective you set for yourself or to refrain from being too set on that particular goal. Goals stimulate a person to activity, but, if the goal is too rigidly defined, it offers a threat of depression should one be unable to get it. It is good emotional insurance to refrain from being too fixed in your ambitions.

Probably nothing else builds up a feeling of despair quite so effectively as the feeling that one has made some irretrievable error. Sometimes there are intangible acts such as "sinning against the Holy Ghost" or "profaning a hidden law." In other cases it is some concrete act which has been overvalued by uninformed moral teachers or by unscrupulous charlatans who reap a harvest by playing upon the irrational fears of credulous people.

It is a mistake to teach a young person that any act has fixed and unchangeable consequences. Any act is but one part of a vast complex set of events, which in turn fit in with a never ending succession of intricate patterns. It makes no difference what an act is, it may be modified in its effectiveness by subsequent acts.

Two little children were playing on the beach one day when a big wave knocked them both down. One sat where he had been deposited by the wave and cried and cried. The other no sooner hit the ground than he was up, running away from the wave, yelling in great glee. Having been knocked down, he did not wait for fate to pick him up. He picked himself up.

These two children grew up and both met adversity. They were about to enter college when their father died and left them penniless. The first boy bemoaned his fate, gave up the thought of college training, took an inferior position and throughout the remainder of his life complained about having been cheated by the death of his father just at the time when he needed him most. The other boy was merely incited to greater zeal by the penniless condition in which he found himself. He worked his way through college and has become a successful businessman. The first boy had learned the habit of failure—the second, the habit of fighting.

Now the moralist may point to the latter person as an example of the way we should all act, but what if one finds that he is in the class with the depression tendency? Suppose one likes to pity himself, to seek sympathy from others and to take every misfortune as an excuse for laziness, failure or even suicide. How does one go about overcoming such a dangerous tendency?

There is nothing else that will kill an emotional depression quite so effectively as bubbling physical energy. A robust man is stimulated to fight when he encounters a difficulty, while the weakling is inclined to yield to the slightest opposition. Having once started on the road to discouragement, various things conspire to make a fight more difficult. The discouraged man will sit in an inert posture; his digestive processes will be retarded by the emotional tension; the processes of elimination will be disturbed; as a result, poisons will be sent through the body instead of being cast off. All these things tend to make him physically weak and even ill. Having suffered some disappointment and then having added to it physical

flabbiness or pain, it is no wonder that the depression grows to enormous proportions. He exaggerates his misfortune to fit his feelings of physical weakness, and so the process goes on in a vicious cycle; the physical weakness accentuating his feelings of depression and the depression increasing his physical ill health.

In mental hospitals and sanitariums where these persons have been given careful study it has been discovered that the first essential is to build up their physiques. They are given treatments to eliminate the poisons in their systems; they are given good food, sunshine and, as soon as they are physically capable, are given work and exercises to stimulate the bodily processes. It is surprising how often recovery from the emotional depression comes with the restoration of physical stamina. If this works in hospitals with severe cases, how much more effective it is when practiced by individuals with minor spells of the blues!

A very definite explanation of this relation of the blues to physical vigor is found in the nature of the emotional depression. Such an emotion causes a slowing of the action of the stomach and intestines. This tends to make poor digestion, so that less value is obtained from one's food. The intestines do not function properly, the victim tends to become constipated and poisons which should have been eliminated are spread through the body. Practically every case of emotional depression is accompanied by constipation.

It is easier to give a person a hot bath, a cathartic, a good meal, a game of golf or tennis and plenty of sunshine than it is to attempt to talk him out of his trouble or to cajole him into thinking that his trouble is not as bad as it might have been.

The slightest spell of the blues is a signal to do something to improve your physical health, even though the cause of the blues may be something quite definite. In fact, it would be a very good plan if you used any misfortune, any bad news, as a signal to take extra precautions concerning your body. If you did, you would find that you do not have the blues. The trouble is that most of us do not have the "sand" to act in such a manner. It is so much easier to slump and to "enjoy" our depression, to pity ourselves. Consequently, each one of us should have a friend whose business it is to see that we do use extra precautions at the first sign of discouragement. He would be a much more valuable friend than the one who says, "Tell me all about it," and joins you in a melancholy duet to the accompaniment of tears. When you begin to get blue, you do not need anyone to weep with you. You need someone to make you build up adequate physical reserve. Depression and physical weakness go together, as do hope and physical vigor.

In only a small proportion of instances have those who become depressed failed in any real sense. They have centered their attention upon some minor phase of life, have decided that failure in this small sphere will be a true measure of their limitations and thus come to overvalue its significance. Recovery from a depression involves, consequently, the restoration of a balanced perspective.

Let us repeat a previous statement—despondency and a feeling of failure often come from overestimating factors which in themselves do not warrant the importance we attach to them. Money assumes a gigantic importance for the man who has recently lost his savings. All the girls in the world have no value when compared with the one who has just jilted the lovelorn swain. He can see nothing but his tremendous loss. Years later he may change his viewpoint, may even believe that the separation was a fortunate event, but now he can see nothing but desolation. We can all develop so as to gain a breadth of vision, a perspective on life, and in so doing we are insuring ourselves against depression.

Did you ever see a person who was emotionally depressed and who was, at the same time, actively engaged in a stimulating occupation? More than likely, the depressed person is physically inactive as well as mentally slow. Physical inactivity, as we have seen, encourages depression through affecting the bodily functions, but it also takes zest from life because life loses all its purpose.

In order to convince yourself of the vicious effect that inactivity can have in making you feel depressed, try this little experiment: Some day arrange things so that you have absolutely nothing to do. Do not read, work, play; just sit. Let your mind wander particularly on your position in life, what you have accomplished and what you have failed to perform. If you continue such idleness and ruminations for a day, you will almost surely not be very bright and cheerful at the end of the day. Then, as a contrast, arrange a day in which you do not have a minute to pause, where one activity is followed by another in rapid succession. At the close of such a full day you will very likely be tired, but it will be a happy fatigue; and what a delicious sensation when you relax! Multiply the former idle days, and you will have a chronic depression; multiply the busy days, and you will develop a happy outlook on life.

Such wholesome activity should not be confused with the excessive zeal which, as we have pointed out, often foreshadows failure. Wholesome activity is not feverish activity; it is not motivated by worry or by fear; it is the response of a healthy organism to the stimulation of tasks which need to be performed.

A good physique, a true perspective on life and wholesome activity are effective means of combating emotional depressions when these are based on causes which are relatively apparent. In some cases, however, the depression may be a device to conceal from view some situation which is much more vital to the person than the depression itself. In these instances, the patient wants to be depressed, because it is much more gratifying to his pride or to his moral sense than the admission of the true state of affairs would be. In other words, a depression may be a defense mechanism. It may be used by a person to distract attention from something which is really of much more importance than the depression itself.

A depression may be used either consciously or unconsciously to gain sympathy and attention. We are all familiar with the swain who tells his faithless sweetheart that life is not worth living without her, that he must end it all, in order to bring her to terms. She feels that he must love her, or he would not be so disturbed by the fact that she has rejected him.

To sum up, the only sure cure for emotional depression is to develop in each person the habit of fighting. Depressions are an escape from reality, while facing reality necessitates continual fighting. But fighting is not enough; it must be happy fighting. Life is not a bitter struggle, as some disgruntled persons would have you believe; it is a *happy* struggle such as you witness in an intense game. Consequently, the attitude of the fighter is much more important than the fact that he continues to fight.

What is a wholesome fighting attitude? It is the feeling that, in and of itself, the game of life is worth playing. The playing is the valuable part, whether one wins or loses in any objective sense. When one plays his part valiantly and happily he has succeeded, regardless of the number of counts he has piled up on any artificial scale. It is artificial values which destroy the wholesome fighting attitude and breed discouragement and depression.

Man does not take life as he finds it. He builds artificial ideals and standards, sets them up as goals to be attained, tells himself that if he does not gain these objectives he has failed as a man and so comes to overvalue his ideals. If he can keep his perspective and see these ideals as man-made devices to spur him on to achievement, he will be normal. When he gives them such importance that failure to attain them in a specified time, and in a particular manner, brings such disappointment that he wants to give up—he has taken his first step toward an abnormal depression. ♦

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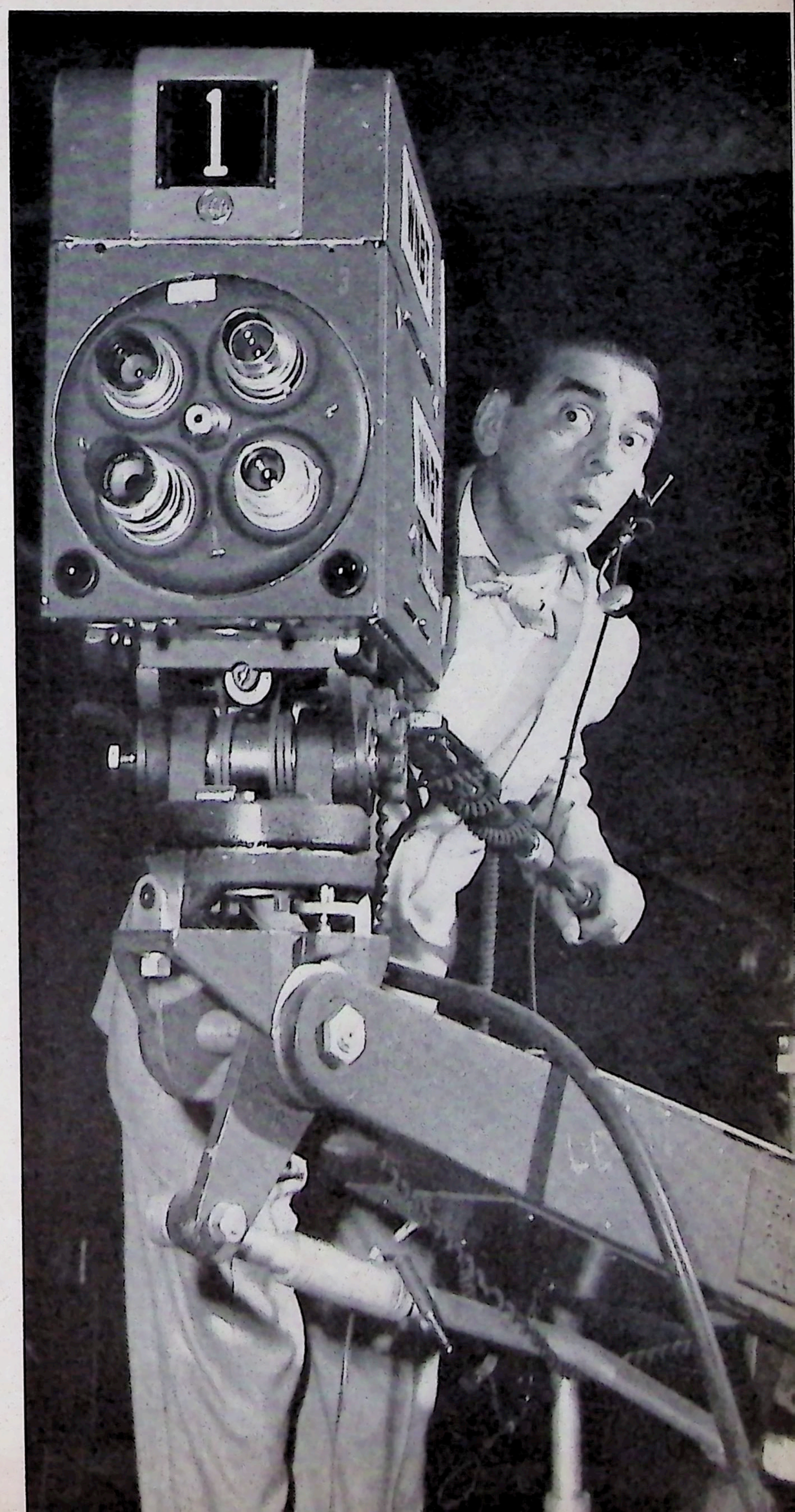

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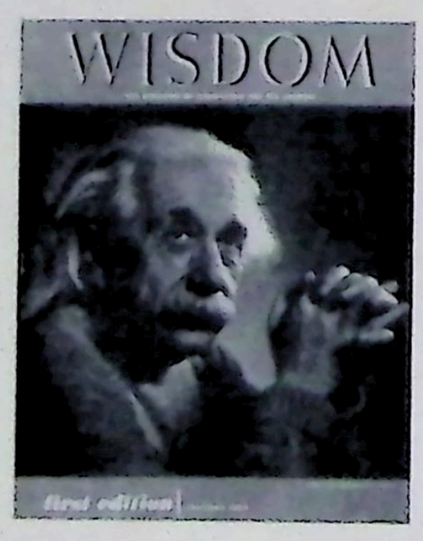

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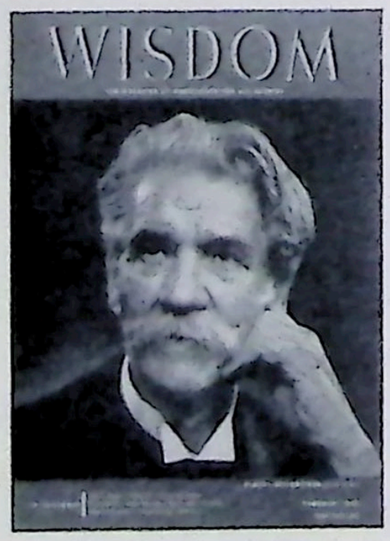

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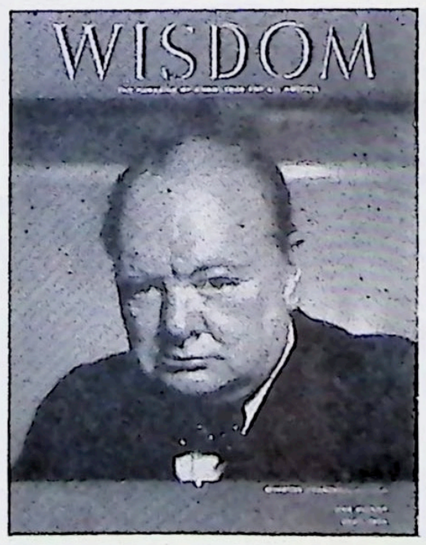

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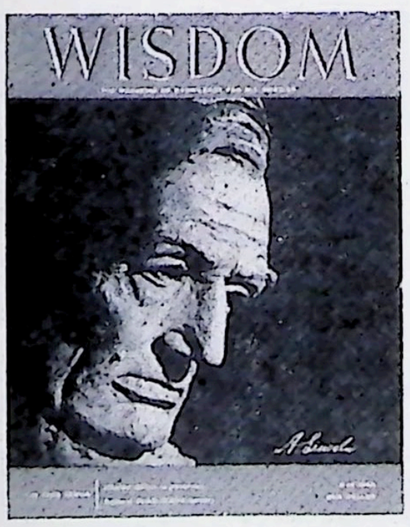

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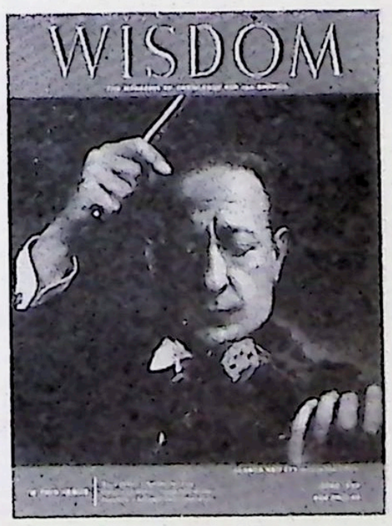

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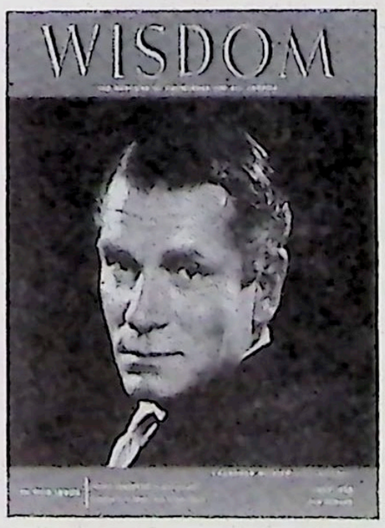

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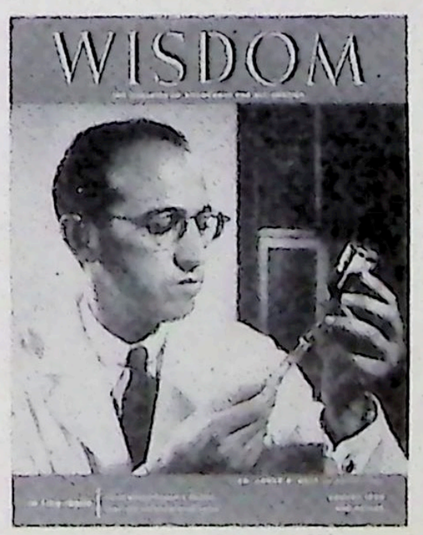

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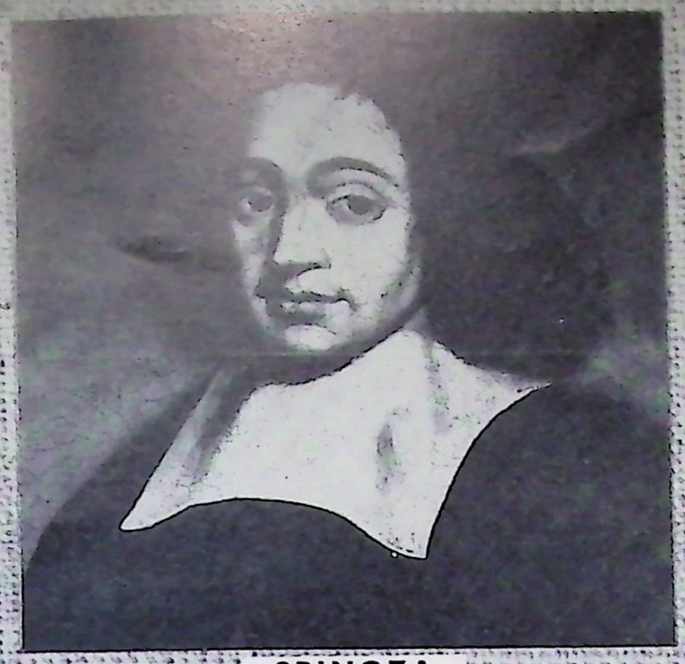

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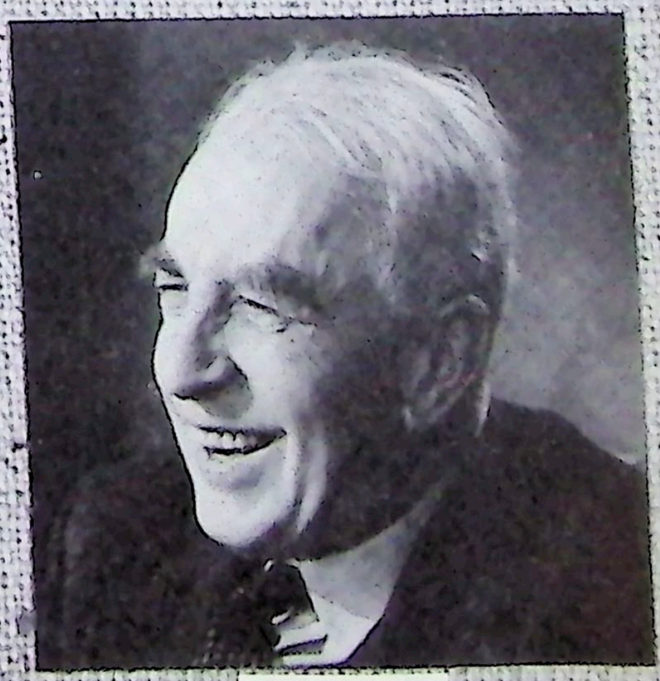

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